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ABSTRACT

The subjects of the three separate, but related essays in this dissertation are art in general, one particular art form, and one individual work of art. The first essay, a continuous piece of sustained abstraction, primarily concerns the field of aesthetics, while the second, more concrete essay is drawn from material conceived as a book on the theory of the narrative film. The third essay, focusing on the field of cinema studies (an analytical description of "Notorious"), constitutes an example of the concreteness and precision which writing about film should achieve to be adequate to the complexity and unity of the great classic narrative films. Although all three essays reflect the same view of the nature of art, each one addresses a particular audience and a particular field and does not refer explicitly to either of the other essays. (JM)

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THREE ESSAYS IN AESTHETICS:

I. A Theory of Art as a Threefold Relation Among Artist, Work of Art and Audience

II. Toward a Theory of Narrative Film

III. An Analytical Description of the Film Notorious

by

William David Rothman

as submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Ph. D. in Philosophy, awarded at Harvard University in March, 1974

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Preface.

This dissertation is composed of three separate, but related, essays.

Their separateness is apparent.

First, they work at radically different levels of generality. The first essay is a continuous piece of sustained abstraction. The second is more concrete. The third is dominated by concrete, precise description of one particular film, with the theoretical implications of this description--implications of its method and its particular results--indicated largely indirectly. The subject of the first essay is art in general; the second, a particular art; the third, one individual work of art.

Second, they differ in what might be called their "general orientation." The first was conceived primarily as an essay in the field of aesthetics. It addresses itself explicitly to certain other writers in the field, and takes the field of aesthetics as presently constituted as part of its implicit subject. The second essay is drawn from material conceived as a book on the theory of the narrative film. It represents about half of this projected book--to be supplemented by introductory material; a long chapter on the nature of particular cinematic styles; and a concluding chapter characterizing the moment in the history of film we now occupy. It is directed rhetorically to those individual moviegoers who take films seriously, but who do not find in the standard film literature an adequate acknowledgment of the nature of this unique art. Implicitly, it is addressed to two views about film which continue to exert enormous influence on the field of cinema studies: Eisenstein's view that film is, essentially, *montage*; and Bazin's that film's importance arises from its direct relation to *reality*. But the essay basically stands outside of the field of cinema studies, and ignores that field's present methods. The third essay, on the other hand, is conceived fundamentally as an essay *within* the field of cinema studies (although its method and findings constitute an implicit thorough-going criticism of most contemporary writing in that field). The analytical description of *Notorious* is intended to be, above all, *exemplary*: an example of the concreteness and precision which writing about film can and must attain if it is to be adequate to the complexity and unity of the great classic narrative films. It is directed primarily to readers familiar both with Hitchcock's work and with contemporary methods of film criticism, although it has implications on the more general concerns of aesthetics.

Coupled with this separateness of general orientation, there must also be noted a difference of emphasis.

For example, much of the argument of the first essay concerns the relation of one work of art to other works within that artist's *oeuvre*, and the relation of one artist's work to the work of other artists. But little in either of the other two essays appears to have much bearing on these issues. This can be traced, in the case of the second essay, to its incompleteness. The whole projected book on narrative film would cover this subject in its chapter on the nature of particular cinematic styles. The failure of the third essay to explore the relation of Notorious to other Hitchcock films, and the relation of Hitchcock to other filmmakers, has several motivations. First, the essay on Notorious does not constitute a complete critical statement about that film (as the essay itself makes explicit). Its method of description serves primarily to discover data for a conclusive act of criticism (and represents an initiation of such an act). A complete critical statement about Notorious would indeed require an account of that film's place in Hitchcock's oeuvre (an account, in particular, which renders perspicuous the phenomenon that many of Hitchcock's later films, such as Marnie, acknowledge Notorious in their form and texture). It would also encompass remarks on the relations of Hitchcock's oeuvre to that of certain other filmmakers (most notably, Griffith, Eisenstein, Murnau and Lang). Part of the reason for choosing the film Notorious in the first place for the exercise of this essay was precisely that, with Notorious, just such acts of placement could be deferred to a later stage of criticism. Notorious appears at the conclusion of that stage of Hitchcock's filmmaking enterprise at which he is still, as it were, engaged in exposition of his fundamental techniques and themes. *Notorious* is not concerned *explicitly* with *any* film the way, say, *Marnie* is concerned explicitly with *Notorious*. But to continue these remarks would carry us too far afield.

The difference of emphasis between the second and third essays can appear to spring from a difference of doctrine. The second essay appears to conceive of narrative filmmaking as a personal, "existential" undertaking. A film seems to emerge as a kind of document of a personal relationship between filmmaker and actors; as an offering by the filmmaker to the viewer; and also as a kind of extension of the filmmaker's own person. By contrast, the third essay can appear to be concerned exclusively with *formal* considerations. But it would be possible to demonstrate that the "formal" considerations of the third essay are not rejection of the personal and human themes of the second essay, but simply disclose the formal conditions of the kinds of intimate relationships that are the subject of the second essay. Intimacies are no less formal than other forms of expression; their forms are simply--more intimate.

A demonstration of the fundamental doctrinal unity of the second and third essays would invoke, concretely and precisely, the arguments of the first essay. My conviction is that such a demonstration could easily be constructed, and that it would help reveal some of the intimate relationships among all three essays--relationships which *could* intelligibly be articulated.

A brief explanation of the motivation for putting these three separate essays together.

First, I believe that these three essays all reflect the same view of the nature of art. By virtue of their separate conceptions, their juxtaposition offers different perspectives on this view; and also each essay provides a perspective on the others. The second essay was written at least a year before the first, which was written about four months before the third. Each essay is addressed, implicitly and explicitly, to a particular audience and a particular field; and does not explicitly refer to the others. No effort has been made to *impose* a unity of expression on disparate material.

The separateness of these essays, I believe, lends *significance* to the specific inter-relationships revealed by their juxtaposition. They are, ultimately, motivated by the same concerns. The unity of these separate expressions of these concerns motivates the specific *partiality* of each particular essay. The three essays together, *with their separateness acknowledged*, reveal this unity more completely than does any one of the essays in isolation. Each essay illuminates the motivations of the others, and this illumination is reflected back on itself.

I. A Theory of the Threefold Relationship of Work of Art, Artist and "Beholder"

1. Many different approaches to the nature of art have been represented in the recent aesthetics literature.

There are, of course, many possible ways of categorizing these approaches. But one such categorization that suggests itself is as follows. We can distinguish:

[a] those views that attempt to account for art by reference to the act of artistic creation;

[b] those views that focus on the "aesthetic object" or work of art;

[c] those views that define art in relation to "aesthetic experience" or "the aesthetic attitude;"

[d] what might be called "relational" theories (for example, art might be viewed as fundamentally a matter of communication--the work of art being simply the medium of a certain relationship between the artist and the person who beholds his work; or the relationship in terms of which art is defined might be one between the artist and the works he creates--which express the artist's being; or a relationship between the work of art and the person beholding the work who identifies himself with elements within the work).

[e] There are also views which deny that art can be defined at all in terms of a transaction involving artist, work and beholder. Thus art has been defined in

terms of a particular social institution (the "artworld"), and also construed as a fundamentally historical phenomenon--that is, the work of art is to be understood within the context of art history.

This summary, to be sure, draws these categories too crudely. But it leads to a preliminary statement of our general thesis.

The general principle underlying this thesis is that art must be understood in terms of a unified relationship that encompasses the artist's act, the work he creates, and a beholder's acknowledgment of that work. None of the parties to this threefold relationship can be defined without reference to the other two, nor any two defined without reference to the third.

The act of creating a work of art cannot be understood except in relation to the nature of the work created through that act, which in turn cannot be understood without relation to the nature of the act of acknowledgment the work calls upon those who behold it to perform. Further, the work cannot be defined "objectively" in a way that does not relate it to its "genesis" in an act of artistic creation; and cannot be defined without at the same time defining that act which might constitute an acknowledgment of it. And what it is that the work calls upon a beholder to do in acknowledgment of it cannot be separated from the artist's act of creating the work, nor from the work itself.

Our general claim, then, is that the artist's act of creating a work of art, the work he creates by virtue of that act, and a beholder's act of acknowledging that act and that work must all be defined together; that the nature of one cannot be understood in isolation from that of the others.

In this thesis, we will (at times indirectly) present and explore this general claim, and we will attempt an analysis of certain aspects of this complex relationship in terms of which, we claim, art must be understood.

Further, we will explore some of the implications of this claim on certain views within the aesthetics literature.

The body of this thesis will consist of four sections.

In Section 2, we examine the view that art is "self-expression." Traditional statements of this view are seen to distort the phenomena the view purports to elucidate. But our general thesis enables us to articulate a new analysis of the conception of "self-expression" which makes it clear how, by an act of self-expression, an artist might create a work which has the status of a work of art, and which calls for the acknowledgment characteristic of a work of art.

This discussion leads to an examination of George Dickie's view that a work of art is an object on which a certain institution--the "artworld"--has conferred a certain status. 1/

The section ends with a criticism of Joseph Margolis' view that a work of art is "an artifact considered with respect of its design."[2/]

Section 3 begins with an examination of the idea that a work of art is a certain kind of object, an object with certain special "aesthetic" qualities. We question the claim that the nature of a work of art can be accounted for by reference to "objective" qualities which can be articulated without reference to the artist's act of creating the work or a beholder's act of acknowledging the work.

The section continues with an examination of the related idea that a work of art may be thought of simply as the source of a certain kind of experience.

The limitations of these two ideas leads us to attempt to articulate a kind of "aesthetic encounter" which cannot be reduced to the postulation of a special sort of object or a special sort of subjective experience. This encounter establishes a relationship that unites "subject" and "object."

The section concludes with a summary of some of the implications of this analysis on certain views within the aesthetics literature.

Section 4 uses this analysis of the "aesthetic encounter" as a key to explaining the relationships among the artist's act of expression, the work's "objective" nature and the beholder's act of acknowledging the work. Our argument is that a series of aesthetic encounters with a work of art forms a condition for acknowledging the work, but does not in itself constitue such an acknowledgment. To acknowledge the artist's act of creating the work, and to perceive the work's "objective" nature (to perceive its overall form of unity), one must grasp the integral relation of one's own aesthetic encounters with the work to the work's overall form of unity. By acknowledging one's essential unity with the work, one enters into a relationship with the artist grounded in the work's form: a relationship that might be called one of community.

Section 5 is divided into two parts. First, the question of the relation of an individual work of art to other works within that artist's oeuvre is examined. Our general thesis is seen to imply that the nature of an individual work of art cannot be separated from its place within the oeuvre of which it forms an integral part.

Second, the relation of one artist, and that artist's oeuvre, to other artists and their oeuvres is explored. The claim is made that the identity of an artist cannot be separated from his relationship with those artists whose work he acknowledges in his own, or from those artists whose work acknowledges his. Also, we claim that the nature of a work of art cannot be separated from its place within its field. And we claim that my relation with one artist must acknowledge my relationship with those other artists to whom he stands in essential relationship.

2. In this section, we will examine the influential and important thesis that art is fundamentally self-expression (or personal expression).

The importance of this view in contemporary aesthetics stems more from the vital role it plays in contemporary critical practice, than from any particular statement of the view within the aesthetics literature proper. Within criticism of the arts, many extremely important critics adhere to some version of a "personal expression" view. For example, the much-debated "auteur theory" of film criticism is based on the idea that a film as a work of art is fundamentally an expression of the director's "personality."

Within contemporary aesthetics, such views are sometimes dismissed almost out of hand.

Margolis' treatment of the thesis that art is expression is typical of an extremely influential line of thought in contemporary aesthetics. Margolis examines seven possible ways in which this thesis might be construed, and dismisses each in a sentence or two. Against the view that art is self-expression or personal expression, Margolis writes that, if the thesis rests simply on the fact that "the artist has, through whatever skill and effort, simply created his work," it is trivial. "In this sense, whatever one does 'expresses' one's own self, since it may even be self-contradictory to deny that the work of art expresses the artist."3/

Surely this is far too summary a dismissal.

Let us pause to examine a possible defense against Margolis' objection.

Even if it is the case that everything one does, each of one's acts, "expresses oneself," what objects other than works of art count in the necessary way among the things that one "does"? Margolis appears to think nothing of speaking of the work of art as something the artist has done, as manifesting the artist's act, and thus as expressing him. But surely it is extraordinary that an object should express the artist's personality the way his actions do. Surely it is extraordinary that the work of art opens directly out to the artist's act of creating it; that it is fully the artist's creation. It may follow that an exceptional object of this kind is an "expression of the artist;" but that does not make the thesis trivial.

To say that the artist performs the act of creating the work of art in his own style, and so that the work, which opens out to that act, "expresses" him, is still to be far from offering a perspicuous account of the nature of the act of "artistic expression," and a perspicuous account of what it means for a work of art to "express the artist."

Here the complexity of the concept of "expression" must be acknowledged--not to mention the confusion surrounding it within and outside of the philosophical literature.

When we examine the concept of "expression," we encounter a fundamental dichotomy.

I register the impatient expression on your face. Just looking at you, perceiving the look on your face, I obtain "directly" a grasp of your "state" at this moment.

Much of the philosophical literature on "expression" serves primarily to affirm that there is no step of inference or deduction from my perception of your expression to my awareness of your impatient state.[4/] I recognize your expression as an impatient one, and am directly attuned to your impatience thereby. I might be said to see your impatience in your expression.

That is, your impatient expression is not a statement of your impatience. It is akin to a picture of impatience; a manifestation of your impatience. Your impatient expression reveals you as you are at this moment--and does not result from your effort to present yourself to me or even to yourself (assuming, that is, the spontaneity and sincerity of your expression).

It is not just that your expression reveals your state, allowing me to describe your present psychological state. True, expressions frequently correspond to familiar types. An "impatient expression" might flicker across anyone's bored face (except, perhaps, Perry Como's). But we might also speak of a "Cary Grant expression." Each of Cary Grant's expressions is of a familiar type (bored, angry, hurt, pleased) or else is extraordinary and/or "strange" (an "undefinable look" might appear in his eye at times). But each of his expressions is also his expression. This is true not only of expressions characteristic of Cary Grant--for his expression perhaps reveals him most directly at some moments when he momentarily "steps out of character."

These considerations could be carried on to generate a dialectic of great intricacy. We will be content at this point to say that an expression directly reveals a person in a particular state, and thus can be thought of as an expression of that state (a state in which anyone might find himself) and, at another level, as an expression of the unique individual person who is in that state. Every expression can be considered on either or both of these levels. (It can be argued that in every case these levels ultimately converge: thus Greta Garbo's "state" and her identity cannot, ultimately, be separated. But to pursue this point would take us too far afield.)

In any case, the present point is that, according to this conception of "expression," a person's expression reveals him and his present state. His expression provides a glimpse of a person "as he is." Specifically, such an expression is not enacted; and the state and personality it reveals is not enacted either. Such an expression, and what is expressed, is spontaneous, "natural," "off-the-record," unpremeditated, unselfconscious.

A person's natural expression reveals him as he is "unselfconsciously." The expression does not emerge from an act of creating and presenting it; nor does what my natural expression exprefsses result from my act.

(This notion of "unselfconsciousness" is, of course, of great philosophical weight, and should be subjected to careful analysis. We will not attempt this analysis here.)

Thus "expression" (or "self-expression"),conceived in this way, is not an act.

But surely we recognize another sense of "expression" as well. This sense construes "expression" as an act. For example, I may send you a letter as an expression of gratitude; or express myself on the subject of phenomenology; or choose my words with care so as to express myself correctly.

How are we to understand the act of expression?

To give short shrift to an analysis which encompasses many logical complexities, we make the following claims:

[a] The act of expression involves the creation and presentation of a particular expression. Such an expression is as described above--that is, a direct manifestation

of a person in a state which reveals that person in that state. This is so whether the expression takes the form of a gesture or look, or whether it takes the form of articulate speech. To express oneself in words is to create an expression in the medium of words. In other words, the act of expression is such that, through it, one becomes, as it were, the author of one's expression. Instead of emerging "spontaneously," the expression emerges as the product of a creative act.

[b] The expression I create in an act of expression is mine. The thought or sentiment or attitude or whatever expressed by the expression I create is my thought or sentiment or attitude or whatever. Just as in the case of the spontaneous expression, such an expression reveals me in my present state. My being at this moment is manifest in this expression I create. I express myself in my act of expression.

Thus the act of expression has two parts. First, it is a creation of an expression of a certain form. Second, it is an acknowledgment that I am the being that expression reveals. I create a representation of myself, as I am "unselfconsciously," in the form of an expression; and I acknowledge that in in that representation I may be seen.

Thus an expression may or may not be something that is enacted. An expression may or may not have an author. An act of expression involves:

[a] the revelation of some particular thought, sentiment, attitude, etc. which is mine; that is, some manifestation of myself;

[b] the revelation of myself insofar as this thought, sentiment, attitude, etc. is mine; insofar as it is a manifestation of me;

[c] the creation/presentation of this particular expressive representation of myself;

[d] the acknowledgment that this expression is mine.

This rather cursory analysis clearly gives us a means of meeting Margolis' objection.

While, arguably, each of my acts expresses myself, in the sense that it reveals me, surely not every act is an expression in the sense that it is fully an act of expression. When I sign my name, I may express my personality, but I do not, ordinarily, perform an act of expression. I do not acknowledge what it is that my signature may reveal of me (which, of course, does not imply that I deny such a revelation).

Margolis's objection might simply be met by the point that the act of creating a work of art is an act of expression as thus understood. The work of art is an expression of the artist. Furthermore, the artist is fully the author of that expression. Through the act of creating the work of art, the artist acknowledges that the work reveals him.

Continuing our analysis of expression, we come to a fundamental question.

What is the relation between the act of expression and the identity of the person who performs that act?

Traditional discussions of the "Expression Theory" of art have bogged down in an erroneous answer to this question. The classic error is to suppose that what the work of art expresses (the artist's "personality" or "self") is, as it were, fully constituted prior to, and independently of, the act of artistic expression. That is, to suppose that the artist's "personality" or "self" can be defined without reference to his acts of artistic creation.

The corollary of this is that the act of expression comes to be viewed as akin to an act of reporting on the state of a self already fully constituted. Such reporting is performed from the outside; and has, as an act, no essential relation to the being reported.

But such an act of reportage would not be an act of expression. Expression, as we have articulated it, implies the identity of the being revealed by that expression and the being who performs the act of expression. An act of reporting from the outside lacks the element of *acknowledgment* integral to an act of expression. Simply to bring out into the open a "self" already fully determined would not be an act of self-expression. The act of expression is related ontologically to the "self" expressed through that act.

But how are we to understand this relation?

The act of expression is the creation of an expression *by* the person who performs that act *of* himself. It is thus at the same time an act of *self-expression*. This person's "personality" or "self" will then be reflected in the expression in two ways:

[a] the expression "expresses" or *reveals* his "personality" or "self" and his state;

[b] the expression manifests his personality or self in that it is marked by his own personal way of performing the act of expression.

In other words, his personality will be on the one hand integral to *what* his expression expresses. On the other hand, his expression will bear the mark of his *act* of expression. The means of expression and the *style* of the expression will reveal his personality.

That is, his expression is a kind of expressive *representation* of himself; and it is also his creation. (With respect specifically to artistic expression: the artist's personality is inseparable from the work's subject; but it is also manifest in the work's style.)

Furthermore, through the act of expression, the person who performs that act acknowledges that the expression is an expression of him, that it reveals him. He acknowledges the fundamental unity of his means of expressing himself and the self his expression reveals. He acknowledges in the act of expression that the author of the expression and the being revealed in that expression are one. The expression, his act of creating and presenting it, and his acknowlegment of that unity are in turn aspects of a single unity.

Thus the act of expression implies and affirms the identity of the being who performs the act and the being the resulting expression reveals.

That is why construing the act of expression as a kind of reportage fails to account for the nature of that act. As we have seen, it denies the element of acknowledgment essential to that act.

Another possible misconstrual of the act of expression must also be avoided. This is, in a sense, the inverse of that explored in the last three pages.

This misconstrual consists in taking the identity implied by the act of expression as itself independent of the performance of that act.

If this identity were logically independent of the act of expression, then that act would, as it were, simply follow naturally from the nature of the being who performs it. There would be no distinction between his simply *being himself* and his *expressing himself*. For what his expression would reveal of his would include his act of expression, which would simply be part of his nature. He would simply *be* a being who expresses himself.

But this suggestion also misses the element of acknowledgment essential to an act of expression. No being can simply be objectively *defined* as a being who expresses himself. After all, such expression is, at one level, an acknowledgment of himself. Whatever he may be, the act of acknowledging what he is cannot simply follow logically from his nature: for what merely follows from his nature is, grammatically, not an acknowledgment. An acknowledgment presupposes the logical possibility of *withholding* acknowledgment.

The act of expression implies and affirms that he *possibility* of self-expression is integral to the identity of the person who performs that act. His "self" as revealed in the expression has the *power* of expressing itself. The act of expression reveals a self for which self-expression is a *possibility*.

But the act of expression is at the same time the act of *realizing* that possibility. The act of expression is thus also, in a real sense, the *consequence* of that act as well. By performing this act of expression, he becomes the *author* of that expression; and, also, the being revealed by that expression.

As the person who performs the act of expression (that is: by virtue of that act), he is the being that expression reveals.

Thus within the terms of the act of expression itself, that act is defined as one of self-definition or self-realization. That act posits itself as one which corresponds to a fundamental transformation of the person who performs it. To perform this act, he must define himself in terms of that act. This self-definition that is, in a sense, the *condition* of performing the act of expression is, in another sense, the *effect* or *consequence* of that act. To acknowledge in that act the *model* of my identity is to *make* of myself what is expressed in that act.

The act of expression, which is an act of essential transformation, is, then, a true *ritual* act. To perform the act of expression is to accept a part in this ritual. It is to define oneself in terms of a particular *role* which in turn has significance which cannot be separated from the structure of that ritual. The act of expression is inseparable from a ritual act of transforming oneself into a being for whom self-expression is self-realization.

In other words, the "self" of "self-expression," the "self" or "personality" expressed by an act of expression, cannot be defined except in relation to the structure of the act of expression itself. The nature of the act of expression is the ground of the fundamental principle that the act of expression, the expression and the person who performs the act (and whose "self" is revealed in the expression) are inseparable.

Traditional attempts to formulate an "Expression Theory" of art have foundered because they failed to respect this principle. Their attempts to separate what the expression expresses from the act of expression left their formulation of the nature of the act of expression unacceptable. But such attacks as, for example, Margolis'[5/] on these attempts have failed to penetrate any more deeply into the nature of the act of expression.

How does this analysis of the act of expression relate to an attempt to develop an "Expression Theory" of art?

As we have seen, the claim that art is expression can best be taken to mean that a work of art not only expresses the artist, but that it is fully an expression of, and by, him. That is, the act of "artistic creation" is the artist's act of expression or self-expression; and the work of art is created by the artist in an act of expression.

Some implications of our discussion are clear.

The artist's "self" or "personality" as expressed by the work of art cannot be defined without reference to the work of art and the act of expression from which it emerges. The act of creating the work of art is inseparable from the artist's "self" as that work reveals it.

Thus insofar as his "self" is expressed by a work of art, the artist is neither more nor less than the author of that work. The work of art defines the artist's identity: he is the being who undertakes to realize himself in the creation of this work. The work of art necessarily expresses the artist's being--because by creating the work the artist establishes his identity as the being whose expression it is.

An example might help to clarify this discussion.

Alfred Hitchcock is the man who made Psycho. In Psycho, one wants to say, Hitchcock "expresses himself." Psycho is an expression of, and by, Hitchcock.

But who or what is this "Hitchcock"?

Well, he is this particular, distinctively silhouetted human being, with his own individual and unique biography.

But what does a biography have to do with Psycho? A psychiatrist or sociologist could no/ doubt find many interesting parallels between Alfred Hitchcock's biography and Psycho (Hitchcock's early fear of policemen, his strict Jesuit upbringing, and so on, have been brought into such accounts in the past; as might be his stoutness and his admitted paucity of sexual adventures). But what connection has the historical figure defined by a biography with Psycho?

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Insofar as Psycho establishes his identity, Hitchcock's being is not to be determined from his biography. Psycho might cast light on biographical facts, according them significance. But the identity established by Psycho cannot be gleaned from those facts, for Psycho manifests a perspective on, and is not defined by, Hitchcock's biography. In a sense, we might say that the Hitchcock revealed by Psycho is not really a historical figure at all. Psycho is this being's ("Hitchcock the artist's") act of self-expression.

But, obviously, "Hitchcock the artist" and "Hitchcock the 'real' historical human figure" are not two different men. We might want to say that "Hitchcock the artist" is Hitchcock in the role of artist, wearing the artist's mantle. "Hitchcock the artist" is then not simply identifiable with the individual human being Hitchcock. But he also cannot simply be accounted for by articulating the logical structure of the role of artist. "Hitchcock the artist" is, as it were, the living synthesis of man and role--the way the figure in blackface on the stage is the synthesis of the man Olivier and the role of Othello.

The act of taking confession is one that is performed by a Priest. Only a Priest can, logically, perform this act. Furthermore, he can perform this act only if he acts in his capacity as a Priest, by virtue of his ordainment as a Priest by the Church. Our analogy then is: only an artist, logically, can create a work of art. That is, only someone who acts as an artist. But no institution vests the authority to act as an artist: the artist's act of expressing himself in his art implies and effects the legitimacy of his authority.

An artist is an artist the way a friend is a friend. To be a friend is to perform acts of friendship. An act of friendship is an act performed as a friend. I can perform an act as your friend because I am your friend. No institution, however, has made me your friend. How does it come about that I am in a position to act as your friend? How are the rights and obligations of friendship conferred, and how may they be abrogated? These are, of course, questions that probe to the very heart of our conception of friendship. And, similarly, how an artist comes to be an artist, how he comes to don the mantle of the artist, and what he must do to respect (and what he might do to violate) that role are very important and difficult questions.

In any case, to create his films, to create Hitchcock films--that is, films which are expressions of "Hitchcock the artist"--Hitchcock must undertake personally to assume the role of artist. He must, for the sake of this role, renounce any aspects of his "personality" that might separate him from that role. Specifically, he must step outside of his biography, and deny the adequacy of this conventional way of defining his identity. He must animate and assume the identity of "Hitchcock the artist," whose whole being is contained in his acts of creating films. From the point of view established in his art, Hitchcock's life as defined by a conventional biography is the ground out of which the figure of the artist emerges to affirm his unity with his art.

Thus to say that *Psycho* expresses Hitchcock does not imply that the "Hitchcock" *Psycho* expresses would be who or what he is apart from the act of creating *Psycho*.

This sounds as if it makes it trivial to speak of "expression" here. But *Psycho* opens out to a real human act, an act of expression; and the "Hitchcock" it reveals is a figure meaningful in human terms. The role of artist is a meaningful human role. The figure of the artist is an ancient and familiar figure; and the ritual act of artistic expression is of great importance in our form of life. (Of course, such a claim must be precisely made out, and rigorously defended--only part of which undertaking will be essayed in the remainder of this thesis.)

The work of art (that is, the artist's expression; the work created by the artist in an act of expression) is created by an artist: that is a *grammatical* remark, in Wittgenstein's sense. In the act of creating a work of art, the artist transforms himself into an artist, and affirms his identity as an artist. That is, he affirms that his "self" cannot be defined except with reference to the act that establishes his being as an artist. He defines himself in terms of his art.

In the act of artistic creation, then, the artist, as it were, ritually transforms himself into the figure of an artist.

Thus this act has two complementary aspects:

[a] it allows the artist's unique "self" to crystallize into the form of the figure of an artist;

[b] it allows the mythical figure of the artist to reassume human form.

The concept of "artist" is, by itself, an empty abstraction, which becomes intelligible only in the concrete relation of a particular human being to a particular work of art. But, on the other hand, that relation is itself intelligible only in terms of the concept of "artist." Art becomes concrete only in the works of individual artists; but these works have the significance they have for us because we acknowledge them as works of art.

The artist's act, then, which we have seen to be, at one level, his act of defining himself as an artist, is, at another level, his act of giving concrete form to the concept of "artist." It is his act of re-establishing the possibility of the artist's ritual act--his act of redeeming the figure of the artist. The artist accepts the figure of the artist as the model for his own self--and in so doing he, personally, assumes the role of artist, becoming, as it were, a paradigm of "the artist."

The artist's act, which we have called an act of expression, and spoken of as a ritual act, is thus akin to a gesture. In this sense, an act of friendship (an act performed as a friend; an act that manifests and expresses and re-establishes a friendship) is a gesture of friendship; its nature as an act and its significance are, and are meant to be, inseparable. (It is interesting that the concept of "gesture" is ambiguous in exactly the way that the concept of "expression" is. We refer to a person's spontaneous and revealing movements, even his involuntary movements, as his "gestures"; while we also speak of gestures of friendship, of charity, of goodwill, of generosity, of dissatisfaction--gestures which are acts that incorporate acknowledgment of responsibility.)

The intimate dialectical relationship between the artist's identity and the concept of "artist" (that is: the artist in the act of expression defines himself in terms of the figure of the artist, and in so doing becomes a paradigm of what it is to be an artist) is integral to the nature of the artist's act of expression.

One implication of this is of great importance.

Hitchcock, say, as he is "expressed" in his art, is not simply "an artist." He emerges, in his art, as the particular individual artist he is. He has a unique identity as an artist.

What constitutes this uniqueness?

Our answer must be that the uniqueness of Hitchcock's "artistic identity" cannot be articulated without reference to the particular works it is his art to create. Every work of art is, on the one hand, a work of art, just as every artist is an artist. But, just as every artist is an individual, particular artist, so too every work of art is the particular work of art it is; and every artist's body of work is the unique, distinctive *oeuvre* that it is.

The formal structure of *the artist's act in general* does not in itself make fully explicit the identity of any particular artist. (As we have seen, "Hitchcock the artist" is not simply "an artist": he is *Hitchcock* the artist.) Nor does it make fully explicit the nature of any particular work, or body of works, of art. Yet the grammatical relation between the artist's act of expression and the work of art that *is* that expression *does*, at one level, determine the form of the relation between, say, "Hitchcock the artist" and *Psycho*.

In order to *be* an artist, in order to perform the act definitive of the artist's role, one must establish one's identity as a particular, individual artist. To express oneself in works of art one must be committed to the creation of particular works of art, works that express a particular artistic identity. The individuality of his art is inseparable from the individuality of a particular artist's figure: this bond is essential to his being as an artist.

In other words, the concept of "artist" ("artist in general") can be defined only ostensively, only in the unity of particular artists and their works. Each artist is an artist in his own way in a sense in which, say, each policeman is not a policeman in his own way. The work of art is _personal_ in that, in order to create it, the artist must acknowledge that _he_, personally, is an artist; must acknowledge that the act of creating this work is integral to the form of life he calls his own. The work of art is inseparable from his acknowledgment that he, personally, is dedicated to the act that establishes his identity as an artist. To perform this act, he must find his own personal way of animating the figure of the artist: to be an artist is to create a figure of the artist in one's own image. (While the Church has the authority to ordain a Priest, it does not have the authority to make someone a Saint. It can only sanctify someone by acknowledging his unique, individual sanctity. What it is to _be_ a Saint cannot be separated from the images we have of those individuals we assent to call Saints.)

A work of art, as we have construed it, expresses the self of an artist. It expresses a human personality; and, furthermore, it is that person's expression--in the act of creating the work, he acknowledges what that work reveals--and makes--of him.

Thus a work of art incorporates an act of acknowledgment.

But this implies the possibility of a work mis-representing itself as a work of art. Given the nature of the institutions and the media of distribution and publicity for art in our society (what Dickie calls the "Artworld"[6/]), it is perfectly possible for a work that is not, by our criteria, a "legitimate" work of art to be distributed and mis-represented as a work of art. The work itself may be so designed as to feed that deception: that is, might be designed to disguise its failure to acknowledge its nature.

Stanley Cavell, in his article "Music Discomposed,"[7/] argues that it is integral to our experience of art (in the modernist situation in which we find ourselves) that a work that is purported to be, and which, as it were, represents itself as, a work of art may be, in a variety of distinguishable ways, fraudulent.

This possibility of fraudulence is integral to our analysis.

If a work of art is an artist's expression of himself, then the possibility of inauthenticity and insincerity arises. The mere concepts of "art" and "artist" do not by themselves provide us with techniques for distinguishing "authentic" and "sincere" expressions; do not provide us with techniques for distinguishing the "real" art from the "fraudulent," the artist from the hack or the quack. On the contrary, it is integral to our concepts of "art" and "artist" that they do not incorporate rules for making this distinction in concrete cases. We have no picture of the artist which will enable us to recognize someone as an artist. If he is an artist, his must be a new picture in the gallery of artists--as a new star in Hollywood must at his ascension be new if he is to be, grammatically, a true star; and as a new Saint establishes the need for a new icon.

I can tell that someone is an artist only be acknowledging him as an artist; only by acknowledging his art as art. As we shall see later, such an act of acknowledgment cannot itself be defined separately from an articulation of the creative act that establishes his being as an artist.

This phenomenon, that not everything which is represented as a work of art is a work of art, puts a new light on the tired controversy within aesthetics about whether there are two senses to our concept "work of art"--a "classificatory" and an "evaluative" or "honorific" sense.

Dickie, for example, devotes a lot of attention to establishing the distinctness of two such senses.8/ He argues that we sometimes use "work of art" as a term of praise, the way movie reviewers appear to; and that in this honorific sense we only call good works of art "works of art." But he says that we "frequently speak of bad works of art;" and this implies a classificatory sense.

There are many difficulties with Dickie's account.

For one thing, it is simply not true that we frequently speak of "bad works of art." We may well speak of bad paintings or sonatatas or poems or films, but, characteristically, in the same breath as we condemn them as "bad," we deny that they are works of art. We deny their claim to be called "works of art."

There are other concepts that function in this way, grammatically. A "bad goat" (to use Dickie's example, with some incredulity) may be a goat; and the very notion of a goat may imply the possibility that a creature may be a goat but a bad one. But there are no bad Saints. One can have no bad friends--I might call someone a bad friend, but that would be another way of saying that he is not really a friend at all ("And I thought you were my friend!") A "bad penny" is not a penny at all, but a counterfeit. And a "bad work of art" is not a real work of art, not really a work of art, at all (although, of course, I might well admit that a work of art which I do not like is a real work of art).

It is infelicitous (to use Austin's invaluable term) to speak of a "bad work of art." But this does not mean that "work of art" is being used in an honorific, rather than a classificatory, sense. It is equally infelicitous to speak of a "good work of art."

In other words, a work either is or is not a work of art, depending on whether it is an authentic expression of an artist. Not everything that purports, or is purported, to be a work of art *is* one. Authentic works of art (for reasons that remain to be considered) are of value to us; and the title "work of art" can be used as a badge of honor. But this does not mean that we use "work of art" in two distinct senses.

In Dickie's work, the "two senses" thesis functions as preparatory to proposing a definition of "work of art" (in the "classificatory sense"):

> "A work of art in the classificatory sense is (1) an artifact (2) upon which some person or persons (the artworld) has conferred the status of candidate for appreciation."9/

Ted Cohen, in his insightful article "The Possibility of Art: Remarks on a Proposal by Dickie,"10/ argues that possibilities concerning what *can* be appreciated have some bearing on what *can be made* a candidate for appreciation. He begins the extremely valuable task of articulating some of the major ways in which an artifact might *not* be able to be appreciated, with the aim of thereby casting light on the illocutionary act of presenting an artifact for appreciation.

Our analysis confronts Dickie's thesis in a different way. Without yet considering the nature of "appreciation" (which must await a later section), we can argue that no social institution has the authority to confer the status of "work of art" on an artifact, directly or indirectly. Nor to confer the status of "artist" on a person.

There _is_ what might be called an "artworld" (or rather: there are a cluster of "artworlds," at times at violent odds with each other, at times indifferent to each other, at times in harmony); and the artworld _does_ publicize, directly or indirectly, lists and rankings of artists and works of art. But the artworld does not have the authority to _establish_ artists and _oeuvre's_, the way the Church has the power to ordain Priests. In the last analysis, only an artist has the authority to make an artifact a work of art (and, as we know, artists all too frequently do so with no help from, and frequently with the active opposition of, the "artworld").

That is, the artist creates a work of art and confers its status on it, acting, ultimately, on his own, _on his own authority_. The approbation of the artworld may be gratifying and rewarding, and, by affecting distribution and publicity, may in many ways affect the work's life in the world. But the one thing this approbation cannot do is make the work a work of art. It is integral to the grammar of our concepts of "work of art" and "artist" that this is so: that there is no institution which can usurp the artist's authority. Hence the evident close relation between our concepts of "author" and "authority": an author has authority over his work (and, in a sense, his work has authority over him). Social institutions cannot give or withhold this authority; they can only acknowledge it or fail to acknowledge it, or proclaim it is present when it is not.

Margolis proposes another definition of "work of art" on which our discussion casts light.

Margolis contends that a work of art is "an artifact considered with respect to its design."[11/]

What is an artifact's "design"?

"By 'design,'" Margolis writes, "I have in mind only the artist's product, considered as a set of materials organized in a certain way. To state how such materials are organized is to describe the design of some work."[12/]

Now, both "organized" and "design" are systematically ambiguous terms, as Margolis uses them. Their ambiguity exactly parallels that of "expression" and "gesture," which we have already examined.

When we "consider an artifact with respect to its design," do we "consider" the actual act whereby the artist designed the work; or do we merely consider the work's "design" in a sense that implies no particular act? Are the work's design and organization simply "objective" characteristics of it? Or do they encompass the work's "genesis" in an artist's act?

Margolis writes, "To say that a work of art is an artifact is to say that some human being deliberately made it."[13/] It might then appear that Margolis intends "organization" and "design" to encompass some human being's deliberate act of organizing and designing some materials to create the work.

One thing that is clear is that not every artifact which has been organized and designed has, as a result of that act of organization and design, an organization and design that, as it were, directly reveals that act. It is a very special object which has been organized and designed in such a way that the work's design and organization disclose the act by which it was designed and organized.

Our discussion suggests that the work of art might be that special sort of designed and organized artifact. That is: the work of art is designed (has been designed) in such a way that its design and the artist's act of designing it are inseparable. The work of art has been designed in such a way that its design encompasses the artist's acknowledgment of his act of designing it. Most artifacts are designed to perform some function: this acknowledgment of its own design is, at one level, the function of the work of art.

Margolis' account, in other words, does not recognize the specialness of the work of art--a failure disguised by systematic employment of ambiguous terms.

Furthermore, Margolis' account does not recognize the nature of the possibility of applying the concept of *fraudulence* to art. One way by which an artifact might be designed in a way that does not directly reveal the act of designing it is if it is designed in a way conceived to *deny* or *misrepresent* the act of designing. How indeed would Margolis imagine the act of "considering" such an artifact "with respect to its design?"

In summary: not every artifact that is "organized" and "designed" is organized and designed in such a way that its organization and design acknowledge the act of organizing and designing the artifact. Works of art are such that, by "considering them with respect to their design," we acknowledge them and the act by which they were organized and designed. Some artifacts that we might not call "works of art" are also such: for example, the Constitution of the United States; or a love letter. But if we consider most artifacts with respect to their design, they will not in the same way disclose themselves to us; they will not in the same way emerge as expressions of their creators.

Margolis defines a work of art in terms of how we "consider" it. But our "considering" an artifact in a certain way cannot *make* it a work of art--any more than a social institution can confer that status on it. If an artifact *is* a work of art, then if we "consider" it "with respect to its design" the unity of that work and the artist's act of creating it as his expression will be revealed to us. If it is not a work of art, our "consideration" of it will be, in this respect, fruitless.

3. A view of great influence in the field of aesthetics runs counter to ours that a work of art is an artist's expression. This is the view that the work of art is simply a certain type of object, an object with certain "objective" qualities or properties that distinguish it. Typically, aestheticians term the qualities distinctive of a work of art its "aesthetic qualities." (Although a work of art might also be regarded as an object that can be characterized by its "expressive qualities," its "formal qualities," or--this conception has attained great currency recently--its "structural qualities."

While all works of art, according to this view, possess distinctive aesthetic (or expressive, or formal, or structural) properties, not all things possessing such properties need be works of art. Some objects possess by grace of nature the kinds of qualities that works of art acquire by dint of the craft of an artist. The most common example of such an object in the aesthetics literature is the piece of driftwood whose fortuitous aesthetic qualities would make any artist's mother proud.

Most writers in aesthetics agree that a piece of driftwood might have extraordinary aesthetic qualities, and might well merit the type of consideration which we accord to fine sculpture. But most would refrain from calling it a work of art.[14/]

Characteristically, what might be called (following Gary Iseminger)[15/] the "artifactuality condition" is taken to be integral to the grammar of "work of art."

Thus "work of art" is defined by two conditions, according to this view. First, a work of art is an object with certain properties. Second, the work of art is an artifact. More precisely: the particular aesthetic (or expressive or formal or structural) properties that determine its character as a work of art are themselves the responsibility of some person. That is: a work of art possesses its distinctive aesthetic (or expressive or formal or structural) qualities "artifactually."

These two conditions are very different from each other. For the work's distinctive qualities are taken to be manifest in our perception of the work, while the work's "artifactuality" is not in the same way a perceptual characteristic of it. In other words, only one of the two major conditions defining "work of art" has any bearing on our perception of the work. As far as our perception of it is concerned, an object that is a work of art is no different from an object with the same distinctive qualities that noone had a hand in creating. In terms of perception, works of art and natural objects may possess the same qualities.

It is common in the aestthetics literature to introduce the concept of the "aesthetic object," which replaces "work of art" as the supposed object of "aesthetic perception." The aesthetic object has no properties other than its aesthetic ones. It is purely "presentational." Aesthetic objects, and not only those which are works of art, are the natural subject of aesthetics, according to some aestheticians.[16]

In any case, one of the motivations of maintaining that a work of art is, insofar as we perceive it, an "aesthetic object"--that is, an object characterized by aesthetic qualities—is to deny that the work's "genesis" in an act of artistic creation has any bearing on its "objective" nature. This view holds that a work of art is, fundamentally, an object *rather than* integral to a person's act; that it is a bundle of qualities of a certain kind *rather than* the medium of a relationship between persons. (The so-called "intentional fallacy" is raised to buttress this claim.)

Another motivation of this thesis is the denial that the beholding of a work of art bears any essential relation to the work's nature. The work of art is what it is regardless of anyone's perception of it. Its qualities are *objective*, and do not depend on anyone's subjective impressions of its nature.

A fundamental task of aesthetics, it follows from this view, is to explicate the notion of an object's "aesthetic qualities." If we take "aesthetic concepts" to be concepts which serve to name aesthetic qualities or properties, for example, then the analysis of aesthetic concepts becomes a primary task of aesthetics. This idea is evident, for example, in the extensive literature that has grown around the work of Sibley, in his attempts to provide an analysis of aesthetic concepts.[17/]

It will be an intention of the argument that follows to call into question the claim that a work of art can be usefully construed as a certain kind of object, an object with certain kinds of qualities.

What are aesthetic qualities? How are we to understand the grammar of aesthetic concepts?

Sibley writes:

> "When a word or expression is such that taste or perceptiveness is required in order to apply it, I shall call it an _aesthetic_ term or expression, and I shall, correspondingly, speak of _aesthetic_ concepts or _taste_ concepts."[18/]

The examples that Sibley provides include:

tightly-knit
deeply moving
balanced
sets up an exciting tension

strikes a false note
unified
integrated
lifeless
serene
somber
dynamic
powerful
vivid
delicate
trite
sentimental
holds it together
beautiful
graceful
elegant

He points out that such expressions are particularly abundant in critical and evaluative discourse about works of art. But "we employ terms the use of which requires an exercise of taste not only when discussing the arts but quite liberally throughout discourse in everyday life."[19]

Sibley holds that these expressions function as referring to qualities. Noticing or seeing or being able to tell that an object has one of these "aesthetic qualities" is what requires the "exercise of taste, perceptiveness or sensitivity, of aesthetic discrimination or appreciation." People vary widely in their ability to exercise taste, according to Sibley. "Taste or sensitivity is somewhat more rare than certain other human capacities; people who exhibit a sensitivity both wide-ranging and refined are a minority," which is why disputes and differences over the application of aesthetic terms notoriously "go helplessly unsettled."[20/]

Sibley's principal thesis about the logic of aesthetic concepts is that:

> "Aesthetic terms always ultimately apply because of, and aesthetic qualities ultimately depend on, the presence of features which, like curving or angular lines, color contrasts, placing of masses, or speed of movement, are visible, audible or otherwise discernible without any exercise of taste or sensibility. Whatever kind of dependence that is, and there are various relationships between aesthetic qualities and non-aesthetic features, what I want to make clear in this paper is that there are no non-aesthetic features which serve in *any* circumstances as logically *sufficient conditions* for applying aesthetic terms. Aesthetic or taste concepts are not in this respect condition-governed at all."[21/]

But how are we to think of this act of "exercising taste" by which aesthetic qualities are "discerned?"

If one must have taste and exercise it in order to apply an aesthetic concept, what kind of remark is one in which someone with "no taste at all" calls a dress "elegant" that someone with taste would see to be garish? Unlike, say, a person who is near-sighted trying to make out the third line of the eye chart, this judgment may be made with great assurance. How are we, in short, to account for the certainty of the philistine?

Sibley says that to discern an aesthetic quality or to apply an aesthetic term "bespeaks an aesthetic eye" and manifests "aesthetic interest." But what are the relations that hold among "aesthetic interest," and "aesthetic eye" and taste? Can one exercise taste when one lacks the aesthetic interest (the way one may eat without appetite) or an aesthetic eye? Can one have the eye but lack the interst? Can one have the interest but lack the taste (and then would one be doomed to a state of frustrated aesthetic desire?)?

Sibley says that the discernment of the quality bespeaks an aesthetic eye and aesthetic interest. Is there then no distinction between "discerning" an object's aesthetic qualities, and, say, relishing or savoring the object for its qualities? Sibley says that we admire the object (or otherwise) for its aesthetic qualities. The savoring, relishing, etc., distinct from the admiration, would seem to be incorporated into the act of discernment itself. If we were to locate the point at which the exercise of taste occurs, it would have to be incorporated into the discerning. It does not come between the discerning of the quality and the appreciation of it, nor between the discerning and the identification of it. That would pin the characteristic sensuousness of our grasp of aesthetic qualities to the act of discernment. But then "discerning" seems an entirely inappropriate word. (Aldrich at this juncture appeals to a special "mode of perception," which he calls "prehension"--a mode utterly unlike "discerning."[22/]

If seeing the object's aesthetic qualities is to be a recognizable case of seeing, it would seem that Sibley needs some account that explains what it might be about certain qualities that makes it impossible to see them without "aesthetic interest." How does it come about that there are aesthetic qualities, and that there are just the ones that there are? This question seems impenetrable, and Sibley is reduced to speaking vaguely about our "form of life."

Dependence on an unexamined concept of "taste" is the most obvious vulnerable point of Sibley's definition. Sibley bases his definition of "aesthetic" on a conception of a unique type of act (the act of "exercising taste") which he nowhere fully describes, and which has utterly mysterious alleged

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properties. "Taste" is a strange perceptual faculty which is exercised only in the discernment of aesthetic qualities. It is not exercised in the perception of those qualities that "anyone with eyes" can see, anyone with ears can hear, and so on. It is a special faculty, not possessed by everyone, which serves only in the perception of certain special qualities.

Furthermore, it is supposedly only through an exercise of taste that aesthetic qualities can be discerned.

However exactly we construe this faculty of taste, it is clear that Sibley conceives of the act of exercising taste as an act of _discernment_. Wine-tasting might be considered a paradigm example of exercising taste: one by one, the wine discloses its aesthetic qualities to the wine-taster's discerning palate.

The "exercise of taste," according to Sibley, is an act of discerning certain perceptual qualities of a distinctive sort of an object--an object which possesses those qualities. But he does not make it clear how the act of exercising taste is to be understood. It remains mysterious.

Joseph Margolis attributes Sibley's difficulty to a failure to respect the difference between remarks that manifest _taste_ (meaning "appreciative bias"--personal likes and dislikes, prejudices, etc.) and _sensibility_ (developed perceptual ability, as in the case of the skilled wine taster).[23/] He argues that Sibley's concepts can be ranged continuously according to the relative degree to which taste and sensibility are required for their application. Concepts which require mainly a developed perceptual ability for their application (e.g., the "whiteness" of a soprano voice) may well turn out to be condition-governed. On the other hand, concepts that primarily exhibit "appreciative bias" do not refer to qualities which can without misleading be said to be "seen" or even "discerned" at all (thus it would be better to say "I found the object to be balanced" rather than "The object is balanced").

Sibley's definition does reflect a failure to acknowledge this ambiguity. It is significant that he speaks of the need for "taste or perceptiveness" in applying an aesthetic concept--without making it clear whether he means to *identify* taste and perceptiveness. But the facts are trickier than Margolis allows.

Margolis claims that if I say that someone is graceful, a painting is balanced, a film is exciting, etc., I am characteristically manifesting or exhibiting or reporting on my *tastes*. This *might* of course be the case. I might be well-known in film circles for my particular sensibility, and be exhibiting it. But the primary fact may be that I am or have been in the grips of this object, and am manifesting or exhibiting or reporting on the nature of this involvement, *whatever my tastes*. I am involved with this object: if that manifests my tastes, *what* about them does it manifest? What light does my involvement cast on my "tastes"? (My "tastes" form a quasi-public institution constituted by my known history of likes and preferences.)

If I say that a film is exciting, and you take this remark as primarily a manifestation of my tastes, then you do not take my remark seriously. You disregard my claim. You dismiss my judgment of the film's aesthetic character. (Of course, you may have an excellent reason for being unwilling to acknowledge my claim.)

The remarks that Sibley is examining are not simply to be construed as manifestations of "appreciative bias." Nor do they belong as a group to a certain very important class of utterances about aesthetic matters: roughly, the judgments as to the kind of feature or object something is. What is in question is, say, hearing the aesthetic character of the music; not placing the music in terms of artistic categories. (Hearing it as tense and exciting--not as a fugure in which the stretto is inverted. Discerning the wine's character, not identifying its vintage.)

Margolis' point does suggest that the notion of "discernment" cannot fully account for our use of "aesthetic concepts." We do not merely discern (discriminate, recognize, identify) the object's aesthetic qualities; we also appreciate those qualities in the object. We take pleasure, or suffer displeasure, in the object by virtue of its possession of those qualities.

Thus the wine-taster does not simply place or categorize a wine, does not simply exercise his "developed perceptual ability" to make subtle discriminations of vintage and region. This leaves out of the picture the passion with which he throws himself into his tasting, the relish he has for the tastes he identifies.

Clearly, some of a wine's properties can be discerned without being appreciated. But it might be argued that the wine's *aesthetic* qualities are precisely those which, logically, cannot be discerned without being appreciated, or relished, or abhorred, or whatever. There can be no act of "discerning" the nobility of a wine's bouquet that does not encompass a feeling of humility in the wine's august presence. Those qualities that a wine-taster can dispassionately "discern" are not, according to this argument, the wine's aesthetic qualities.

In any case, the picture of "discerning" the object's aesthetic qualities seems inadequate to account for the types of encounter with an object which our use of aesthetic concepts characteristically reflects. The object does not passively submit to my "discernment" of its qualities. It appears, on the contrary, that the object's "aesthetic qualities" are precisely those which are revealed to me only when the object invades my experience: only when I subject myself to the object, allowing it to have its full effect on me and make its full impression. Only when I allow myself to feel fully the object's effect. Only when I encounter the object in a full-bodied way.

The main problem with Sibley's approach, then, is this. Sibley writes as if "aesthetic concepts" are used primarily to report on the results of an act of exercising taste: to report those qualities discerned in the object. (The way a bird-watcher marks on his sheet those species he spots--with each entry bespeaking an ornithological interest.) The picture is of the object passively receiving the collected ministrations of the discerning eye, which examines it for the purpose of detecting the aesthetic qualities it possesses. This it does out of "aesthetic interest" (an interest which, in the literature, is most usually characterized as "disinterested").

But the object does not just exhibit its qualities for my discerning eye. It grips me, involves me, exercises power over me. Through my involvement with it, I may find myself in a state of excitement, or shock, or exhiliration, or horror, or depression, or amusement, or whatever. And in this stat I may hardly be in the mood or condition of "discern" anything.

If I say that a film is exciting, I am not ordinarily reporting a quality which I have discerned in it. I am acknowledging its power over me, and the nature of my intimate involvement with it, a full-bodied involvement that is far from "discernment," and also far from a "manifestation of my tastes."

Our use of aesthetic concepts, then, reflects types of encounters with an object in which it manifests its power over me. This idea is confirmed most clearly by a consideration of what might be called "explicitly affective aesthetic concepts." These, in fact, constitute the majority of the concepts Sibley refers to in his articles. They include:

uplifting
thrilling
exciting
moving
depressing
revolting
unsettling
stunning
breathtaking
inspiring
amusing

and so on.

Some basic characteristics of these concepts might be mentioned.

There is, as it were, a primary way in which I can be in a position to say that a film is exciting. This is when I have been excited by it.

Saying that a film is exciting is (logically) very different from saying that a tune is sad. Recognizing the sadness of a theme in no way implies being saddened by it. But finding a film exciting does involve being excited by it.

When I say, "That film is exciting," I am acknowledging something important about my own encounter with it. That the film excited me is an intimate detail of my encounter with it. Frequently, I soften my claim, avoiding too intimate a revelation. Then I may say, "I found the film exciting" (but, of course, that was a while ago; with my new maturity, I don't know _how_ I'll respond to it now, whether the old flame will rekindle my spark). I may speak in terms of my psychological state at the time of my encounter (I was exhausted; under stress; starved for a good movie).

When I make the strong claim that _it is exciting_, period, I am not just reporting my own personal feeling. I am standing behind my response _as an acknowledgment of the object_. I characterize it in terms of what was revealed of it to me in my own encounter with it (which in turn is inseparable from what was revealed of me in that encounter). In other words, I am not just reporting what my response to the object happened to be (perhaps for "psychological" reasons). I am making a claim as to what it is that must be acknowledged about the object if it is to be genuinely encountered at all. (No wonder, then, that this claim is so frequently qualified. But it is not *always* blunted.)

It is not just a matter of being *certain* that others will also find the film exciting--a matter of conviction or belief. It is a matter of acknowledging my own intimate involvement with the film. *Knowing* the film is exciting cannot be separated from standing behind such an acknowledgment. (Of course, it *may* turn out that one day I will be led to recant this judgment. I may come to realize that I had been taken in, or was projecting my wishes onto the film, or was in a certain psychological state in which I was "not myself," or whatever.

Thus there is no question of my *seeing* that the film is exciting; no special faculty of perception called "taste" that I must exercise to make such a judgment. Nor is it simply a "matter of tastes." It is a matter of acknowledging that the film excites me. (The question of how a *film*--flickering, insubstantial shadows--can be exciting is, of course, not one to be considered in this essay.)

We can distinguish another large class of aesthetic concepts that are not "explicitly affective." For example:

graceful
balanced
elegant
brilliant
dull
insipid

cool

far out

beautiful

regal

masterful

serene

and so on.

The claim might seem more plausible that these words refer to "qualities" that an object has or does not have independently of the effect that object has on me. Furthermore, it seems plausible to say that gracefulness, e.g., is something that can be seen. And one cannot formulate a general set of conditions that an object must meet if it is to be classed as "graceful." How might I discern such a quality in an object without something like an "exercise of taste?"

Suppose someone enters the room at a party, and I am struck by her regal bearing. Having seen her regalness, I go on to speak of her as regal.

But is it not misleading to speak of her regalness as a quality I have simply seen in her? As soon as she entered the room, her commanding but gracious presence was immediately and powerfully felt. I do not perceive her commanding presence apart from its effect on the throng. Her power of command is as manifest in them as it is in her. They are as her subjects: perceiving her regalness is not separate from seeing that.

Furthermore, I sense her commanding presence myself. It is not just that there is something about her that strikes me; her presence brings out something in me. I recognize my impulse to be subject to her command. I do not call her "regal" because I have discerned the quality of regalness in her (scrutinizing her face and carriage until, through an exercise of taste, I discard "imperious" and recognize her quality as a regal one). I acknowledge her commanding presence. I find myself acquiescing to that relationship regalness defines. Indeed, her very regalness precludes my "discerning" her qualities. I lower my eyes in her regal presence. If she is regal, after all, she is to that degree not a subject, and has no predicates.

Calling her "regal" is bound up with an acknowlegment of my acquiescence to pay obeisance to her. But it is not that the concept is, as it were, drawn from below. Her presence vibrates in resonance with those moments at which I have paid obeisance. But I also know what it is to find my own presence commanding; to be bowed to and, as if on my own command, looked away from. When I call her "regal," I acknowledge that I slip into obedience as naturally as she assumes command over me. I know that this has happened, because I know what regalness is. To say that she is every inch a queen is to bring to life a world in which I acknowledge that I am (whatever my feelings about it) at home.

"Elegant" is a concept of much the same kind. But how different elegance is from regalness! To be elegant is to be looked at with admiration--and also to acknowledge those admiring looks with a grace that befits someone whose appearance is estimable; to be admired, and to respond to that admiration with grace, appearing to take it as a matter of course. Furthermore, those who trade on elegance form a kind of fraternity. I can recognize _you_ by the way you acknowledge my admiration. By contrast, when one is regal, one is not looked at at all; is revered; and bears one's solitude regally--that is, as though it were divinely ordained.

I call his article _masterful_: I assent to call him, in this field, _master_. I am burned by a hot temper; stung by a sharp wit; unable to fathom the mystery of an enigmatic smile; dazzled by a brilliant pun; chilled by a cool manner.

These concepts, which Sibley would unhesitatingly consider to be aesthetic concepts, also reflect the power of a person or thing to affect me; to invade, as it were, and determine my experience.

It is interesting that "intelligent"--which Sibley uses as an example of a concept that _is_ governed by conditions, and thus uses as a contrast to his definition of aesthetic terms--can plausibly be construed as an aesthetic concept akin to "regal," "elegant" and "masterful."

Sibley argues that conditions like "being good at solving chess problems" always tend to support the judgment that someone is intelligent; and that if you amass enough such conditions you will have *proved* that he is intelligent. The problem is that being good at chess problems does not count toward intelligence if one is good at them the way a computer is--that is, *dumbly*. However high his chess rating, and however good at solving problems, it may be the case that this condition counts *against* his intelligence--if he plays mechanically, unimaginatively, and reveals *in his playing* that he has simply studied the openings exhaustively. His success at chess may reveal him to be a real plugger, or at most possessed of what may grudgingly conceded to be a *kind* of intelligence. Or it *may* exhibit his intelligence. It depends, it might be said, on what he is like *in action*, how he would fare in a true battle of wits. I may refrain acknowledging his intelligence until I have seen its spark for myself. (Scoring poorly on an "intelligence test" may well be a manifestation of *great* intelligence.)

In other words, the supposed "conditions" of intelligence count as conditions only if they are fulfilled *in a way relevant to intelligence*. Thus "intelligence" is not different from "aesthetic concepts," since in an analogous case the conditions for, say, gracefulness would count as conditions only if hinged on *aesthetic* qualities. ("Being a good dancer" counts as a condition of being graceful only if gracefulness is one of the conditions of being a good dancer. Being successful at dancing does not in itself fulfill a condition of gracefulness.)

Sibley's example of laziness has much the same problem. That someone characteristically does not finish what he begins counts only towards, never against, an attribution of laziness, according to Sibley. But that is surely true only when we attribute this failure to laziness. We recognize other possible explanations for such a failure, including some that are incompatible with laziness. That in thirty years Wittgenstein never finished a book does not count toward attributing laziness to him. On the contrary. When one knows his work--knows him--one sees it as a manifestation of his great energy and selflessness, and of the setting of impossibly high standards for himself. (I may hold back my attribution of laziness until I have actually seen you in inaction. Then I acknowledge your unwillingness to be roused by my call.)

Thus these concepts too are like the "explicitly affective aesthetic concepts," in that they do not call upon a special act of "discerning;" their application too is not just a matter of "tastes." Nor do they depend on a special mysterious activity called "exercising taste." Their application characteristically calls for an act of acknowledgment of the intimate nature of an involvement.

Of course, there are countless "aesthetic concepts," of enormous logical diversity--each calling for a unique analysis.

We have seen the inadequacy of a picture of the object as passively submitting itself to an exercise of taste which discerns its aesthetic qualities one by one.

The suggestion might then be raised that an object's "aesthetic qualities" are simply its powers to generate certain types of experiences when the object is encountered.

This thesis is of great importance in recent aesthetics. It replaces, as candidate for the central task of aesthetics, the articulation of unique "objective" aesthetic qualities with the elucidation of unique subjective "aesthetic experiences."

We will argue in what follows that this thesis, that "aesthetic qualities" must be construed as dispositions to affect experience, also fails to account fully for the types of encounters out of which emerge our characteristic uses of aesthetic concepts.

This thesis implies a picture that is, in a sense, a reversal of Sibley's view. In this picture, I submit passively to the object, which causes me to undergo a certain kind of experience.

The main problem with this view is that it too fails to account for my kinds of active involvement with objects that I use aesthetic concepts to characterize.

I do not simply "undergo" the experience of a painting, for example. The painting provokes me to look at it; to survey its lines; to contemplate its forms; to feel its textures with my gaze; to savor its juxtapositions of color; to determine its spatial relationships; and so on. I am not passive in the face of the painting. The painting solicits my active approach and response. If I stand passively before the painting, and do not involve myself actively with it, I will _have_ no "experience" of the painting. I will then have no encounter with the painting which might motivate my use of aesthetic concepts.

The traditional aesthetics literature tends to convey the impression that the only activity one might suitably engage in before a work of art is that of "contemplation." But "contemplation" is not clearly distinguishable from the mysterious act of "exercising taste." It can seem not to be an _active_ approach or response at all. But it is necessary to recognize a wide variety of ways of actively approaching and responding to an object, by which one encounters that object in a way that might be reflected by the use of aesthetic concepts. English has countless names for a wide variety of such activites.

Indeed, it could be argued that every object I encounter motivates a unique form of approach and response. Even though we might well call what we do in the face of both a Rembrandt and a Mondrian "looking," it is clear that looking at a Mondrian and looking at a Rembrandt are, in many ways, strikingly different activities.

Our claim, then, is that the kinds of encounters with an object reflected by our use of aesthetic concepts cannot simply be reduced to the undergoing of "experiences."

The idea that an object's "aesthetic qualities" are simply its powers to cause me to undergo certain experiences fails to account for the relation between my "experience" and my active approach and response to the object. My "experience" of a painting and my active involvement with the painting cannot be separated.

When I speak of my "experience" of a painting, I recount my encounter with the painting strictly from my own point of view. My "experiences" are incorporated into my own personal history, and are encompassed by the borders of my identity. When I recount my experience of a painting, I imply that my own being is not essentially implicated in any encounter with the painting. In recounting my shifting impressions of the painting, I may relate that at a certain moment I had the impression of an authentic involvement with the painting. But in the act of recounting my experience I recant this heretical impression. (Thus when an infatuation runs its course, one speaks of it as "an experience." In recounting this experience, one at the same time recants one's heretical belief that it was really love.)

Aesthetic concepts are not characteristically employed to recount an experience, but to articulate the nature of an encounter in which I play an active part. Such an encounter cannot be accounted for either (a) by speaking of a special "aesthetic" kind of object, an object with special "aesthetic" kinds of qualities; or (b) by speaking of special "aesthetic" kinds of experience.

But the nature of such encounters remains to be determined. In the remainder of this section, we will begin the extraordinarily difficult task of articulating the nature of such "aesthetic encounters."

We have to get right the relation between the components of activity and passivity in the "aesthetic encounter."

We have suggested that the painting provokes me to respond actively to it, to approach it actively. For example, to look at it.

What constitutes such looking? Obviously, the question of what it means to look at a painting is an extremely complex one. Nor is there one single, easily definable activity that we call "looking" which accounts for our response to every kind of painting. Psychologists such as Arnheim have explored in some detail a variety of active approaches that paintings require for them to have their characteristic effects.

But we will touch on one important point here.

What motivates me to look at a painting? One answer to this question is that it is something I have seen in the painting that motivates me to look at it. But, on the other hand, my looking is directed toward something I do not yet see. I look at the painting in order that I might see something. My looking at the painting in response to what I see implies my belief that there is something which remains to be seen in the painting--something I have the desire to see. Thus what I see in the painting that motivates me to look at the painting is, in a sense, a sign of something I desire to see which I have not yet seen. What I see has significance to me.

In general, we suggest that, at one level, my involvement in an "aesthetic encounter" is motivated by my glimpse of a sign. My active approach to the object is inseparable from my response to the significance of this sign. This is an important point which is not reflected either in the view that an "aesthetic encounter" is simply an encounter with an object possessing certain special qualities, or in the view that it may simply be reduced to a certain "experience."

But what have I seen in the painting? What constitutes such a sign?

We have to examine this phenomenon with more precision.

We have suggested that I look at the painting in response to something I have seen in it. This implies that we construe my encounter with the painting as beginning not with my looking, but rather with my seeing.

This suggests that my encounter with the painting might be initiated when the painting catches my eye.

This phenomenon (of something catching my eye) is itself complex. We can distinguish at least two moments to it:

[a] the painting (or some part or aspect of it) spontaneously engages my vision;

[b] out of this unselfconscious engagement I emerge in a moment of awareness that I have been spontaneously engaged.

When something catches my eye, I engage it spontaneously. And this engagement crystallizes in a moment at which I awaken to my engagement. At this moment, I re-emerge from this engagement, and, as it were, come to myself again. Then I can look back on my engagement, and take conscious possession of it, thereby re-constituting my selfconsciousness. And then I might employ an aesthetic concept, acknowledging the spontaneous engagement from which I have just emerged.

At this moment of re-emergence from my spontaneous engagement with the object, I have a perspective from which I can look back on that engagement. From that perspective, the engagement crystallizes into a sign. What initially caught my eye takes the form of a sign, and I take conscious possession of it.

But what is the significance of what I see at this moment?

When I emerge from spontaneous engagement with the object, the significance of what I see cannot be separated from that engagement. What I see, at one level, refers back to my own spontaneous engagement. Thus it incorporates a vision of my own being insofar as it is revealed in this engagement; and also a vision of the object which provoked my unselfconscious engagement.

But, at another level, what I see also points forward to an engagement to come in which my unselfconscious being might again step forward to engage the object. That is, I emerge from my spontaneous engagement with the object with a sign of the revelation that engagement constitutes. But this engagement constitutes a revelation of the being I have the potential to be: an essentially spontaneous being. And a revelation of a potential engagement with the object in which I might fulfill that potential.

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Thus I emerge from my spontaneous engagement with the object with a vision of that engagement; a vision that is, at the same time, a sign of potential engagements in which I might realize myself. I look back on the engagement from which I have just emerged; and I look ahead to an engagement to come in which the promise of this engagement might be fulfilled. This promise is integral to the significance of what I see when I emerge from my spontaneous engagement with the object.

My engagement with the painting, then, motivates me to turn again to the painting. I look to the painting, motivated by my desire for a further engagement with it which might fulfill the promise manifested by the engagement just ended.

This turning again to the painting cannot by itself make what I am awaiting happen. Looking at the painting cannot make the painting catch my eye. I cannot will a spontaneous engagement. I look at the painting, waiting for it, as it were, to "touch" me again.

In a sense, my engagement with the painting leads to this moment of waiting for the painting to engage me spontaneously again.

So we must distinguish the act of looking at the painting, turning to it, motivated by what I have seen in the painting (that is, a sign) from my spontaneous engagement with the painting which crystallized in that sign.

The "aesthetic encounter" thus has the following moments which must be distinguished:

[a] the object spontaneously engages me;

[b] this engagement crystallizes into a moment of awareness, at which I take conscious possession of that engagement by grasping a sign of that engagement;

[c] my acknowledgment of the significance of that engagement, by turning again to the object, looking to it to fulfill the promise glimpsed in the engagement just terminated.

Thus an aesthetic encounter encompasses (a) a spontaneous engagement; (b) a perception of the significance of that engagement; and (c) acknowledgment of that significance by the act of turning again to the object.

I emerge from engagement with the object with a sign that marks my passage; and that at the same time points toward an engagement to come in which the potential revealed in the engagement just ended might be fulfilled.

Thus a single aesthetic encounter may be viewed as a single cycle: an aesthetic encounter prepares me for another aesthetic encounter.

This suggests that I might have a series of aesthetic encounters with the object.

Several important points must be made about such a series. A series of aesthetic encounters encompasses a series of engagements with the object; a series of signs; and a series of acts of turning again to the object, awaiting further engagements.

Such a series is an ordered series.

An engagement with the object reflects the engagements I have already had with the object. The significance of that engagement reflects the significance of the engagements that precede it. And the act of turning again to the object acknowledges the acts that came before it in the series.

An aesthetic encounter with an object is, in a sense, motivated by the whole series of encounters with that object which precede it. These encounters might be thought of as integral to the context of an aesthetic encounter. The vision that emerges from each spontaneous engagement with the object reflects the visions that have emerged from the engagements that came before. The significance of this vision is inseparable from the significance of those visions. And when I turn again to the object, I acknowledge the order and unity of my previous acts of turning to the object in the hope of fulfilling the promise of my engagements with that object.

In other words, a series of aesthetic encounters with the object reflects, in a sense, a single promise. Each encounter sustains that promise, and keeps that promise alive. And it incorporates an act that takes its place in an unbroken line of succession.

A series of aesthetic encounters can be viewed in two radically different ways.

On the one hand, each encounter in that series sustains and keeps alive my desire for an engagement with the object which would fulfill the promise glimpsed in the engagements I have had with the object. In a sense, each encounter in the series is motivated by my dream of losing myself entirely in the object, abandoning my selfconsciousness in a spontaneous engagement with the object so all-consuming that I can never re-emerge from it. Each encounter sustains and keeps alive this dream, appearing to bring me closer to the ultimate fulfillment the dream of which is integral to the whole series of encounters.

On the other hand, my encounters with the object constitute my struggle to render the significance of my engagements with the object once and for all intelligible to me. Each such engagement crystallizes into a sign; and, in a sense, I turn again to the object in the hope of fathoming the significance of that sign. Each sign is, at one level, a sign of the series of signs that precede it; and a sign of the signs that remain. My series of encounters with the object, at one level, takes the form of a struggle to glimpse a sign which renders perspicuous the totality of signs the object promises to offer me. That is: I am engaged in a struggle to exhaust the object of its significance for me--literally to _objectify_ it.

On the one hand, a series of aesthetic encounters with an object manifests my desire to submit finally to the object's power. But, on the other hand, it also constitutes my struggle to render the object's significance fully intelligible--thus to demonstrate my ultimate freedom from the object's power.

This extraordinary double, conflicting motivation is deeply characteristic of aesthetic encounters. I turn to the object out of my desire to submit unconditionally to it; but also in my struggle to free myself once and for all from the object's power.

Thus a series of aesthetic encounters may be thought of as reflecting a struggle within myself: a struggle between my striving to realize a dream of myself and my resolute determination to acknowledge my ultimate separateness from that dream. A series of aesthetic encounters with an object is predicated on, and keeps alive, my state of suspense as to the outcome of that struggle.

Correspondingly, I have two different images of how such a series of encounters might end.

On the one hand, my series of aesthetic encounters is sustained by the dream that the promise I see in the object might yet be ultimately fulfilled. Thus that I might realize the vision of myself glimpsed in my engagements with the object. That, in unity with the object, I might realize my potential of transforming myself into a fully spontaneous being.

On the other hand, a series of aesthetic encounters might end when, out of an engagement with the object, emerges a sign that signifies that there are no further engagements to come. This final sign is one that I have no need to turn to the object again in order to comprehend. Indeed, it signifies that such a return to the object is now ruled out. That is: I might succeed in rendering my engagements with the object intelligible; I might succeed in seeing through all of the object's tricks. I might see that the object has lost its power to provoke my spontaneous engagement. I might see that the object has lost its mystery for me. My encounters with the object may be terminated, not by the fulfillment of the promise that motivated them, but, on the contrary, by reaching the point at which I see that the object no longer contains any signs of that promise.

In part by way of recapitulation, we might summarize some of the implications of our analysis on influential discussions within the field of aesthetics.

[a] Claim: there is a certain kind of object, characterized by certain special "aesthetic qualities," whose nature accounts for the nature of "aesthetic encounters."

Our comment: the structure of an "aesthetic encounter" cannot be accounted for by postulating a special kind of object, or an object with special kinds of qualities.

An aesthetic encounter incorporates a spontaneous engagement and a perception of the significance of that engagement. No enumeration of the object's "qualities" can account for that significance, the significance of that glimpse of my own engagement with the object. To reduce the object as revealed in that encounter to a bundle of "objective" qualities, even of a special "aesthetic" sort, is to deny the significance of my encounter with it.

One can no more account for the significance of my engagement with the object by referring to its "qualities" than one can account for the significance of an utterance by referring to the special "objective properties" of the spoken words.

An aesthetic encounter may be a moment in my struggle to "objectify" what I see in the object; but to sustain a series of aesthetic encounters is to acknowledge that I have before me something that I have as yet no way of separating from my own spontaneous being.

Again: the aesthetic encounter cannot be accounted for by reference to the object's "aesthetic qualities." For what I see in the object that motivates my aesthetic encounter with it, and which is crystallized as I emerge from my engagement with that object, is a sign whose significance is inseparable from my aesthetic encounter with the object. Any attempt to account for what I glimpse in the object by merely enumerating the object's "qualities" will necessarily fail to acknowledge this significance.

[b] Claim: an "aesthetic encounter" with an object may be accounted for simply by reference to the experience one undergoes at the hands of the object.

Our comment: my "aesthetic encounter" with an object cannot be reduced to an experience that I passively undergo. The object provokes me to engage spontaneously with it. I emerge from this engagement with a glimpse of the significance of that engagement; a significance I acknowledge by the act of turning again to the object, awaiting a further engagement with it. I do not passively undergo an experience of the object: I engage it actively, I struggle to grasp the significance of that engagement, and I acknowledge that significance by the act of turning again to the object.

Although no "objective qualities" account for my encounters with the object, this does not imply that I have only a "subjective" experience of the object. The significance of my engagement with the object is inseparable from its revelation of an essential relation between the object and my own unselfconscious being. The significance of this engagement undercuts the distinction between "objective" and "subjective."

[c] We might point out that our analysis denies the claim that the notion of an "aesthetic attitude" might simply account for the nature of the "aesthetic encounter."

The notion of the "aesthetic attitude" is of great importance in much recent aesthetics. The aesthetic attitude is supposed to be the psychological state alleged to be the condition of having any "aesthetic experience" of an object.

Stolnitz, for example, takes this notion to be the central conception in the entire field of aesthetics.24/

Stolnitz argues that there is an identifiable "aesthetic attitude." Any object toward which a person takes this attitude becomes an aesthetic object, and focus or cause of aesthetic experience. The aesthetic attitude is the "disinterested (with no ulterior purpose) and sympathetic attention to and contemplation of any object of awareness whatever, for its own sake alone."25/

But it is clear from our account that there can be no "attitude" which I might simply adopt that accounts for the nature of an aesthetic encounter. It is not my "attitude" toward an object which causes it to catch my eye; nor my attitude which accords my engagement with the object its significance for me; nor my attitude which explains my act of turning again to the object. Indeed, I do not manifest my "attitude" when I acknowledge the significance of an engagement in which my spontaneous being is revealed. On the contrary, such an engagement undercuts my attitudes--that is, my preconceptions about the object and about myself. That is why it has significance for me.

[d] Another influential notion on which our account casts light is that of "aesthetic distance." Since Bullough's much-anthologized article,[26/] the idea has been widely debated that a condition of aesthetic experience is an act of "distancing" myself from the object of that experience.

This view maintains that aesthetic experience is bracketed, removed from the context of ordinary "practical" experience by an "act of distancing." By virtue of this act, my aesthetic experience has no significance with respect to my ordinary existence and identity.

Our view denies that I "distance" myself when I have an aesthetic encounter with an object. Rather, I engage spontaneously with the object--an engagement which reveals my own unselfconscious being. Furthermore, this engagement is not simply "bracketed," set off from my ordinary being and not having any significance with respect to it. On the contrary, My aesthetic encounter incorporates an engagement whose significance with regard to my own being I acknowledge by turning again to the object.

The "distance" integral to an aesthetic encounter does not arise through an act of "distancing" myself from the object. My spontaneous engagement with the object reveals to me my distance from myself: that is, the significance of that engagement is inseparable from the gap it reveals between the being I have the potential to be, and the being I am. But I do not establish that distance as a condition to entering an aesthetic encounter. Indeed, a series of aesthetic encounters with an object takes the form, at one level, of a struggle to acknowledge, and overcome, that distance.

4. Our discussion has reached an important stage. We have begun to elucidate the "aesthetic encounter." This notion seems to point toward a suggestion about the nature of a work of art, one which articulates the work of art in terms of this encounter.

This suggestion is that the work of art is an object of an aesthetic encounter, or a series of aesthetic encounters.

Of course, a "natural object" might strike my eye and motivate me to an aesthetic encounter, or even to a series of aesthetic encounters. So we might modify our suggestion to distinguish such "natural" objects of aesthetic encounters from works of art. Thus we might suggest that a work of art is an object so designed as to have the power to motivate aesthetic encounters with it.

Further, we might wish to suggest that a work of art is so designed as to be the object of a potentially open-ended series of aesthetic encounters with it; a virtually inexhaustable fount of aesthetic encounters. However frequently I turn to it, it retains the power to engage me, and to leave me with a sign of my engagement with it.

Thus this suggestion is that we define a work of art in terms of its power to motivate a type of encounter one might have with it.

But how does this suggestion square with our earlier discussion, in which we argued that a work of art is to be understook in terms of the artist's act of creating it--an act that, we said, takes the form of an act of expression? How can the creation of an object so designed as to motivate aesthetic encounters be at the same time an act of self-expression?

This suggestion is a further development of the idea that a work of art is an artifact that is an aesthetic object. From our point of view, the primary difficulty with this suggestion may be expected to be that sketched in the last section. The suggestion imposes two different conditions on a work of art, without making the relation of thsoe conditions clear: the work of art is an object of aesthetic encounters; and the work of art has been designed to fulfill this function.

With respect to an aesthetic encounter with the work, the work's genesis in the artist's act of designing it to be encountered aesthetically is of no relevance. This act is not, according to this suggestion, essentially related to my encounters with the work. Natural object and work of art, aesthetically encountered, are indistinguishable. The artist's being has no essential relation to an aesthetic encounter with the work at all.

But we are searching for an account that does justice to the relation of the artist's act of creating his work to the nature of the work. To treat the work of art *as* a work of art is to acknowledge that the work itself cannot be separated from the artist's act of creating it; it is to acknowledge that act. It is to acknowledge that the artist's being, and that act which establishes his being as an artist, is manifest in his work.

It will be our claim in this section that, while an aesthetic encounter (or even a series of aesthetic encounters, however extended) with a work of art does not constitute an acknowledgment of its nature as a work of art, such an encounter (or series of encounters) constitutes a primary *con-*

dition of such an acknowledgment. It will then be our task to articulate the logical relation between one's aesthetic encounters with the work and the artist's act of expression.

To grasp the work of art as the artist's expression, to acknowledge the artist's act of expression, it is necessary to perceive the work of art as a whole. For it is the work as a whole which has a form manifesting the artist's being; a form through which his presence makes itself felt.

To acknowledge the work as the artist's expression, one must perceive the expressive form of the work as a whole.

But what is the relation between perception of the work's expressive form and a series of aesthetic encounters with the work?

When I encounter an object aesthetically, I enter into an engagement with it. I emerge from this engagement with a sign that I have been engaged. An aesthetic encounter encompasses both the suspension of self-awareness and the return to myself in a moment of awareness that I have been engaged by the object.

My active engagement with the object, then, signifies for me that its "objective" nature and my "subjective" response to it cannot be separated. They form an indissoluble unity. My aesthetic encounter with the object leads to a moment at which I glimpse a sign of this unity of my own unselfconscious being and the object.

But this implies that the form of a work of art cannot be separated from my aesthetic encounters with it. It is through these encounters that the work's form is revealed to me; and it is in these encounters that the work, so to speak, runs true to form. My encounters with the work of art are integral to the form of the work of art as a whole.

In other words, the form of the work of art encompasses my aesthetic encounters with it. But, then, to perceive the form of the work of art, I must grasp the unity of my successive encounters with it.

Thus perception of the form of the work of art as a whole implies attaining a perspective from which I can grasp the unity of my aesthetic encounters with the work. I must attain a perspective from which my own encounters with the work emerge as revelations of the work's form of unity.

My aesthetic encounters with the work are then the condition of my perception of the work's form; for that form is, at one level, the form of my encounters with the work.

The work of art as a whole, then, encompasses my own encounters with the work.

Thus this unity of my own being and the work is integral to the artist's expression. In other words, it is only by attaining a perspective on my own encounters with the work--a perspective that discloses the unity they manifest--that I can perceive the work of art as a form of expression.

Each aesthetic encounter crystallizes in a moment of awareness that I have been engaged. And a series of aesthetic encounters then generates a series of such moments. A grasp of the form of the work of art is attained only when I perceive a unity underlying these moments, and when I relate this unity to the form of the work as a whole.

The form of the work of art, then, is inseparable from the unity of my diverse and successive encounters with it. Only by relating each aesthetic encounter I have with the work to this unity can I grasp the work's overall form.

Thus to grasp the work of art as a whole, to perceive its form, is to grasp the unity of my own aesthetic encounters with it. It is to relate each individual aesthetic encounter to the unity of the work as a whole. Furthermore, this relation transcends the particular encounters I have actually had with the work: for I relate to the work's form any aesthetic encounters I might have with it. The form of the work of art subsumes all possible aesthetic encounters I might have with it. The form of the work as a whole is the principle of unity of all possible aesthetic encounters with the work.

But it is important to note that it is the premise of an aesthetic encounter with an object that I do not yet have a perspicuous grasp of that object's nature. For in an aesthetic encounter I lose myself in active engagement with the object; and, when I re-emerge from that engagement, I am motivated to turn again to the object to fathom the significance of that engagement.

Underlying a series of aesthetic encounters with an object is, at one level, my struggle to grasp that object's nature. No particular aesthetic encounter yields this ultimate disclosure; nor does a series of aesthetic encounters, however extended, culminate in this disclosure.

My aesthetic encounters with the work of art reflect my struggle to attain a perspective on the overall form of unity of that work. And it is in the context of this struggle that the work manifests its form. Each aesthetic encounter with the work of art is a moment in this struggle.

But this leaves us with an apparent paradox.

To grasp the work of art as an expression requires that I grasp its overall form. For the work's expressive form reflects the artist's act of self-expression.

But the work's form is inseparable from the unity of possible aesthetic encounters with it. Thus the condition of perception of the work's form is my series of aesthetic encounters with the work. But I must also have a perspective on these encounters, a perspective from which I can grasp their unity.

To grasp the unity of a work of art requires having a perspective from which the unity of possible aesthetic encounters with the work may be grasped. But the premise of an aesthetic encounter with the work is, in a sense, that I have not yet attained this overall perspective. My aesthetic encounters with the work reflect my struggle to attain a perspective on it from which my encounters with it are intelligible; a perspective on the overall unity of the work as a whole. It is in the context of this struggle that he work manifests its form. Each aesthetic encounter with the work is a moment in the struggle to attain this perspective. But to grasp the work's overall form I must _have_ just this perspective on my unity with the work.

Thus grasping the work's overall form of unity appears to require that I both have and have not a perspective on my own encounters with it. It appears to require that I be able to relate each encounter with the work to the work's overall form; and also that I remain able to lose myself in active and unselfconscious engagement with the work.

How does a perspective on the work as a whole emerge from a series of aesthetic encounters with the work? How can I attain a perspective on my own aesthetic encounters with the work?

How does the attainment of this perspective on the work affect my further encounters with the work? How can I lose myself in the work once more, if I have attained a perspective on any possible aesthetic encounters with the work?

It might be thought that attainment of this perspective simply comes, temporally, after my series of aesthetic encounters with the work is complete; that, once I attain this perspective, I have no further aesthetic encounters with the work, no longer seeking myself or losing myself in the work.

But, surely, it is a mistake to think of attaining a perspective on the work's form as something that is accomplished once and for all.

My perspective on the work's overall form is something that I bring to my encounters with the work. My idea of the work's form is at first highly abstract. But if I begin with the idea that the work has a unified form that can be discovered through aesthetic encounters with the work, then the unique unity that constitutes the work's form becomes increasingly concrete for me as my aesthetic encounters with the work develop. Then my encounters with the work become moments in my struggle to attain a clear grasp of the work's overall form.

Indeed, it is the context of this struggle that the work of art, it might be said, runs true to form. As I encounter the work of art, I struggle to perceive its form of unity; and it is in these encounters that the work literally takes form.

In a sense, the work of art is, for me, like a figure perpetually in the process of emerging from a ground. I glimpse the work taking form before my very eyes. And, in my struggle to perceive this form, I take an active part in this process. I motivate the form the work is in the process of assuming.

Thus I may relate my aesthetic encounters with the work of art to the work's overall form. My aesthetic encounters with the work constitute the condition of my ever-developing grasp of the work's overall form. I relate what I glimpse in each encounter to the unity underlying the work as a whole. And by virtue of thus relating my encounters with the work to the unity of the work as a whole, I manifest a perspective on my unity with the work. From this perspective, I see the process by which the work takes form. I relate what I glimse in my encounters with the work to my view of the work's form of unity.

My idea that the work of art has an overall form of unity that can be grasped only through attaining a perspective on my own aesthetic encounters with the work does not simply emerge from my aesthetic encounters with the work. It is not the conclusion I derive from those encounters. Rather, it is this idea that places my aesthetic encounters with the work of art in the context of a struggle to perceive the work's

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overall form of unity.

This struggle to grasp the unity of the work's overall form is inseparable from the unity of my own particular aesthetic encounters with the work. By virtue of my engagement in this struggle, I come into relationship with the work of art as a whole. This relation transcends any particular aesthetic encounters, or even any particular series of aesthetic encounters with the work.

That is: it is this relation that makes of my succession of aesthetic encounters with the work a unified struggle. This struggle takes the form of a series of aesthetic encounters with the work. But the significance of this struggle transcends the particularity of this series.

Thus I struggle to grasp the work's overall form of unity. My struggle with the work is integral to the form of the work of art as a whole--it is in the context of this struggle that the work must be understood.

This idea makes it possible to mediate our discussion of "aesthetic encounters" with the work of art and our earlier claim that a work of art is an expression by its artist.

To show this, we must return for a moment to our examination of the notion of "expression."

We have suggested that there are two general kinds of phenomena that we might call "expressions." There are the spontaneous manifestations of a person in a particular state, and there are those expressions of which the person is the author, which reflect that person's act.

We have further suggested that the work of art reflects the artist's act of expression. This means that through the work the artist reveals a being, and acknowledges that the being this expression reveals is himself.

Through his expression, a being reveals himself. But we must look more closely at this.

Through my act of expression, I make a revelation about myself. I reveal myself; and I call upon anyone who perceives my expression to take note of what this expression reveals of me, and to act towards me accordingly. Through my expression, I make myself, and my state, known; and I call upon those who perceive my expression to acknowledge what it reveals about me.

An act of expression, then, has the effect of putting anyone who perceives the expression on notice as to my being at this moment.

This act, then, is directed toward persons who might well be, at this moment, unmindful of my being, and unaware of my present state. My expression and your perception of it do not simply constitute one of a series of encounters ongoing between us. An act of expression does not simply sustain and further a pre-existing situation, or a pre-existing relationship between us. Rather, the act of expression is, in a sense, directed toward my situation and toward our relationship. It is a move toward re-defining my situation and our relationship--if only by putting on record something that, until this moment, remained to be acknowledged between us about me. My expression is, at one level, my call to you to accept new conditions of relationship between us.

Thus the act of expression is complex. My expression conveys information about myself. And, furthermore, through it I call upon anyone who perceives my expression to relate himself to me in a way that acknowledges this expression. Indeed, the at of expression itself can be thought of as a kind of model or paradigm of the relationship I call upon you to enter into with me. I call upon you to enter into a relationship with me which is grounded in, and reflects, this act of expression.

The artist creates the work of art through an act of expression.

This means that the form of the work of art as a whole reveals the artist's being. And, also, through the work of art the artist calls upon anyone who grasps the work's form--who perceives his expression--to enter into a relationship with him that acknowledges the significance of his act of creating the work. That is, to enter into a relationship with him that acknowledges what the work reveals of him.

But what does the work of art reveal about the artist? We have already suggested an answer. The work of art reveals of the artist *that he is an artist*. Further, *it reveals the artist that he is*. His being as an artist is inseparable from the form of unity his work assumes. For *this* is a work to which he, as an artist, is committed. *This* work manifests his art; manifests what makes him an artist.

The artist calls upon those who behold his works to acknowledge him as the artist he is. At one level, then, the work of art is the artist's call to be acknowledged as the artist he is.

But what might constitute such an acknowledgment?

Two answers suggest themselves.

One is that I can only truly acknowledge the artist by attaining an ultimate perspective on the overall form of his work from which that form is perfectly perspicuous. That is: I can only truly acknowledge the artist by rendering his expression fully intelligible.

This suggestion construes my struggle to attain a perspective on my own aesthetic encounters with the work of art as only the condition of entering into the relationship with the artist that alone constitutes a true acknowledgment of his art.

The problem with this suggestion is that I never finally attain such an ultimate perspective on a work of art. I am powerless to fulfill a call to render the unity of a work of art completely intelligible.

In other words, this suggestion implies that I have no way to acknowledge the artist. All I can do is struggle vainly to acknowledge the artist's act of creating the work of art. This suggestion implies the futility of an artist's struggle to be acknowledged, and my struggle to acknowledge the artist.

The second suggestion, more subtle and also more profound, is that it is by virtue of my very struggle to acknowledge the artist that I enter into a relationship with him that constitutes the acknowledgment he seeks in his art. To encounter his work aesthetically, and to struggle to attain a perspective on my own aesthetic encounters with the work; to struggle to grasp what it is that the work reveals of the artist; to struggle to grasp what my involvement with the work reveals of me; to struggle to grasp the work's overall form of unity, and the significance of the act of creating and beholding it--this is to relate to the artist as an artist, and to acknowledge his art.

True, my perception of the work's form of unity is never complete; my grasp of what it is about himself that the artist reveals in his work is never completely sure; the artist's being as an artist and the full significance of his act is never rendered fully intelligible to me; and it is never certain what I must do to acknowledge the work. Yet I acknowledge the artist's call to me when my encounters with the work take the form of a unified struggle to render intelligible what it is that my engagement with the work makes of me; what it is that I must do to acknowledge the artist and his art.

My act of turning to the work in my struggle to acknowledge the artist itself constitutes a full acknowledgment of the artist and his art.

By struggling to perceive the work's overall form, I implicate my own being in the artist's expression. My own being becomes inseparable from the artist's act of expression. Thus my own act is related essentially to the artist's act: it acknowledges it, and completes it.

Thus I enter into a relationship with the artist which is grounded in his act of expression; and also in my act of acknowledging that expression. Our relationship is grounded in the essential unity of our acts; and is thus one of community.

The work's form expresses the artist's being, insofar as he is an artist. And, insofar as I enter into this relationship with the artist--that is, insofar as I am committed to this struggle to render intelligible the unity underlying my aesthetic encounters with the work--my being and the form of the work as a whole are ontologically related as well.

The form of the work of art, then, expresses the artist's being insofar as he is an artist; and it reflects my being as well, insofar as I am committed to this relationship with the artist grounded in the acknowledgment of his art.

To acknowledge the work of art, then, is to enter into relationship with the artist: a relationship which we will call the "artist/beholder relationship."

It is important to recognize that I do not simply stand naturally in this relation to the artist. It is only by virtue of an act that I perform that I enter into this relationship with an artist.

We might say (in reprise of the discussion of Section 2) that, by entering into this relationship, I transform myself from a being for whom this relationship is only a potential, into a being for whom this relationship is definitive of his nature. That is: my act of entering into this relationship with an artist is an act of self-realization.

But this relationship itself incorporates the definition of myself in terms of which my act of entering into this relationship is an act of self-realization.

To the degree that I define myself in terms of this relationship, then, my being is defined by my ontological bond with the artist. But to enter authentically into this relationship is to define myself in the terms implied by the relationship itself.

The act of entering into this relationship with an artist, then, is at the same time an act of self-definition: an act of defining myself in such terms that my act of entering into this relationship is seen as an act of realizing myself in relationship with this artist.

But what am I insofar as my nature may be defined in terms of my relationship with an artist?

Insofar as the artist's nature is defined by the role of artist--insofar as he creates his work as an artist--the form of his work will be an expression of his nature as an artist.

Insofar as I enter into that relationship with him which acknowledges his being as an artist, my being and the form of the work stand in essential relation. The form of the work created by the artist reflects my nature insofar as I have accepted the terms of this relationship with him.

Does my act of acknowledging my community with the artist define a role, the way the artist's act defines the role of artist?

Each artist performs in his own way the act that defines the artist's role. But there is not in the same way a "beholder's act": for what counts as an acknowledgment of a work of art depends on the form that particular works assume. Every work of art sets unique terms for what counts as an acknowledgment of it.

Each person must find his own way of acknowledging each work of art he beholds. He must find his own way of conforming to the unique, rigorous conditions that particular work establishes.

In other words, each particular work establishes what it is that an acknowledgment of it must acknowledge. The act of acknowledging the work is an act of self-definition; but it is also the acknowledgment and acceptance of the particular conditions on such a definition that the work itself proposes.

If the identity of "Hitchcock the artist" is the unity of Hitchcock the man and the role of artist, my identity as established in my relationship with Hitchcock the artist is the unity of my own being and the particular works of art my encounters with which make possible my relationship with him.

Hitchcock calls upon me to define myself in the terms established by his work. That is, to acknowledge that I realize myself in my struggle to grasp the form of his works.

But it is important to note that this does not imply that I subordinate my identity to his. For insofar as he is an artist, he defines himself in terms of the very act that I take action to acknowledge. In other words, he defines himself in terms of his act of calling upon beholders of his work to acknowledge him. I acknowledge his work by acknowledging that it is directed to me. Since it is directed to me, I acknowledge my own identity when I accept the artist's call to define myself in the terms established by his work.

But neither has Hitchcock subordinated his identity to mine; for insofar as he is an artist, his act of calling upon me to acknowledge him reveals, as it establishes, his own authentic being as an artist.

Thus we have fulfilled the task of this section. We have showed that a work of art is grounded in my community with the artist--a community established and acknowledged by the artist's act of expression and my act of accepting my implication in that act.

Thus a work of art is the ground of the relation of community between the artist and those who behold his work and acknowledge it. The creation of a work of art, and my act of acknowledging that work, are essentially related. And one cannot say what a work of art _is_ without reference to that relation of community the work grounds.

So it is not that the work of art is, fundamentally, an object designed to motivate a series of aesthetic encounters with it. It is, on the one hand, created in an act of expression; and, on the other hand, its creation constitutes an act of calling upon those who behold the work to acknowledge it. The work's nature as an expression and its nature as a call for acknowledgment are inseparable; for what the work reveals to me of the artist is that his works constitute a call to me. But the _condition_ of this revelation is that I enter into aesthetic encounters with his work.

5. We have suggested that the being of an artist as artist is inseparable bound to the overall form of unity of the work of art as a whole; and that this unity is in turn inseparable from the unity of possible aesthetic encounters with the work.

This account surely leaves many questions unanswered. We will consider two general questions in this section.

For one, there is the question of the unity of the individual artist's _oeuvre_, the body of work of which he is author. How are we to speak of this unity, which may appear to encompass and transcend the unity of any particular one of the artist's works?

The artist's act of creating a particular work confers unity on that work. But in the course of his career, that artist creates a succession of works, on each of which he confers unity.

What then is the relation between the unity of a particular work, and the unity of that artist's entire _oeuvre_? The corollary question: what is the relation between acknowledgment of an individual work by the artist, and acknowledgment of its place in that _oeuvre_?

Two general approaches to these questions suggest themselves, and indeed find important advocates in contemporary critical practice:

> [a] One is that, roughly, the unity of a particular work of art transcends the unity of the artist's overall _oeuvre_. Ultimately, each work stands alone, and can only be understood on its own unique terms. And each work demands separate acknowledgment; there is no way to acknowledge an artist's _oeuvre_ except through acknowledgments of the individual works that comprise that _oeuvre_.
>
> [b] The other is that, equally roughly, the unity of the artist's _oeuvre_ transcends the unity of any one particular work. It is the unity of his _oeuvre_ behind which the artist stands, and in which his identity and the nature of his passion must be sought. The nature (not to mention the value) of a particular work is subordinate to that work's place within this _oeuvre_. And to acknowledge an individual work is to acknowledge its place in the artist's career and _oeuvre_.

But surely it is a mistake to suppose that it is necessary, or possible, to choose between the unity of the individual work and the unity of the _oeuvre_ as a whole as fundamental. Surely, the point is that the unity of each individual work and the unity of the oeuvre as a whole cannot be separated. The artist's individual works by their very nature constitute an oeuvre that affords a place to each of the works of which that artist is the author. These works stand in an ontological relation to each other, and to the oeuvre that, together, they constitute.

This ground must be gone over more carefully.

The nature of authorship is a philosophical question of enormous complexity and great importance. We will only be able to scratch a couple of the myriad surfaces of this question here.

Hitchcock is the "author" of The Thirty-Nine Steps and also of North By Northwest.

We have suggested that this implies that both works constitute self-expressions of the artist Alfred Hitchcock.

Of course, it may be the case that some of the films of which Hitchcock is the nominal director were created in such circumstances that the possibility of authentic self-expression was in certain respects out of the question. Sometimes for commercial and sometimes for personal reasons, some elements or parts of some of an artist's works may not manifest his authority. Thus the borders of Hitchcock's oeuvre may not be apparent from his "official" filmography. Some works listed as his may not constitute authentic expressions of his art, may not manifest his being and passion and reveal his authentic authorship.

An artist's true oeuvre, then, should perhaps be construed as encompassing those works, and parts of works, behind which he stands, to the integrity of which he is resolutely committed. True Hitchcock films (as distinguished from those of which he, and not someone else, was director, but which are not authentic expressions of his art) are those films created by Hitchcock which constitue authentic expressions of his art.

The commercial structure of production and distribution today in the arts makes the need to recognize a possible disttinction between those works by an artist that are, and those that are not, integral to the oeuvre to whose integrity the artist is committed all the more vital. (These considerations must be broadened to acknowledge the important points made by Stanley Cavell in Must We Mean What We Say?.[27/])

To be sure, this distinction introduces all sorts of problems for the critic, who might attempt to separate the authentic from the inauthentic in the artist's body of work. The critic must make this distinction ina way that does not deny the integrity of the artist, if possible; and he must also avoid certain easy but dangerous devices for making this distinction. (For example: the artist's own words may or may not be taken seriously in making this distinctio--for in making a claim as to which of his works he means to stand behind, the artist may or may not be serious, and may or may not realize whether he is being serious.) In particular, he must recognize the need for accounting for his judgments--e.g., by articulating the signs of inauthenticity in a work that he denies admission to the artist's authentic *oeuvre*.

But let us for the moment consider those works by an artist that constitute authentic expressions of that artist. What does admission into the artist's *oeuvre* imply?

Every true Hitchcock film is, first of all, recognizable as a Hitchcock film. The artist Hitchcock has left his mark on it; a hallmark or monogram which may be perceived in the work. (Rather: the form of the work as a whole, which is inseparable from my aesthetic encounters with the work, has the perceptible mark on it of Hitchcock's art.) A true Hitchcock film manifests a certain essential form.

Hitchcock's *oeuvre*, then, encompasses a class of works defined by a certain form. To perceive this form in a film is to recognize it as a Hitchcock film.

The idea that the Hitchcock film may be recognized as such introduces certain problems which must be faced. For one thing, it may not be immediately clear that a particular film is a true Hitchcock film. *The Wrong Man*, for example, may well appear entirely uncharacteristic (Under Capricorn is perhaps a better example) of Hitchcock. One may at first be unable to see it as a Hitchcock film. Then suddenly it dawns on one that it is, simply, a Hitchcock film--that it is, as it were, every inch a Hitchcock film. Then one might find it difficult to comprehend that frame of mind in which this was not yet apparent.

The reverse may also happen. A work one had always thought of as Bach's Cantata #55 is demonstrated to be by some composer other than Bach. Then this work, which one had always taken to be a true Bach work--that is, to have the mark of Bach on it--no longer appears to be a Bach work. One finds oneself no longer able to hear it as a Bach piece, and one finds one's own recent frame of mind unintelligible.

Yet when the "Hitchcock-ness" of a film dawns on me, or for that matter when the "unBach-ness" of the cantata dawns on me, this phenomenon does not seem to discredit the claim that "Hitchcock-ness" or "Bach-ness" can be perceived. On the contrary: this revelation illuminates for me what "Hitchcock'ness" or "Bach-ness" is. Ultimately, I come to see The Wrong Man as every inch a Hitchcock film, and hear that"Bach's Cantata #55" as other than a work by Bach. (Because half the film goes by before I realize that his actor is Claude Rains, we do not conclude that Claude Rains cannot be recognized. On the contrary: at the moment when this figure's identity dawns on me, I have as it were a perspicuous representation of what "Claude Rains-ness," on the movie screen, _is_.)

The Thirty-Nine Steps has the form of a Hitchcock film, and so does _North By Northwest_.

But another very important general point must be made.

Hitchcock's _oeuvre_ comprises a group of films, films which each have, as it were, Hitchcock's mark on it. Thus in a sense this mark _defines_ the class of _possible_ Hitchcock films.

But Hitchcock's films also form a _series_; they stand to each other in a certain _order_.

How are we to understand this ordering?

A natural suggestion is that the artist's works admit of a chronological ordering, but that this chronological ordering has no essential relation to the nature of the particular works thus ordered.

Of course, there can be no question but that _North By Northwest_ was made long after _The Thirty-Nine Steps_. One look at the two films makes their order clear to anyone with any knowledge at all of the historical development of cinematic techniques. The former's sophisticated color process, for example, marks it as a film made around 1960; while one can spot the primitive sound recording of the 'thirties film, and also the holdovers from then fashionable Soviet filmmaking style in the latter film.

But the suggestion is that while one may be able to deduce the chronological ordering of an artist's oeuvre on technical grounds, the ordering nonetheless implies no real logical relation between the two films. The chronological ordering of works by an artist, according to this suggestion, has no real logical relationship corresponding to it.

We wish to deny this suggestion. We claim that the chronological order of the works within an artist's oeuvre corresponds to an articulable logical order. And the key to this logical ordering is the concept of acknowledgment.

A remark in a conversation acknowledges earlier remarks in that conversation. A remark would not be the remark it is, would not have its particular logical form, if it came before a remark in the conversation which it is designed to acknowledge. The remark makes sense, and makes the sense it does, in the context of the remarks it acknowledges. This ordering of acknowledgment is integral to what makes a unified conversation out of a group of remarks.

Thus we argue that it is integral to the nature of North By Northwest--integral to what that film is, to what it must be acknowledged to be if Hitchcock's act of creating it is to be acknowledged--that it constitutes an acknowledgment of The Thirty-Nine Steps. If North By Northwest did not acknowledge The Thirty-Nine Steps in a way that the earlier film, logically, could not acknowledge the later, then both films could not have places within Hitchcock's unified oeuvre.

Thus we want to suggest that an artist's oeuvre comprises and defines a class of works, and also a series of works whose order is, at one level, a logical one.

Of course, it is not enough simply to say that North By Northwest acknowledges The Thirty-Nine Steps: this claim remains to be made precise and defended. We cannot formally file this claim here. That is a job for the critic, demanding intensive descriptive analysis.

The point is nonetheless crucial. The claim is that the form of the later film contains the form of the earlier; that the later film puts the earlier in perspective; that the later film has a form that makes it accountable to the form of the earlier film.

The general claim is, again, that an artist's oeuvre comprises an ordered series of works. The principle of this ordering is a logical one: each work constitutes an acknowledgment of the form of unity of the works that precede it in the series. The artist's oeuvre also defines a class (the class of possible works by that artist). Each work constitutes, at one level, a re-definition of that class; with these successive re-definitions forming the ordered series that is the artist's oeuvre.

This general claim is really a corollary of our conception of the creation of the work of art as an act of expression.

After all, the creation of each Hitchcock film is an act of expression by Hitchcock. This means that each true Hitchcock film constitutes an authentic revelation of Hitchcock the artist. But this implies that Hitchcock cannot subsequently disown what any of his works reveals of him--for what can be subsequently disowned cannot, logically, be *revealed*.

The Thirty-Nine Steps, for example, reveals Hitchcock the artist. Its form constitutes an authentic expression of Hitchcock. But this means that through this film Hitchcock puts me on notice to accept as integral to himself what this film expresses. He calls upon me to enter into a relationship with him grounded in this expression; and within this relationship I am *bound* to acknowledge this expression in my subsequent perceptions of him. Thus if I acknowledge *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, I am bound to perceive subsequent Hitchcock films in terms of this revelation. Furthermore, if *The Thirty-Nine Steps* is a true Hitchcock film, then Hitchcock likewise is bound to acknowledge in his subsequent films the unity of this film. No subsequent film of which Hitchcock is the nominal author could find a true place in the Hitchcock *oeuvre* unless it constituted an acknowledgment of *The Thirty-Nine Steps*.

It is because a work of art constitutes an act of expression by an artist that each work by that artist can be an integral member of that artist's oeuvre, can be a work of art of which he is the author, only if it acknowledges the preceding works in that oeuvre. Also, each work by that artist grounded in a true act of expression plays an integral part in determining what a subsequent work must be if it is to find a place in that same oeuvre.

Thus in a sense the work of art is determined by the works that precede it in the artist's oeuvre. But also, it is the nature of the work of art to cast new light on these works.

The work of art belongs, by virtue of its form, to the class of works defined by and comprising the artist's oeuvre. But, in a sense, it also defines, or re-defines, that class; it extends the perspectives on that class manifested by the earlier works in the series.

In other words, the work of art, by virtue of its form--that is, by virtue of its way of manifestly being essentially like those other works in form--serves to reveal something about what those earlier works *are*. Each work of art constitutes a revelation of the nature of the unity of the earlier works in the artist's oeuvre.

After all, the work constitutes an act of expression by the person responsible for these earlier expressions. But this person, insofar as he is an artist, defines himself by his art. For the artist to express himself as an artist, he must acknowledge his art--which implies: his existing _oeuvre_, those works, those prior acts of expression, that constitute his present being as an artist. Those acts of expression are inseparable from the _context_ in which the artist performs this present act of expression.

In other words: insofar as he is an artist, his act of expression must at the same time be an acknowledgment of those works which have already become a part of his _oeuvre_.

Each new work of art created by the artist in an act of expression extends that artist's _oeuvre_, and as it were makes manifest its order. In a sense, it might be said that it is by virtue of this new work that the class of earlier works _is_ an "_oeuvre_". That is, that it comprises a logically ordered series of works of essentially the same form.

A work that extends an artist's _oeuvre_ acknowledges or affirms or re-affirms the unity and order of that _oeuvre_. By virtue of its form, it manifests and demonstrates and articulates that unity and order.

Thus each act of expression by the artist is bound to re-affirm the authenticity of the prior acts of expression for which that artist is responsible. In each act of expression, the artist re-affirms his authorship of those prior works, re-affirms his responsibility for their form. Each act of expression is bound, _logically_, to acknowledge the legitimacy of the entire unbroken line of succession that, through this work, the artist undertakes to extend. Its legitimacy in turn is subject to acknowledgment by the works that will succeed it in that _oeuvre_.

Each work of art that belongs to an artist's _oeuvre_ thus has a position within that _oeuvre_; an artist's _oeuvre_ has, logically, unity and order.

Furthermore, the place of that work in that _oeuvre_ is inseparable from the nature of both that work and that _oeuvre_. The work accounts for the order and unity of the preceding works in that _oeuvre_; and it is by virtue of its accountability to the order and unity of this _oeuvre_ that the nature of the work is determined.

What a particular work of art _is_ cannot be separated from its place within an artist's _oeuvre_.

But an important point must be emphasized.

Within the context of the artist's creation of a particular work of art, his _oeuvre_ is not a completed, stable entity. It is a body of work that admits of extension--and extending the _oeuvre_ implies re-constituting and re-defining the order and unity of the works that already belong to it. The artist's act of expression is at the same time an act of re-constituting, re-defining and thus extending his _oeuvre_--an act which leaves no work within that _oeuvre_ unaccounted for. And this act of acknowledging the unity and order of the _oeuvre_--and thus of re-defining it--at the same time constitutes an original act of expression on the part of the artist.

The artist's *oeuvre*, insofar as it represents the context of the artist's act of expression, is as yet not finally completed, and not yet pinned down with a final definition. The artist's *oeuvre* is an entity which calls for extension and re-definition.

In a sense, underlying this as yet incomplete, as yet undefined *oeuvre* is a *vision* of a completed, defined, unified body of work in which every component work has a determinate place. Such a structure would represent the *completion* of the artist's work, and would, as it were, represent the artist's victory in his ongoing struggle to create a fully perspicuous representation of his own being and passion. The artist, as artist, is committed to his struggle to realize this vision.

We then have these two pictures of the artist's *oeuvre*. First, the context of the artist's ongoing struggle. In this context, the artist's *oeuvre* is incomplete, and its order and unity require re-affirmation and re-definition. Second, the completed *oeuvre*, in which each work has a final place.

We might ask how, if at all, an artist's *oeuvre* can be brought to completion. The answer must be: the artist's *oeuvre* can be completed only if he succeeds in creating a work which in itself constitutes and acknowledges it own finality. That is, a work which fully acknowledges its own nature as effecting the completion of that oeuvre. Such a work, by acknowledging its own finality, would acknowledge that all of the works of the oeuvre, including this one, are in place. Such a work could be followed in the artist's oeuvre only by silence.

Two thoughts might be entertained about this. One is that such an act of bringing an oeuvre to completion is simply not possible. The other is that it is a commonplace.

To be sure, inveterate romanticism conceives of every last work as a true "swan song." But surely the history of art does provide a surprisingly large number of examples of artists who, in the course of their careers, created oeuvres that strike us as authentically completed. We have the clear sense that Bach lived to complete his work; that Shakespeare did; that Monet did; that Verdi did; that Picasso did; that Duke Ellington did; that the filmmaker Renoir did. And their "late" works strike us as clear acknowledgments of being at the threshhold of completeness.

Thus the artist's oeuvre testifies to his engagement in a struggle to bring his art to completion; to create a work that renders his art finally perspicuous. The unity and order of his oeuvre is inseparable from his dedication to that struggle, in which each of his works constitutes a moment.

But we have already suggested that through the work of art the artist calls upon me to acknowledge the overall form of that work.

Thus the artist calls upon me to engage in a struggle that, in a sense, parallels his own struggle.

The following consideration arises.

The artist calls upon me to acknowledge his work, to grasp its overall form of unity. But this unity is inseparable from the place of this work within the artist's oeuvre. Grasping the unity of the work requires grasping the place of that work in the artist's oeuvre; that is, coming to comprehend its place in the artist's overall struggle to make his art perspicuous.

Thus grasping the work's form of unity involves arriving at a view of the work which makes intelligible its place in the artist's oeuvre.

But we can imagine two very different situations in which I might come to grips with the work.

> [a] First, I might be present at the original emergence of the work. For me, in this situation, the artist's struggle is an ongoing one, and this work before me now is, as it were, the latest skirmish in that struggle. This work then appears to me the most advanced manifestation of the artist's oeuvre; and constitutes the most advanced available perspective on that oeuvre. No work yet created by this artist offers me a perspective on this work. I must attempt to grasp its form and sig-

> nificance on my own.
>
> [b] Second, I might have a chance to, as it were, look back on the work. I might have access to the artist's completed *oeuvre* (or at least a further extension of the *oeuvre* that the artist has since completed). Thus I can avail myself of yet more advanced works in the artist's *oeuvre* in my efforts to come to grips with this work.

This suggestion seems to imply that the artist's later works have the power to serve as a kind of medium between me and his earlier works. Thus if I am seriously committed to coming to grips with the form and unity of a work of art, I am obligated to acknowledge the perspective on that work manifested by later works within that artist's *oeuvre*.

This implies that the work of art is in a very real sense *superseded* by the works that follow in the artist's *oeuvre*.28/

The question must be asked, "What is gained in coming to grips with an early work in an artist's *oeuvre*, when a later work by that artist ~~is~~ available? If the later work manifests a perspective on the earlier work, why bother with the earlier work at all, when the later work is available? And if a work by that artist brings his entire *oeuvre* to completion, why subsequently bother with any but that final work in entering into relationship with that artist?

One possible answer to this question is a subtle one. The later work reveals the significance of the earlier work more completely than the earlier work reveals its own significance. That is, as we have said, the later work manifests a perspective on the earlier work. The later work more closely approaches a perspicuous representation of the artist's art. In the later work, the artist more nearly takes full possession of his art. But one cannot comprehend from the later work taken in isolation the human meaning of that re-possession; one cannot fully comprehend the value of what is thus re-possessed, and the human meaning of being dis-possessed from it, without as it were re-living the artist's struggle.

The artist's late works make most nearly or fully perspicuous his being and his passion. But to comprehend fully the human meaning of what such a work clearly expresses, one must be mindful of the struggle through which alone that perspicuous representation is achieved.

Every work of art is at one level manifestation and at another level articulation. But through the development of the artist's oeuvre, the balance between manifestation and articulation characteristically shifts. Thus his earlier works most graphically manifest what it is that his later works most clearly articulate.

Returning to the artist's earlier works thus has the effect of reminding me of the power at the heart of his work; and of the depth of my own emotional involvement with his work. In a sense, the earlier works forge the emotional bond which the later works render articulate. My continuing encounters with the artist's earlier works make me mindful of the human significance of the articulateness of the later works. These encounters deepen my appreciation of those works, reminding me how important the subject of that articulation is to me. My involvement with the artist's work develops through the development of his oeuvre; and that involvement becomes, increasingly, the subject of his art.

Thus an artist's oeuvre is a structure that is, as it were, grounded in the form that is at the heart of the artist's work. Each work is logically related to this structure which manifests the artist's being and passion.

The order and unity of the artist's oeuvre is inseparable from the unity of the individual works that comprise that oeuvre. As we have seen, the artist's oeuvre testifies to the artist's struggle to create a perspicuous representation of that form of unity to which his art is dedicated; to the artist's struggle to create a work that makes fully perspicuous that unity definitive of the class of works that might manifest his authorship.

A Hitchcock film, for example, is a work that manifests the unique form we recognize as the mark of Hitchcock on film.

But a Hitchcock film also constitutes Hitchcock's attempt to make fully perspicuous what a Hitchcock film _is_.

Thus a Hitchcock film manifests the unity of a Hitchcock film; and at another level it is a kind of _demonstration_ by Hitchcock of what a Hitchcock film is. Thus at one level it stakes out a claim: the claim that _this_ (this work whose nature is revealed to me in my series of aesthetic encounters with it) is a Hitchcock film.

At one level, an artist's _oeuvre_ is dedicated to his struggle to articulate what something _is_. But, at another level, it is also dedicated to making perspicuous what it is whose nature it articulates.

Thus a Hitchcock film makes perspicuous what a Hitchcock film is. As we have suggested, a Hitchcock film both _manifests_ and _articulates_ what a Hitchcock film is.

Thus we can say that, in a sense, each artist has a _thesis_, a thesis that cannot be separated from his being and identity as an artist.

The artist stands, in all of his works, behind that form of unity which manifests his being and his passion, and in which alone his nature as an artist is expressed. This form manifests his _position_, a position to which he remains faithful through his career, and which grounds his _oeuvre_.

The artist's thesis, then--what he attempts to demonstrate in his art--is inseparable from his position. And his struggle to articulate his position is inseparable from the parallel struggle that he calls upon me to undertake.

Why must an artist be identified with a single thesis? Why is an artist bound to remain faithful to his original position?

We have argued that a unified oeuvre is, logically, grounded in, and grounds, a single "thesis," and a single "artistic identity."

But why must works by one artist cohere into a single unified oeuvre? Why need an artist be limited to a single identity?

Why cannot an artist create works of art which simply have no overall unity at all, which simply do not in any sense cohere into a coherent oeuvre? Or why cannot an artist be responsible for a single unified oeuvre, but also create individual works which do not fit into that oeuvre? Or even: why cannot an artist be responsible for more than one unified and ordered oeuvre?

We have argued that a work of art logically implies the possibility of an oeuvre in which that work finds a place. (Because the work of art assumes an overall form of which the artist is author; and because the work calls upon me to acknowledge the artist's commitment to that form, a commitment from which other works as well might emerge--works which would as a body manifest the unity and order of an oeuvre.) A work of art defines a possible oeuvre.

But why might not each of an artist's works simply define a distinct "possible oeuvre"? Why might not the artist assume as many different artistic identities as he creates works? Why may he not simply assume an artistic identity for the sake of a particular work, and then drop it? Again: why must all of an artist's works relate to a single oeuvre?

Our answer must be that of course not all works created by the artist need necessarily relate to one coherent oeuvre. But those works created by his which do not a place in a single oeuvre which reveals his artistic identity must be works in which he does not acknowledge his authorship. All of those works whose authorship he acknowledges, all those works which he creates in authentic acts of self-expression, do relate to a singl oeuvre, which define his own personal identity as an artist.

Those works created by the artist which do not relate to this single oeuvre fall into two general categories.

> [a] First, such a work may not appear to be an expression of a particular artistic identity at all. Such a work may appear to represent no position, to manifest no thesis. Such a work does not suggest a possible coherent oeuvre in which it has a place: no-one appears responsible for such a work.

> [b] Second, such a work may appear to be an expression of an artist's identity, but the artist does not subsequently acknowledge responsibility for that identity at all. Such a work would create the impression that it arises in an act of expression by an artist; and would suggest the possibility of an oeuvre in which that work would find a place. Such a work creates the impression that the person who created the work stands behind it, and acknowledges responsibility for it; only the person who actually created the work does not subsequently acknowledge his own personal responsibility for that work.

We would want to say that a work of the first kind does not appear to be an authentic work of art at all. And a work of the second kind, which is so designed as to create the impression of being a work of art, is not one, but is, literally, fraudulent.

A work of art calls upon me to enter into a relationship with an artist. This relationship implies a responsibility. I undertake an obligation to enter into a struggle to grasp the nature and significance of the artist's thesis, to grasp his position. And the artist accepts personal responsibility for that position.

To accept an artist as responsible for two different *oeuvres* would be to accept that he is, in terms of his responsibility, two persons. We can conceive of extraordinary circumstances in which we might be led to accept an artist as harboring two artistic identities. But it is necessarily the case that only extraordinary circumstances justify such a division of a person's responsibility--the way it is only in an extraordinary case that psychologists would accept someone as having a divided personality. Otherwise, our entire concept of "person" would have to be radically other than it is.

To say that an artist is responsible for the integrity of his entire *oeuvre* is not to say that his art does not change, or even change fundamentally through his career. It is to say only that through these changes he remains faithful to his art. What "keeping faith with his art" may requir him to do in practice from work to work is something that noone can predict in advance. The artist has no *formula* which assures faithfulness to his art--no explicit list of rules which, when followed, guarantees such faithfulness.

The artist's art undergoes change from work to work. But the artist must acknowledge in his art his responsibility for this change. A work of art effects the change it acknowledges. An artist has the power to cause himself to be reborn: but only by acknowledging that rebirth as integral to his *oeuvre*. His art acknowledges the underlying identity of his old self and his new one.

An artist cannot keep faith with his art if he attempts to create a work which denies his responsibility for his oeuvre as a whole He cannot simply ignore the position he has called on me to accept as an authentic expression of his being.

5a. The second general question we will consider here involves the relation of one artist to other artists. This question has at least two important aspects:

> [a] In what relation does one artist, or the work of one artist, stand to other artists, or the work of other artists?
>
> [b] What is the relation if any between my relationship with one artist, or with one artist's work (insofar as I acknowledge that work) and my relationship with other artists whose work I also acknowledge?

We will consider the first part first.

We have tried to show how a work of art--that is, a work which emerges in an act of self-expression by an artist, and which calls upon a beholder to acknowledge its form of unity--might, by its very nature, stand in such a relation to other works of art of which that artist is author that they are integral parts of one artist's unified and ordered oeuvre.

But it remains to be explained how a work of art, and indeed an artist's entire oeuvre, might have an essential relation to a work by another artist, or, indeed, to another artist's oeuvre.

Has one artist and his work any essential relation to another artist and that artist's work? Is such a relation, if one exists, integral to the form of unity of his work, or the overall unity of his oeuvre? Are an artist's relationships with other artists integral to his nature or identity as an artist? Or is his nature and identity as an artist to be defined simply by the relationship he calls upon those who behold his work to enter into with him?

We have suggested that an artist's work is grounded in his "thesis." Let us examine for a moment the concept of a "thesis." Several points might be noted.

A thesis establishes a position, which is logically related to other positions which together constitute what might be called a field. But the position proposed by the author is nowhere to be found within the field as he finds it. Otherwise, he would not have a thesis.

By virtue of his thesis, an author acknowledges his teachers and their teaching. He acknowledges their authority

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within their field. That is, the thesis acknowledges the established order of a field, and the authorities who constitute that established order. Thus the thesis manifests a perspective on that field from which its order is perspicuous. But the thesis itself is no part of this established order it acknowledges. The field on which the thesis manifests a perspective does not encompass the thesis itself. The thesis itself goes beyond the limits of the authorities who constitute the field, transcending their authority.

In a sense, then, the thesis is responsible for the establishment of a new field, a field in which the thesis itself has a place. But this field is not simply to be identified with the order of the field on which the thesis manifests a perspective; nor does any authority within that field have a perspective on this new field. The thesis, in other words, is responsible for a thorough-going re-constitution of that field--leaving no authority unaffected, and no boundary unchanged.

The author's act of acknowledging the field's established order is, logically, inseparable from the act of establishing a new field in which his thesis has an integral place. A thesis, then, on the one hand manifests a perspective on, and implicitly defines, a field; but, on the other hand, it also

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re-consitutes that field, and establishes a place for itself in this newly constituted field. The established order of this new field cannot in turn be articulated without acknowledging the place of this thesis in it. The author's thesis proposes a field which grounds his *oeuvre*; it defines a field and establishes a legitimate successor to it.

It is important to note that it is by acknowledging the authority of the established order of the field that the author creates his thesis which transcends the limits of that order and that authority. In a sense, it is on the basis of the authority of those authors he acknowledges that he establishes a new order which transcends the limits of the field as those authors constitute it. Thus the new order is, literally, the legitimate successor of the old order. It arises by an orderly succession. In its turn, the new order calls for, and makes possible, acknowledgment by a new author's thesis. The thesis which establishes an order does not itself constitute an acknowledgment of this order. It calls for such an acknowledgment.

A thesis acknowledges the authorities that constitute a field. But each of these authors assumed their place in this field by virtue of an *oeuvre* grounded in a thesis. Each of these theses too implicitly defines a field and manifests a perspective on it; and also establishes a new order, re-constituting its field and assuming a place in it. The field the author defines and acknowledges by virtue of his thesis is, in a sense, itself an order of orderings. Each thesis acknowledges the orderly succession from which it emerges; and its perspective discloses the succession of perspectives that constitutes the field. The author's vision acknowledges the succession of visions of which it is the legitimate successor.

Thus an artist's *oeuvre* is grounded in a "thesis." This thesis implicitly defines a field. It acknowledges the authority of those artists whose work constitutes this field, acknowledging the order these authorities establish. Thus the artist's work manifests a perspective on the artists whose work it acknowledges. But the artist's acknowledgment of these artists is inseparable from his act of transcending the limitations of their authority, and re-constituting their field: establishing a new order to which the artist's *oeuvre* is dedicated.

For example, Sergei Eisenstein, in creating *Potemkin*, acknowledged D. W. Griffith's work (let us suppose, in any case, for the sake of the argument). *Potemkin* manifests a perspective on *Intolerance*, implicitly defining *Intolerance* in terms of a field in part established by Griffith's authority. But while *Potemkin* acknowledges Griffith's authority and manifests a perspective on this field in which Griffith's work has an integral place, it also transcends that authority

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and that field. Potemkin is responsible for establishing a new order which succeeds the order Griffith established. In other words, Potemkin implicitly defines Intolerance, and encompasses and succeeds the authority of the Intolerance it envisions. Eisenstein defines the order Griffith established, and establishes a new order, which in turn calls for acknowledgment.

It is important to note that it is not that Eisenstein merely falls under the influence of Griffith.

Any filmmaker who employs closeups, long shots, dramatic lighting, and so on, shows the influence of Griffith. That is: his films would be different from what they are if it were not for Griffith's impact on filmmaking in general.

But Eisenstein does not merely employ Griffith's techniques and share his vision. His films are not mere imitations of a Griffith film. His films constitute an acknowledgment of Griffith's work, putting it in perspective; and this implies that Eisenstein expresses in his films his own independent identity as an artist. Eisenstein's films acknowledge Griffith only by establishing their separateness from Griffith's films. This establishment of separateness from Griffith is necessary for Eisenstein's expression of his own identity as an artist. Eisenstein's relationship with Griffith is integral to his identity as an artist.

Eisenstein does not, as it were, speak in Griffith's voice;

but it is only by letting Griffith's voice be heard in his work that Eisenstein can manifest his own unique voice, can demonstrate his separateness from Griffith. We might say that the figure of Griffith plays an essential role within Eisenstein's work, as the figure of the sceptic plays an essential role within Wittgenstein's late writings. Eisenstein acknowledges Griffith: his representation of the figure of Griffith within his work respects the integrity of Griffith's oeuvre. In a sense, Eisenstein's work at one level constitutes an interrogation of the figure of Griffith--an interrogation which also reveals the figure responsible for the direction of the interrogation--that is, Eisenstein.

An artist acknowledges another artist in his own work not by the creation of a work which has the appearance of a work in that artist's oeuvre, but by the creation of a work which is responsive to what he grasps as the essence of that artist's work, thereby expressing as well his own unique identity as an artist. This identity is inseparable from his acts of acknowledgment, acts which at the same time manifest his separateness from those artists whose work he acknowledges.

How in practice Eisenstein goes about establishing this relationship with Griffith could be articulated only by rigorous critical analysis. Only by referring concretely to details of the two artists' films can it be explained what it is in particular about Eisenstein's work which makes that oeuvre an acknowledgment of Griffith's vision. But the general point is that what a work of art *is* cannot be separated from the artist's acknowledgment within that work of those artists on whose work he manifests a perspective.

Potemkin constitutes an acknowledgment of *Intolerance*, but *Intolerance* does not in the same way constitute an acknowledgment of *Potemkin*. The relationship between Griffith and Eisenstein is in this sense what might be called *directional*.

Eisenstein has a perspective on Griffith's work which implicitly defines Griffith's films in such a way that Eisenstein's works may be said to *encompass* them. Eisenstein's films encompass Griffith's, as Eisenstein envisions Griffith's films. But Griffith's films do not manifest a perspective on Eisenstein's films from which they encompass them.

It is not, however, that Eisenstein's perspective on Griffith's films accounts for all aspects of Griffith's work. On the contrary, Eisenstein's view of Griffith's films is, from the point of view of Griffith's *oeuvre*,a *partial* one, and does not account for the overall unity of Griffith's *oeuvre*. (For example, Eisenstein's view of Griffith does not account for Griffith's relation to the tradition of theatrical melodrama. Eisenstein's implied definition of Griffith does not account for his relation to, say, Belasco.)

In other words, Eisenstein, in acknowledging Griffith, does not acknowledge all aspects of Griffith's work. Yet what Eisenstein does acknowledge in Griffith's work is integral to Griffith's oeuvre. Otherwise, Eisenstein could not be said to acknowledge Griffith's work at all.

From Eisenstein's perspective, his films represent an advance over Griffith's. Potemkin implicitly defines Intolerance, and goes beyond the Intolerance it envisions. That view of Intolerance may be incomplete, but it does constitute an acknowledgment of that work. Of course, it is Eisenstein's acknowledgment of Griffith's films that enables his work to be more "advanced" than Intolerance. Griffith is, in this sense, Eisenstein's teacher. Eisenstein's films are unthinkable without Griffith's: that is, Eisenstein's films constitute, logically, an acknowledgment of Griffith's.

From Griffith's point of view, Potemkin may represent only a footnote to his own work, in the sense that, to Husserl, all of Heidegger's writings might represent just a footnote.[29/] But Griffith cannot claim that Intolerance constitutes an advance over Potemkin, as Eisenstein claims Potemkin as an advance over Intolerance.

Potemkin manifests a perspective on Intolerance. But earlier we suggested that a work by an artist constitutes an acknowledgment of earlier works within that artist's oeuvre. Griffith's Abraham Lincoln also constitutes an acknowledgment of *Intolerance*.

It is important to distinguish the sense in which a work of art is acknowledged by subsequent works within that artist's *oeuvre* from the sense in which a work of art is acknowledged by works of other artists.

A work of art determines the form of subsequent works by that artist in that he stands behind this work; in that he undertakes a commitment to keep faith with this work in his subsequent works. This commitment is, as we have seen, inseparable from the integrity of his act of expression, and inseparable from the nature of the work of art he creates.

The artist, by virtue of creating this work of art, is bound to acknowledge this work as integral to his authorship: his integrity as an artist demands this. His act of creating this work of art is inseparable from his obligation to acknowledge his authorship of this work--which means: his obligation to keep faith with this work in his subsequent works.

Eisenstein does not claim authorship of *Intolerance*. On the contrary. It is integral to the nature of *Potemkin* that through it Eisenstein demonstrates its separateness from the *oeuvre* of which *Intolerance* is a part.

An artist accepts responsibility for his art. In each work, he re-asserts his dedication to the integrity of his *oeuvre*, which requires that he accept an obligation to remain faithful to this work in his subsequent works. But is an artist also responsible for those works of art he acknowledges in his work? Is he responsible for those works of art which in turn constitute acknowledgments by other artists of his work?

When an artist acknowledges another artist, he enters into a relationship with that artist which confers on him the obligation to respect the integrity of that artist's work. An artist is obligated to keep faith with those artists he acknowledges. Rather: to acknowledge an artist _is_ to accept an obligation to keep faith with that artist's work, to represent faithfully that artist's position.

Thus we might say that an artist is committed to sustaining the integrity of the field his art defines; and that this dedication is inseparable from the integrity of that artist's own _oeuvre_.

In other words, the artist may transcend the authority established by the artists he acknowledges, but his vision of those other artists must be such as to respect the integrity of their work. Again: what his perhaps limited view of their work encompasses must indeed be integral to those artists' art.

If we say that an artist _challenges_ an artist he acknowledges, that "challenge" is one whose legitimacy he establishes on that artist's terms. He drafts that challenge so that that artist would be bound to accept its legitimacy (if not its finality). The artist does *not* challenge the integrity of that artist's *oeuvre*.

For example, Eisenstein focuses on a particular aspect of Griffith's work (what Eisenstein, in his theoretical writings, calls Griffith's "montage"). He does not address himself to, nor attempt to account for, all aspects of that unique unity that constitutes Griffith's *oeuvre*, that Griffith's *oeuvre* is dedicated to making perspicuous and to articulating. But the aspect Eisenstein *does* focus on is one that, in Eisenstein's view, Griffith would be bound to acknowledge as integral to that unity.

Eisenstein "challenges" Griffith only in the sense that he undertakes to realize fully an aspect of Griffith's work that Griffith himself never fully realized. Eisenstein's work, by realizing what is in Griffith's work only a potential, illuminates Griffith's work, by revealing a *possibility* Griffith's work establishes. Eisenstein as it were follows up a line of development suggested or implied by Griffith's work: a line which Griffith, dedicated fundamentally to the overall development of his *oeuvre* as a whole, did not undertake to develop. But Griffith may nonetheless be said to be *responsible* for this line of development, although there is no sense in which Griffith is the author of Eisenstein's works. Griffith's work is, as it were, footnoted in Eisenstein's.

At one level, indeed, an artist's *oeuvre* can be thought of as a nest of such "suggestions," each of which reflects an aspect integral to that oeuvre's unity.

When Eisenstein develops a "suggestion" implicit in Griffith's work, he manifests a perspective which focuses on a point which is integral to Griffith's work. He parts company with Griffith at this point, and strikes out on his own. Again, he does not address himself to what it is that constitutes the overall unity of Griffith's own unique identity as an artist. Eisenstein stands with us in silence before the miraculous unity of Griffith's oeuvre as a whole. But Eisenstein's vision of Griffith unites with his visions of those other artists whose work he acknowledges, forming the ground from which Eisenstein's own being as an artist emerges.

Eisenstein's vision of Griffith is integral to Eisenstein's work. Griffith manifests no such vision of Eisenstein. Griffith's work in a sense demonstrates the possibility of Eisenstein's, while Eisenstein acknowledges the necessity for an Eisenstein film to acknowledge Griffith's work. That is: for Eisenstein, Griffith's work represents a potential that Eisenstein's own work is dedicated to realizing.

Thus Eisenstein is not in any sense responsible *for* the integrity of Griffith's work. He is responsible *to* it, obligated to acknowledge it, to keep faith with it. But Griffith is, in a sense, responsible for the specific nature of Eisenstein's work. For Eisenstein's oeuvre is, logically, inseparable from Eisenstein's acknowledgment of Griffith. But Griffith's responsibility would end should Eisenstein break faith with him.

A work of art, in a way, has two faces. It defines an order and establishes a new order. It acknowledges an established authority, which it transcends. And each artist's work is, on the one hand, a footnote to the *oeuvres* of those artists whose work he acknowledges; and, on the other hand, their work is, for him, the ground out of which his own being as an artist--unique and unprecedented--emerges.

This doubleness is integral to the being of an artist. His being as an artist cannot be separated from his relation to those artists whose work he acknowledges; and it cannot be separated from his relation to those artists who in turn acknowledge his work. At one level, his role is to serve as the link between a past his work acknowledges and a future his art makes possible.

We can now consider a second part to the general question of this section.

How are we to understand the implications of the possibility of entering into the "artist/beholder relationship" with more than one artist?

Our discussion of this question will follow the main lines of the argument given so far in this section.

The artist calls upon me to enter into what we have called the "artist/beholder relationship" with him.

The artist makes for me an intimate disclosure of his identity as an artist. But what are the conditions of this disclosure? What are the terms under which alone I may in good faith accept this disclosure?

The answer, as we have suggested, is that I must acknowledge that the artist's struggle is also my own. Thus that the artist's being and my own are essentially linked. They are linked by virtue of what this work of art is, by virtue of what the artist's act of creating this work is, and by virtue of my own acknowledgment of this work as calling upon me to enter into relationship with the artist, and my acceptance of the conditions of this relationship. My act and the artist's act stand in a logical relation such that I stand in an essential relation to the artist. My relationship with the artist is such that my being and his are inseparable bound up with it. My struggle to grasp the form of unity of the work of art as a whole, and my struggle to grasp the order and unity of the artist's oeuvre, are integral to my struggle to realize myself. My acknowledgment of community with the artist is integral to my struggle to realize myself.

But then what are the implications of entering into this intimate relationship with more than one artist? Is it possible, for example, for my relationship with one artist to betray my relationship with another? Has my relationship with one artist any significant relationship at all to my relationship with another?

The work of art establishes the terms of the relationship into which the artist calls upon me to enter. His intimate disclosure of his being as an artist sets the terms of our relationship. He calls upon me to accept him on these terms. These are the terms of our community. Thus he calls upon me to acknowledge as integral to my nature that aspect of myself to which his work addresses itself.

An artist, just like a friend, as it were brings out an aspect of myself in my relationship with him--an aspect that no other artist brings out.

Let us briefly examine some aspects of the relationship of friendship.

Each of my friends brings out a different aspect of my personality. I am not with X as I am with Y. Indeed, if I were with Y exactly as I am with X, I would not be keeping faith with these friendships: I would be breaching my intimacy with X and my intimacy with Y.

But my integrity as a person demands that I accept responsibility for myself as I am reflected in my relationship with X and also myself as I am reflected in my relationship with Y. In particular, my relationship with X obligates me to abide by certain conditions within my relationship with Y. My friendship with X obligates me to refuse to accept any other relationships which would violate the confidences of that relationship. Each friendship is grounded in a core of intimacy that no other friendship may violate. I must accept accountability in my relationship with X for my relationship with Y: otherwise, I will not manifest good faith in these relationships.

It might be said that each friendship implies a particular perspective on my being, and thus a perspective on my network of relationships as a whole. And I am obligated to _acknowledge_ this perspective within those relationships. (In this respect, I am responsible for my friends' relationships with each other. If their break with each other is irreconcilable, for example, my friendship with the two of them is placed in radical doubt.)

The relationship of friendship implies that I share intimacies with X that I do not share with Y, and _vice versa_. Thus my relatioship with X implies a perspective on my relationship with Y, and _vice versa_. But my commitment to both of these friendships implies that I recognize an underlying unity to these diverse perspectives, a unity which I take to be integral to my identity.

X, as my friend, accepts my right to enter into a relationship with Y which puts my relationship with X in perspective; and _vice versa_. But my friendship with X obligates me not to accept a perspective on X which I cannot acknowledge within my relationship with X; thus not to accept any relationship a condition of which is that I accept a confidence about X which I cannot in any way share with X. My friendship with X demands that I not accept a view of him which is not in any way acknowledged within my relationship with him: I cannot simply accept with finality another's view of my friend.

Thus my integrity as a person, my dedication to the integrity of my relationships as a whole, requires that my friends and I form, or may form, a community. My friendships with X and Y necessarily imply that X and Y may in turn stand in relation to each other as friends.

Furthermore, my friendship with X and my friendship with Y impose conditions on X's possible relationship with Y. If X and Y are to respect the conditions of my friendship with each of them, X and Y are bound to acknowledge in their relationship with each other my friendship with each of them. The relationship of X and Y are logically related to my friendship with X and my friendship with Y.

We can now turn back to the artist/beholder relationship. We make the following points:

[a] Each artist with whom I enter into this relationship addresses himself in that relationship to a different aspect of my being.

[b] My integrity as a person demands that I accept responsibility for the underlying unity of these different

relationships into which I enter.

[c] This implies that, in my relationship with one artist, I acknowledge my relationships with other artists. My relationship with no artist may put my relationship with another artist in such a perspective that I cannot integrate that perspective into that relationship. My relationship with each artist implies a perspective on my relationships with other artists which I acknowledge, or may acknowledge, in those relationships.

[d] Thus I stand in a relationship of community with those artists whose work I acknowledge. This implies that the relationship in which two artists stand to each other is logically linked to the relationships in which I stand to each of them. Thus any artist an artist acknowledges in his work, I am obligated to acknowledge as well, if I am to keep faith with my relationship with the former artist. This also implies that if an artist is committed to denial of an acknowledgment of another artist, I cannot in good faith accept the conditions of the artist/beholder relationship with both of them.

Notes on Essay I.

1. A view developed in George Dickie, Aesthetics: An Introduction (New York: Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc., 1971), chapter 11. Also expressed in George Dickie, "Defining Art," American Philosophical Quarterly (1969), pp. 253-256. Dickie adopts the notion of "artworld" from Arthur Danto, "The Artworld," Journal of Philosophy (1964), pp. 571-584.
2. The conclusive statement of Chapter 3 of Joseph Margolis, The Language of Art and Art Criticism (Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1965), p. 44.
3. Ibid., pp. 43-46.
4. E.g., O. K. Bouwsma's much-anthologized article "The Expression Theory of Art," reprinted in W. Elton, editor, Aesthetics and Language (Oxford: Basil, Blackwell & Mott, Ltd., 1954), pp. 73-100. Also: John Hospers, "The Concetion of Artistic Expression," reprinted (with revisions) in Morris Weitz, editor, Problems in Aesthetics (New York: Macmillan, 1959); Vincent Tomas, "The Concept of Expression in Art," reprinted in Joseph Margolis, editor, Philosophy Looks at the Arts (New York: Scribners, 1962); Monroe Beardsley, Aesthetics (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1958), pp. 325-332.
5. And also Dickie's. George Dickie, Aesthetics: An Introduction, pp. 140-147.
6. Ibid., pp. 101ff.
7. Stanley Cavell, "Music Discomposed," in Must We Mean What We Say? (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1969), Chapter 7 (pp. 188ff).
8. Dickie, Aesthetics: An Introduction, pp. 140-147.
9. Loc. cit.
10. Ted Cohen, "The Possibility of Art: Remarks on a Proposal by Dickie," Philosophical Review (1973).
11. Margolis, op. cit., p. 44.

12. *Ibid.*, p. 45.

13. *Loc. cit.*.

14. Morris Weitz, in his effort to demonstrate that art is an "open concept," goes to the extreme of arguing that a piece of driftwood may well be a sculpture. "The Role of Theory in Aesthetics," reprinted in F. Coleman, editor, *Contemporary Studies in Aesthetics* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1968), pp. 84-94.

15. Gary Iseminger, "The Work of Art as Artifact," *British Journal of Aesthetics* (1973).

16. In particular, Monroe Beardsley. Specifically, *Aesthetics*, *op. cit.*, chapter 1 (pp. 15-75). By postulating a special kind of object, the "aesthetic object," Beardsley avoids Tomas' conclusion that "aesthetic perception" relates to appearances rather than objects. Cf. Vincent Tomas, "Aesthetic Vision," *Philosophical Review* (1959). Beardsley also avoids Aldrich's postulation of a distinctive aesthetic *mode* of perception (V. Aldrich, "Aesthetic Vision," *Philosophical Review* (1966). See also, V. Aldrich, *Philosophy of Art* (Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice-Hall, 1963), pp. 8ff. Beardsley follows in the tradition of, e.g., Prall and Pepper.

17. Frank Sibley, "Aesthetic Concepts," reprinted in Joseph Margolis, *Philosophy Looks at the Arts*, *op. cit.*, pp. 63-88. Also: F. Sibley, "Aesthetics and the Looks of Things," *Journal of Philosophy* (1959); F. Sibley, "Aesthetic Concepts, A Rejoinder," *Philosophical Review* (1963). See also: H. R. G. Schwyzer, "Sibley's Aesthetic Concepts," *Philosophical Review* (1963), pp. 72-78; Isabel Hungerland, "Once Again, Aesthetic and non-Aesthetic," *Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism* (1968), pp. 285-295; I. Hungerland, "The Logic of Aesthetic Concepts," *Proeceedings of the Aristotelian Society* (1958-59), pp. 49-70. [These essays are representative. Others might also have been cited.]

18. Frank Sibley, "Aesthetic Concepts," p. 64.

19. *Loc. cit.*.

20. *Ibid.*, p. 84.

21. *Ibid.*, p. 66.

22. V. Aldrich, *Philosophy of Art*, p. 20.

23. Joseph Margolis, *The Language of Art and Art Criticism*, chapter 9 (pp. 121-133).

24. This is the principal thesis of Stolnitz' lengthy book, *Aesthetics and the Philosophy of Art Criticism*.

25. *Ibid.*, pp. 34-35. Stolnitz' position has been effectively criticized in the literature, most notable by Marshall Cohen in "Aesthetic Essence," reprinted in Max Black, editor, *Philosophy in America* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1965). Dickie's criticism (*Aesthetics: An Introduction*, chapter 5) is, by comparison, incomplete. Dickie argues that noone has made clear sense of the "aesthetic attitude." Stolnitz appeals to a special kind of attention, "disinterested attention," but fails to specify a clear contrasting case of "interested attention." But unlike Cohen, Dickie provides no real account of the nature of the sorts of encounters with objects that motivate Stolnitz' account. [Margolis also criticizes Stolnitz' account, but likewise lacks an adequate account of our "aesthetic engagements." Joseph Margolis, *The Language of Art and Art Criticism*, part I.]

26. Edward Bullough, "'Psychical Distance' as a Factor in Art and an Aesthetic Principle," in, e.g., Marvin Levich, editor, *Aesthetics and the Philosophy of Criticism*, pp. 233-255. See also Sheila Dawson, "'Distancing' as an Aesthetic Principle," *Australasian Journal of Philosophy* (1961), pp. 155-174.

27. Throughout Stanley Cavell's *Must We Mean What We Say?* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1969).

II. A Theory of the Art of the Narrative Film

1. The Movie Actor

We are all familiar with the pleasure of watching a real movie actor on the screen. Someone like James Cagney is always good, and the more carefully we watch him the better he looks--the more meaningful his mannerisms and gestures, the more perfect his timing. His is the traditional art of movie acting, the art of breathing life into a screen persona with real character; the art of which people like Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, Gary Cooper, Marlene Dietrich, Cary Grant, Carole Lombard, Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman are among the many masters.

With the eclipse of the Hollywood "Star System" and the recent flurry of interest in the *director* as the sole creative artist to impose his personality on a film, the importance of the integrity of the human figures on the screen is often forgotten. But the art of fillmaking is profoundly tied at every level to the art of movie acting. That has been understood by the great directors of all nations and several generations. This tie is as much essential to Godard's films as it is to Bergman's, Fellini's or Bresson's; to Welles' as much as Rossellini's; Eisenstein's as much as Renoir's, Ford's or Capra's. It is essential to the art of Bunuel, von Sternberg, Hitchcock, Lang, Ophuls, Lubitsch, Dreyer, von Stroheim, Keaton and Chaplin; and to Griffith's art. It is as much the nature of the routine products of commercial film centers as of the great films of world cinema. The art of movie acting is inseparable from the arts of writing for the screen, make-up, photography, lighting, and writing film music; and from the art of directing.

In this chapter, we will talk about this art of movie acting, and try to grasp some fundamental things about it.

[a] The traditional movie actor develops a screen persona that retains its identity, through changes, in its different incarnations from film to film.

A striking characteristic of movie acting, which distinguishes it from the art of dramatic acting on the stage, is the phenomenon that the movie actor does not lose himself in a role the way a stage actor does. He develops a recognizable screen persona that retains its identity from film to film. Movie actors become true stars, who at a certain moment enter the film firmament, and whose place in the heavens can be charted.

It can be said of these stars that they "always play themselves." This is often said in the act of condemning or dismissing what they do. But Edward Wegenknecht's defense of Lillian Gish in 1927 could be applied to all true movie stars: 1/

> "I am not saying what the unenlightened so often say: that 'Lillian Gish is always the same.' Each of her portraits is an individual achievement.... In and through all her carefully differentiated characterizations, she has expressed also her own point of view, a

> distinctive something which is Lillian Gish and nobody else on earth....This I believe is the essentially 'poetic' note in the work of Lillian Gish--a thing to which so many have referred but which hardly anybody has understood. The girl's work seems 'poetic' because she is a poet, that is because she is a creator. She is like the poets in that there is something distinctive about the way she apprehends life, and she uses her roles as the poet uses words and the musician tones--not to reproduce what somebody else has done but to express directly her own authentic impression. Hence also the marvelous sense of completeness, of perfection that she gives you. The part and the actress are one: there is nothing extraneous. In a very deep and very true sense, she is the profoundest kind of actress: that is to say. she does not 'act' at all; she _is_."

Part of what it means to say that movie stars "always play themselves" is that it is not the nature of their art to _project a role_. Theirs is only secondarily an art of _interpretation_. If this is not the sort of thing we can imagine Cary Grant doing, it is no justification for his doing it in a film that he is after all playing the role of a doctor. Movie stars never simply project roles like that of doctor or law man or villain or _ingenue_--roles whose nature is fixed by tradition and which can be objectively characterized. If a situation requires that they play a role, they convey to us as well their distinctive point of view on what they find themselves called upon to do. A movie actor always conveys his own point of view on any role that he finds himself called upon to assume.

A stage actor projects a role and impersonates a character. A character on stage is like a character in a novel: built up by a process of characterization, synthesized into a coherent character that can be subjected to an analysis that lays bare his motives. The dramatic actor interprets the character the playwright creates. But no dramatist or novelist could create Cary Grant, any more than a composer could create Louis Armstrong. You have to see and hear him to believe in him, for the unity of his acting to come across. That is always true of the real movie actor.

The stage has the conventions of the aside and the soliloquy by which the character can establish his own point of view on the action. And the novelist can convey to us a character's thoughts. But the filmmaker has the flexibility to capture the momentary shifts between action and point of view, between the actor as agent in the world and as a watcher of the world, between his public style and his private concerns. It can do so without making him self-conscious; he does not have to *do* anything or *think* anything special to communicate his alertness, his sensitivity to the part he finds himself playing in what is unfolding. He has mastered the craft of letting the camera capture his unselfconsciousness. The continuity of the action is not interrupted as the camera captures him discovering the nature and depth of his involvement in these events as they unfold.

Furthermore, the way he conveys his own point of view is inseparable from something about the way he looks. John Wayne in his films is the man who stands, walks, fights and talks that familiar way; the man who has made certain gestures and expressions his own, such as his way of sizing someone up and his smile of grudging respect. He has his own manner which carries the stamp of his identity. However the details of his appearance may change from film to film, for example through the ravages of age, he carries the essence of his manner into film after film. Watching him in different films is like getting to know someone better, learning better how to read his gestures and moods.

Not every recognizable set of mannerisms gives an actor a real identity on the screen. We can recognize a bad actor as readily as a good one from film to film. But we cannot see his mannerisms as opening a person to us. They close one off. They seem preening, mannered, artificial or self-conscious--gestures observed from the outsdie and strung together for effect or in panic. The greap power of movie acting only comes when we succeed in grasping the actor's manner as forged from within, as having on it the mark of a human life. His manner must reveal him as the camera cuts through levels of defense and bluff; and what is revealed about him at one moment or in one film becomes part of our way of approaching him in his other films. We view him as saying what he says, holding himself the way he does, and so on, because of who he is, rather than because of a calculated effort to appear a certain way.

But isn't this whole way of thinking just a romantic illusion? It makes it sound as if movie acting is a snap if you are a born movie actor, that there is no craft to it.

There is a craft to movie acting. A star must also be a professional. One must not minimize the artistry it requires to master this craft--it is fully as difficult as mastering the art of projecting a role on the stage. It requires its own kind of training of voice and body.

But there is an important difference between the two arts, which parallels the difference between the classical art of playing the clarinet (as in a symphony orchestra) and the art of playing the jazz clarinet. Both require training. It is the worst sort of romanticism (and racism) to take the spontaneity of jazz as an indication that jazz requires no work. But the orchestral player is trained to master his instrument, to detach himself from it and use it to express himself, while the jazz player must learn how to make his instrument an extension of himself, while the jazz player must learn how to make his instrument an extension of himself, so that he can directly reveal himself in his music.

The stage actor as part of his training must learn to separate himself from his voice and bearing, to master his body and use it to project a role to the last row of the theater.

On stage, he can work himself into the role as the evening proceeds, building up to a dramatic pitch.

The filmmaking process, with its succession of short takes that break up the continuity of the scene for the actor, requires that he be ready to be filmed at a moment of high tension in the scene without getting a chance to build up for it. He has to be able to match a position and tone of voice from one shot to the next, and he has to be able to get into the moment right away, jumping in the most disconnected way from shot to shot.

"Method acting" training frequently hampers the job of movie acting. A method actor on the set will have to work himself up for each take. And it is then a gargantuan task to match up the shots--for he will never say his lines twice the same way, his mood will never be quite the same from shot to shot.

Isn't it the method actor and not the movie professional who really "plays himself," since he must always feel "right" for a scene? From the point of view of the filmmaker, it is because the method actor has not yet discovered as it were the essence of his manner that he cannot say the same lines twice and mean them both times. The movie actor has distilled the essence of his manner into a recognizable persona with his own gestures, his own way of approaching situations. He knows what he did for a particular shot, and he can do it again. His bearing in that shot captures something he _did_, something with which he is familiar. There is something about himself that he has discovered, and he has mastered the craft of letting this thing come out through the complicated filmmaking process.

Laurence Olivier is the very paradigm of the theatrical actor. He has fully mastered the art of projecting a role up to the audience. He can be a real movie actor too. But what he must reveal of himself at a great cinematic moment is his very theatricality, his chameleon-like quality, his _lack_ of a manner he has made his own and stands behind in his life. At a great theatrical moment on stage, we can see everything but his theatricality--because we are his audience, he is playing this scene to us. But as Hitchcock films him in _Rebecca_, we grasp him as a man whose gestures cannot be trusted, who is not what he seems to be. He makes a fine Othello on stage, but in a film his natural role is Iago. When a filmmaker does not pierce through to his deep theatricality, or when Olivier tries to hide it from the camera, he comes across in a film as--_acting_.

[b] The movie actor does not perform for the camera. The camera captures his unselfconscious behavior in the world of the film.

This brings us to a very crucial point. Movie acting is not _performance_.

The vaudeville performer seized the spotlight and performed under it, riveting the audience's attention to him. He had to confront the audience, win its attention, and the direct contact of performer and physically presence audience galvanized the room with electricity.

The movie camera is not a spotlight. Movie acting is not performing for the camera, nor performing for an audience. We must grasp the star's behavior as what it is because of who he is and what this moment in the film means to him; not because the camera is on him, or because an audience is watching. The camera must not appear to make the actor self-conscious. He cannot acknowledge by performing that he is being watched.

The role is a vehicle of the dramatic actor's performance. He gets a chance to display his virtuosity and depth as he projects the role. There is always an aspect of performance under the spotlight without which theater would not be theater. "The Stage" beloved of metaphor presupposes the galvanizing contact of actor and physically present audience. The performer or actor on stage establishes direct contact with me in the audience. He commands my attention, and plays to me; and I am not free to look bored or to snooze. Physically present, what I do, my response to him on stage, is a part, however small a part, of what is happening. It is always possible for the performer to catch my eye. And I applaud him for his performance when he is finished.

None of this can happen in a film. It is for this reason that theater acting and movie acting are so different in principle. If the theater actor is really putting himself into his performance, just because it _is_ a performance there is not a moment of it that would look natural if simply filmed. At every moment, the actor would be playing to an audience different from the film audience and unfelt by it. In the film, he would come across as aware of something, afraid of something, silently acknowledging some presence, to which the film audience would have no access at all. This something would come between them at every moment.

Nothing must come between a movie actor and me. We only get to see the dramatic actor when he is in our presence, on the stage, with the stage lights on him, and the other members of the cast forced for the sake of the play to leave him enough room and time to speak his lines. But we get to see the movie actor thrusting himself into the world. A moment in a film presents itself as one in which the filmmaker has _captured_ the star as he thrusts himself into the situations in the world, and has done so without making him self-conscious. There is nothing the performer does on stage that is in this way "captured."

[c] The movie actor thrusts himself into the world of the film, with tension.

What is there about the star's unselfconscious way of thrusting himself into situations in the world that does not cross the footlights of the stage, but which the movie actor reveals and the filmmaker captures with his art? What is it that comes across because he is not playing to me, because I am not his audience?

The movie actor might within a film be called upon to perform under a spotlight for an audience. But that always seems an act requiring special courage, recklessness, or theatricality. The movie camera always remains attuned to the *tension* with which he throws himself into this performance. Even a star like James Cagney (whose manner conveys a deep love of the theatrical) is revealed by the camera to perform tensely. And a movie actor who loves to be *cool*, such as Robert Mitchum, who performs even his unobserved actions theatrically, comes across on the screen as tense too, despite the air of easiness his manner conveys to people within the film. Most good movie stars are visibly reluctant to perform, however. For example, John Wayne or Humphrey Bogart cannot bring themselves to sing or dance even when the whole room has picked up the rhythm. (I think that this helps explain the need for the Musical as a separate genre. The genre of the Musical makes it possible for a man as shy as Fred Astaire or as tense as Cagney to dance.) And when a movie actor plays a stage actor or performer in a film, the film typically shows us his *backstage* life, and gives short shrift to his life on stage.

It is *difficult* to be in the world with other human beings.

There are things that come across as difficult for the movie actor to do in a way that it is not difficult for the dramatic actor to do *anything* required of him in projecting his role. The camera captures the *tension* with which the movie actor thrusts himself into the world. The camera discloses that figure's *shyness*, even if that shyness is one he keeps secret within the world of the film. A shy person can act in the presence of a movie camera without having to hide from it the tension he feels in the presence of others. That is what the filmmaker is looking for. What one has to hide from a prying gaze is what invites the movie camera in.

The camera must be attuned to the power and hesitation of the actor's gaze. This is what cannot be seen when the actor is on stage because the performer is in direct contact with his audience. When he is on stage, *I* am his audience, and he denies me access to his private fears: that is his art. I am part of his situation, and his performances submerge his point of view. When his distance from the role becomes visible--when he is acting badly or messing up his lines or suffering from stage fright or reacting to a disturbance in the audience--*I* have a part to play in helping him to "swallow the lump" and lose himself in the role. But it is that part of himself that he must submerge in his role when he is on stage that it is the movie actor's art to let the camera attune us to.

The idea that it is by grasping the tension with which the actors throw themselves into the unfolding events of the film that the filmmaker directs the film is part of D. W. Griffith's legacy. Films arise in part out of the tradition of melodrama. But, as we shall see in more detail in the next part, Griffith undercut and transcended the melodrama by thinking of his camera as allowing the screen to open onto real human figures discovering themselves to be in the midst of melodramatic situations. He conceived of the camera as poised ready to pick up those moments at which the actor reveals his growing awareness of himself as at the center of events whose outcome is all-important to him. Nothing in a melodrama motivates a real closeup. The heroine never questions her virtue and the hero never doubts her suitability for the heroic destiny. But Lillian Gish is not a "heroine," and Richard Barthelmess is not a "hero." They are strong but vulnerable human beings who have to thrust themselves alone into situations through which they can begin to understand who they are, and why it is so difficult for them to make contact with each other. The tension with which they approach each other in a film like True Heart Susie, the difficulty they have in acknowledging their attraction for each other, and later their love, has been part of the pulse of films ever since. The most virile leading men and the most glamourous of actresses have always approached each other in movies with the most desperate tension. This is no accidental fact about the phenomenon of motion pictures. It is integral to the essence of traditional filmmaking that in the world of a film people approach each other with tension.

[d] The movie actor's tense manner reveals his isolation in the world of the film. The events of the film bear on his striving to acknowledge and transcend his isolation.

The movie actor does not perform in his film, and does not simply act out a role. Something is unfolding in the world of the film, something important to him personally, as the film presents him.

He plays a part in the events of the film. He is an agent in his world. But he is also a point of view on what is unfolding: he watches the world and himself in it. But his is not a detached point of view. The world is not a mere spectacle for him. What is unfolding bears on his identity.

Films typically take the form of a love story. Whatever the star's outward circumstances, we must believe that, perhaps without realizing it, he is waiting for something all-important to happen, waiting for someone through whom he can transform his life. If all goes well for him, in the course of the film he will meet the "woman of his dreams," come to recognize his need for her and win her by looking right at her and asking for her hand. In the course of the film a once-in-a-lifetime event occurs to him, as he ends his old search, in which he had invested all his private thoughts and fantasies for so long, and assumes his place in the world.

The screenplay does not simply tell us of the earnestness of his search and the depth of his need. We must be able to see it in his face, in his way of holding himself, in the direction of his gaze. That is, his familiar manner must reveal to the camera his isolation in the world of the film. He may begin the film by believing that his search for love is casual, but in the course of the film we must come to see his growing awareness that it is not. In the course of the film he must acknowledge his isolation in the world of the film, for what he must do to win this woman is to open to her what the camera reveals, that his whole life is converging on this moment when he must meet her gaze.

In a sense, the whole film points toward that moment. The camera must grasp the actor's manner as revealing his growing awareness that there is a moment approaching at which there is something he will be called upon to do; as revealing his anticipation and dread of this moment. He is becoming aware of the direction these events are assuming, a direction in which, in a sense, he finds himself already pointing. This is the sense in which we can say that the filmmaker does not so much direct the film as divine its direction from the stars.

"Boy meets girl" is the typical film scenario. Starting apart; drawn to each other almost without realizing it; drawing closer and moving further apart, thrusting and parrying; finally the realization that this is it, that everything was pointing to this moment—to this need to open themselves to each other. There are many variations, and the path of film love is treacherous. Not every love story ends "happily." The unknown moment, terrifying yet full of promise, when knowledge of who they are and what they must do is borne on each other's gaze, may be avoided once too often, or put off too long, or prove too much to bear when it comes, or not be acknowledged; or it may simply not come, through the irony of fate. And not every film is a love story, although there are many that are love stories in disguise. But few films are not deeply related to this form. In particular, in almost all films someone comes to regard all his experience as pointing to a moment whose approach he awaits with anticipation and dread; a moment at which he must acknowledge something about himself. Westerns, gangster films, screwball comedies, musicals, historical biographies, horror films, suspense thrillers: all the familiar movie genres can readily be understood in these terms. In these films, the aloneness of the actor is revealed to him, moment by moment; and the moment approaches at which he must face the fact of his isolation, and understand his implication in it. It is the filmmaker's job to bring out what is all-important to the people in the film, to reveal every moment as bringing that confrontation closer. To do this he must pierce through to the living core of the actor's manner.

[e] The movie actor's manner seems unnatural unless the camera attunes us to his private concerns, and to his sensitivity to the effect his presence makes.

If we see Merle Oberon in a good film, we will be captivated by the beauty of her smile. But when we watch her on a television talk show, we cannot help but notice the carefulness of that smile that seems so natural in the film. It then seems a contrived smile, conjuring up all too vividly visions of the work that must have gone into learning to smile in a way that would hide the particular irregularity of her bite, while at the same time not hastening the onset of facial wrinkles.

Television ruthlessly exposes ways in which a whole manner can appear to be a way of accomodating a twist of the face or a big nose or bad teeth. The television camera seems to unmask the apparently unselfconscious as calculated. On television, a movie star's manner, so full of life on the movie screen, appears as a pathetic and futile attempt to hide something.

But in her best films, Merle Oberon's smile reveals the effort that went into it. Her beauty emerges as the attainment that it is. On those occasions when she conspires with the filmmaker and cameraman to hide the deliberateness of her smile, she is not true to the art of movie acting. She is then unconvincing on the screen, just as Alan Ladd is unconvincing when he tries to fool us into thinking that he is really tall. In his real cinematic moments, it does not matter whether he is short or tall; or he acknowledges his concern with his height. James Cagney is a great movie actor, and he makes no secret of the tie between his feisty charm and his shortness.

It is not because of an artificial manner that Merle Oberon is a disturbing presence on television. Sitting under the harsh television lights, with a vast, invisible, demanding audience, safe in coutless individual bedrooms, free to stare at her; expected to perform but not knowing how to please--of course she is anxious in this unnatural situation. If she appeared on a television talk show _within a film_, the film would attune us to her appearance as a solitary ordeal bearing on her private concerns. The television camera does not respect her point of view; and the atmosphere of false ease enforced on the television set denies the reality and importance of what it is about her that her films share with us. What allows her to bring the movie screen to life is what makes her anxious now. She looks as if she is attempting to cover up her tension, because the television camera does not allow her to acknowledge it.

If Jack Benny's face flickers with anxiety for a moment as he struggles to avoid losing the beat of his timing, the television camera would not capture the awareness he has of the disturbing effect of his aged presence. But the movie camera would be sensitive to what it is like for this person we know so well to find himself making someone in his presence uncomfortable. The filmmaker would capture his perception of the tension his presence causes, and would reveal how that perception was tied to his personal concerns.

That is, it is part of the identity a movie actor brings to his films that he is sensitive to the way in which his presence affects others. Glenda Jackson's excitement as a movie actress is inseparable from the way in which she dares people in her films to look at her crooked teeth; she thrusts them forward in her encounters in a way quite reminiscent of the way in which old rock and roll stars used to thrust forward a feature of which they had been ashamed. Marilyn Monroe's movie acting revealed her awareness of how uncomfortable her sheer beauty and vitality made people around her. And the camera does not expose or hide Gregory Peck's stiffness and nervousness; it reveals them as something he knows he must confront, as it reveals Humphrey Bogart's sensitivity about his semi-lisp and James Stewart's consciousness of his slowness of speech.

[It is part of the craft the professional movie actor must master to understand and compensate for the idiosyncracies of the camera. Things often appear markedly different on the screen from the way they appear "in real life." Features of a person's appearance that simply do not matter much in face-to-face interactions can loom as monumental on the big screen--a slight twist of the face, a small mole, or one eye noticeably stronger than the other. This is so in part because our gaze has the freedom to run up and down the movie screen, while we regard a person tactfully when he is in our physical presence. The movie-making process has traditionally filtered out what would cause us to stare at the actor instead of regarding him as a human being in a situation. Movie makeup and lighting are arts, part of the purpose of which is to make sure that a blemish in the physical presence of an actor (or a center of erotic attraction) does not distract us from our involvement in the film. These arts require the active collaboration of the movie actor, who often develops an uncanny sense of the lighting and angle which will bring out most strongly the precise nature of his involvement in the situation in the world of the film. The movie camera does not lie when it exercises tact for the stars before it. It lies if it stoops to flattering the star's vanity. The camera then attempts to hide the star's personal concerns. But neither does the camera expose those concerns. The actor's unselfconscious behavior in the world of the film reveals his point of view and personal concerns to the camera. Not in the harsh glare of the spotlight. Not in the cold light of day. The movie camera has the patience of an understanding eye.]

[f] Each movie actor has his own characteristic pattern of isolation that he strives to acknowledge and transcend.

The movie actor brings to his films his own manner, his way of thrusting into situations in the world. We grasp this manner as his--conceived in solitude, it has on it the mark of his isolation in the world of his films. It reveals him as carving a private space around himself, and coming into contact with others only under tension, then returning to the safety of his private space from which he operates unobserved by anyone in the film. Yet his manner expresses his craving for direct contact. His manner cuts others off, yet expresses a longing for them. The camera captures the intimate working of this isolated existence, in its striving to transcend his isolation and meet the gaze of someone in the film.

Each star has his own characteristic way of revealing his isolation to the camera. It emerges as the star's life takes on a familiar pattern in his incarnation in film after film.

For example, in the course of those films in which the familiar persona of Ingrid Bergman appears, she discovers that she is in a certain recurring predicament. People around her cannot bring themselves to accept her for what she is. They do not understand her. She sees that people do not accept her. She sees herself reflected in a distorted way in other people's eyes. She does not understand why. She cannot accept it. It upsets her more and more deeply as the film unfolds.

As the film unfolds, she becomes more and more aware of the distance separating her from those around her. It poisons every moment for her. Every moment reminds her of that distance. Some drive it home very deeply. She always sees people demanding something of her that she cannot in honesty give, and she grows increasingly aware of their threats to turn away from her forever. This happens to her in Casablanca (why won't Humphrey Bogart see that she has been true to him in her fashion?); in Notorious (why won't Cary Grant recognize that she is not the "sort of woman" he thinks she is; that she does what she does because of his importance to her?); in Gaslight (why can't Charles Boyer see that she has her own point of view, that she is not a child?); in Hitchcock's Under Capricorn, Rossellini's Voyage to Italy and Renoir's Elena et les Hommes--to name just a few characteristic films.

Her interactions increasingly awaken the thought in her, "Why aren't you responding to me? Why are you turning away from me like this? Why don't you believe in me?" It is terribly difficult for her to convince them; and her doubt of her own sincerity grows.

The camera presents her as in the midst of this solitary ordeal. It captures her way of confronting her isolation. What is at stake for her in her films is the question of who or what she is: is she the person from whom those she loves must always turn away?

Or take Cary Grant. He is suave, handsome, able to attract a woman's eye with ease. Surely he is not shy! When he enters a room, people turn to him, and he is so assured that he never seems to worry about what to say, and hardly has the patience for those who have such worries.

But there is something his stylishness can suggest that is continually belief if we really watch him on the screen. His sophistication suggests that he is a master of human interactions, unthreatened by them; that it is easy for him to be in the world with other people. Indeed, the role he typically plays is that of the relaxed sophisticate, on top of all situations. This has become his image. But it is a role, and the movie camera is attuned to his distance from it. For his manner reveals his growing awareness that he isolates himself by playing this role; that the style he has mastered constricts him.

He has a silly streak. Again and again in his films we see his irrepressible lapsing into comedy threaten to disrupt his elegant image. (For example, in Bringing Up Baby, The Awful Truth, Suspicion, Notorious, Monkey Business, To Catch a Thief, North By Northwest, or Charade.) In the midst of a situation, he will let himself make a fool of himself. He loves to conjure up an image of himself as not in control of a situation, but getting deeper and deeper into a ridiculous situation not of his own making; knowing that there is something he is about to be called upon to do that will be an intolerable affront to his dignity. He loves to picture himself as childish for clinging to his dignity when he longs to cast his dignity aside. Yet he continues to cling to it.

Even in his good-humored joking, in other words, he reveals that he pictures himself as at this moment resisting what he really wants to do. He fuses openings in the world into a comic image of himself hanging at a distance from the action. But he is not detached from the spectacle of the world. We can see how sensitive he is to how his manner isolates him in the world. The camera alone is fully attuned to his style, captures the sensitivity underlying his wit. There is noone in the world to whom he can communicate his perception of the world's intransigence and tendency to goad him on, except by a joke that acknowledges his inability to open himself to others.

If he were a comedian, he would be able to detach himself from his comic persona and accept that figure's isolation as a fixed feature about which to make jokes directed to an audience. But as a movie actor, he reveals to the camera that part of himself that is not satisfied making jokes. He comes across as a real human being who wants to be able to look right at people and talk directly to them. He loves to joke, to feel the excitement that joking generates. Yet he does not want to be all wrapped up in himself. He does not want his only way of expressing himself to be by jokes that show that he is holding back what is in his heart. Through his art he lets the camera grasp his humor as springing from an honest unwillingness to pretend identity with any role. But he also reveals to the camera that his manner keeps others at a distance while it expresses longing for direct contact.

The power of Grant's acting is lost if the filmmaker tries to fit him without remainder into the role of easy sophiticate; or if he focuses only on his silly streat and tries to make him a _farceur_. His manner has a cutting edge to it, and it is hard for him to drop his ironic style and unburden his heart to someone. The camera must grasp that, or it will miss the special alertness he can bring to the screen. The camera must be attuned to that visible tension and hesitation that it is his art to reveal. Only then will the events of the film come across as events of magnitude. As the film opens, he has seen himself fail so often in his struggle to open himself to others, that his cynicism is on the verge of hardening into bitterness. This phenomenon makes possible a profound drama, which is inseparable from his screen identity. That is why he is such a great movie actor.

Cary Grant's generation of stars, men like James Cagney, Humphrey Bogart, James Stewart, John Wayne, Gary Cooper, Fredric March, Spencer Tracy, Joel McCrea, Clark Gable, and many more, were special by being masters of a joking style.

So were their leading ladies: women like Katharine Hepburn, Carole Lombard, Jean Arthur, Mirian Hopkins, Claudette Colbert; a little later, Veronica Lake and Lauren Bacall. They joke all the time, but it is wrong to characterize their joking as "wisecracking." They keep a distance from the role of wisecracker, just as they keep a distance from every role. Their joking is, like Cary Grant's, attuned to an awareness of who they are and what this moment is. It makes possible a form of camaraderie; it is the source of a lot of good, clean fun, and makes it easier for these reserved and sentimental people to acknowledge sincere respect lightly and gracefully. But, at one level, it always reveals an awareness of how far short joking falls from what in their hearts they would like to see themselves do. Their joking always crystallizes a perception of themselves as at this moment beginning to hold back again from what they would like to do. Their joking reveals their isolation to the camera (which, of course, does not mean that they do not enjoy joking, that they do not have a real sense of humor).

The famous "character actors" of the thirties and forties, men such as Eugene Palette and Edward Everett Horton and William Demarest, were in the same sense masters of a joking style. They looked like comic grotesques, but in their best films were never treated as such. They revealed their own points of view, their sensitivity to what it mean that they cast themselves in their own world as characters. They are real movie actors.

Even such an apparent grotesque as W. C. Fields reveals at moments of his films a shatteringly moving awareness of what he was making of himself. At the end of The Old-Fashioned Way, for example, he allows himself to perform his famous juggling act. As he juggles, we realize all at once how incredibly beautiful he can be, and how difficult it is for him to let his beauty be seen. In a flash, that beauty is undercut, as someone in the film hits him in the face with a tomato. But what we have seen makes it perfectly apparent that he is a real movie actor, not a comedian; that he is sensitive to his grotesque appearance, that being grotesque in that way is his way of being himself; that he reveals himself in his acting. All the great character actors can be understood in this way: as agents in and human points of view on the drama of the film.

Underlying the style that movie actors of the thirties and forties developed is the kind of tension and hesitation that the great movie actors have always manifested, from the time of Chaplin and Gish and Barthelmess. Cary Grant's generation of stars enjoyed a particularly delicious way of charming people. But their acting is not essentially different from that of other types of movie actors. The camera reveals that the tension is there in their realization that a moment is approaching when words will no longer do.

Types of movie actors ride the tides of fashion. The subtle mastery of style that characterized people like Cary Grant and James Stewart was followed (but not replaced) by a new type of inexpressive, uncommunicative star, such as Dana Andrews. But the camera captures his vulnerability as surely as it captures Humphrey Bogart's or John Wayne's. And Ingrid Bergman is neither more nor less alone in her films than Garbo, or Dietrich, or Lillian Gish, or Clara Bow, or Jean Harlow, or Carole Lombard, or Jean Arthur, or Marilyn Monroe, or Kim Novak, or Tuesday Weld, or Yvette Mimieux, or Jane Fonda. And with their constant struggle between the perverse pleasure of resisting affection and the desire to forget their anger, Paul Newman and Marlon Brando are as isolated by their manners as Robert Mitchum in his obsessive coolness, Gregory Peck in his visible discomfort whenever anyone comes within six feet of him, or Lee Marvin in his inability to listen to what anyone says. But it is not the purpose of this essay to chart the complex and shifting ways in which movie stars have, over the years, manifested their tension and isolation.

[g] A real cinematic moment reveals something about the movie actor that fuses his life off-screen and on.

An important question arises, which we can begin to deal with now. It has in this chapter perhaps not always been clear when what is "revealed" is something about the actor as a human being, and when it is something that is revealed only of the actor as a screen persona. What does the actor's screen persona have to do with his "real life" identity?

Chaplin was in films before he became "the tramp." But it was obvious from the first appearance of that familiar figure with the cane and the baggy suit that this was something special, that there was something about the figure of the tramp that was missing in Chaplin's pre-tramp screen roles. It is as if a line could be drawn between Chaplin and his initial screen appearances; but no clear line can to this day be drawn between Chaplin and the tramp. By appearing on the screen as the tramp, it was as if Chaplin the actor/filmmaker was letting an aspect of *himself* be seen: that is the way it has always seemed natural to think of it.

The same is, I think, true of someone like Humphrey Bogart. Once we have seen *The Maltese Falcon*, *The Big Sleep* and *Casablanca*, Bogart playing Duke Mantee in the earlier *Petrified Forest* looks like Bogart *acting*, accepting the limitations of a role, pretending that something is not true of himself. He is not yet master of the art of movie acting; he is still presupposing a fixed and completed identity (and, indeed, he first achieved public recognition playing the part of Duke Mantee on the Broadway stage). Sean Connery was also clearly "acting" in the early James Bond films, but under Hitchcock's direction in *Marnie*, a true screen persona was born which Connery could

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bring with him even into Diamonds are Forever. Clint Eastwood did this too in his Italian westerns; but his films with Don Siegel have brought his screen manner to life. In any case, it is as if at a certain moment Bogart learned how to bring to the screen his own striving to understand who or what he is; a striving which nourished the passion with which he threw himself into the situations of his later films, when the filmmaker was attuned to what he learned to reveal.

Sometimes the actor off-screen seems to be an extension of his screen persona, sometimes not. Greta Garbo always seemed to speak off-screen in her authentic screen voice; John Wayne and Jane Fonda and Shirley MacLaine often do not. The Hollywood publicity system was conceived as an extension of the art of filmmaking.

Even in a film in which the star's persona can be recognized, there may be moments which seem to us to lie, to falsify something about him, fitting him into a role, cutting him down to size, losing sight of the tension at the heart of his screen manner and thus of his personal point of view. This is true, for example, of Cary Grant in a film like Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House, in which he is sometimes the real Cary Grant and sometimes a falsely emasculated one. It is true of John Wayne when he directs himself; and it has of late been true of James Stewart, particularly in his television series'.

It is extremely important in understanding the nature of movie acting that, when an actor succeeds in animating a screen persona, we feel that he has finally mastered the art of movie acting, and that he has done so by acknowledging something about himself: he has learned to disclose *his* hesitation to the camera. What he has discovered is not a character, nor a fixed identity. It is no romantic myth to think of his as discovering how be himself on the screen. For he has discovered his way of being unselfconscious in the world of the film, he has discovered a manner which does not make him self-conscious. He has discovered the essence of a way in which *he*--this human being with this body and this past and this way of inhabiting the world--can thrust himself into situations in the world without making himself self-conscious.

It is the nature of a real cinematic moment to reveal something about the actor that fuses his life off-screen and on. What the camera reveals is not a bit of acting assumed for a role, but a way of standing apart from every role and every situation in a striving for self-realization. The hesitation marked on Kim Novak's screen manner can never be separated from her identity, *whatever* she is like off the screen, however complex her personality and her various thoughts and moods. We cannot imagine anything that she might say or do that would alter what we saw revealed of her in a film like *Vertigo*. The hesitation that the camera discloses does not *define* her, but it is hers. It will not be a real cinematic moment if she is trying to fool the camera by imitating a hesitation.

What a star reveals of himself in a real cinematic moment is what we have a right to expect him to stand behind. He has revealed his commitment to something, to something about himself. Here again we see the difference between movie acting and acting for the stage. Jose Ferrer is very moving playing Cyrano on stage. But if we encounter him off-stage or watch him perform another role we realize that this enthralling performance gives us no key to approaching him now. What was left out of his portrayal was precisely that he was acting. A theatrical moment reveals only the performer's theatricality. But in a cinematic moment the movie actor reveals himself. How could Bogart's little gesture of rubbing his lip not encapsulate his life? How could James Stewart's sensitivity to his slow speech in his films not be his? How could Ingrid Bergman's way of turning away with a little sob not reveal something about herself? How could John Wayne be disassociated from his way of looking a man up and down, a smile of grudging respect on his face? How could Laurence Olivier ever disown his theatricality?

This is not falling under the spell of a romantic myth. Movie acting is an art; requires the mastery of difficult crafts; and is hard work. But it helps us to understand what that art is to point out that it is an art of being oneself before the camera. The art of being oneself before the camera is akin to, and is almost as difficult as, the art of being oneself in the world.

[h] The art of movie acting is in many ways akin to the traditional art of the blues singer.

Watching a bad movie actor is like listening to a callow imitator of the mannerisms of a blues singer, who himself has, as is said, no "soul." He goes through all the motions, but he is not singing the blues. He does not succeed in conjuring up through his singing the mythical figure of the man who is down and singing out of his own aloneness. Not singing to raise himself up: singing to sing, not to get anything out of singing. The real blues singer conjures up this ancient figure who sings out of his own need and his own desire, and not to please an audience; who sings as he does because of who he is; whose blues arise from his whole being; whose whole life is crystallized in those images of the world turning away from him as he turns away from the world. This is the mythical figure: revealing in his singing his aloneness, and his deep longing for the world; knowing that everyone in his heart knows the blues, knows what it is like to find his whole life converging on a moment of tender song.

What has this harried man on a packed concert schedule, surrounded by technicians and hangers on, in the midst of a corrupt and competitive business, to do with the ancient figure he must animate by his singing?

This complex and sophisticated man must paint a picture of a solitary being thrusting himself alone into the world. He paints the details of this picture from his perception of his own experience, and affirms his identity with that figure. He must let us see that he is that figure alone in the world, and also this sophisticated man with a point of view on him, an artist who can affirm his identity with him through his complex and conscious art. It is part of this profound myth that this affirmation frees him to make music. And our response to that music is our acknowledgment that we know and understand what it is that this man has revealed of himself. Through our response, we forge our tie with this ancient figure too.

There may be much about the bluesman's life offstage that would seem to betray a security in the world or a self-pity that would make us feel that life is different for him than it is for us; that it is harder for him, or easier; that he is more or less alone. But the blues singer cannot let pity or envy be our response to him. He has to allow us to grasp our fate as bound to his. To do this, he practices the art of the blues singer: he conjures up that ancient figure and affirms his identity with him, grasping as if for the first time his identity with that figure.

To do so, he must understand the myth of the blues singer;

must discover himself in that figure; and must reveal his identity with that unselfconscious figure to us. He is not primitive. Just because he is old and Black, it does not mean that it comes naturally to him to be able to identify with that mythical figure. In a sense, his art combines the arts of movie actor and filmmaker. For the filmmaker and actor must actively work together to present the movie star as unselfconsciously hesitant in the world of the film. The actor must be revealed as not yet having the bluesman's kind of awareness of who he is. The actor's manner reveals him as straining at the limits of unselfconsciousness; and what is unfolding in the course of the film emerges as inseparable from his coming to awareness of an aspect of his identity. The movie actor is not separable from what the film reveals of him. But he does not affirm this identity the way the blues singer affirms who he is: it is the nature of his complex and difficult art to allow it to be revealed.

The actor's understanding of himself does not emerge directly in his films: it emerges through the inter-relation of his art and the art of the filmmaker. This relation is a complex and subtle one. We will turn to it in the next section.

2. The Filmmaker

If the traditional art of movie acting is to breathe life into a recognizable screen persona, what is the traditional art of filmmaking? We can begin to answer this question in this section.

[a] A shot captures the special nature of a moment within the world of the film.

It is a fundamental principle of the traditional art of filmmaking that it is an art of opening the screen onto a world. The filmmaker grasps beings as they go about the world of the film, without making them self-conscious. He captures what they candidly reveal: that is the way it comes across, if the filmmaker is a master of his art. We feel that what we get to see, down to details, is determined by who or what these beings are, and what this precise moment of their existence is.

But isn't film a visual art? Isn't film a medium that the filmmaker works, creating a flow of visual and aural images that have their own gripping rhythm?

It is of the greatest importance that watching a movie is a sensual experience. Sights and sounds bombard us in such a way that it is a pleasure to watch the film from moment to moment. From this point of view, the art of filmmaking is indeed the art of forging sights and sounds into a coherent, compelling flow of images.

How can we reconcile the claim that a film "opens onto a world" with the claim that film is a "visual art"? How can we reconcile the claim that the filmmaker is the passive recorder of moments within a world, with the picture of him as the artificer of images whose flow on the screen creates a gripping rhythm?

Paintings used to be thought of as windows onto a world. The eye penetrated the painting's world, rather than dwelling on the flat configuration of colors and line on the painted canvas itself. But recent painters have shown that one can make full-fledged paintings that involve us in essentially the same ways that paintings always have, which are not "representational" at all--which do not "open out onto a world." They have demonstrated that we can view what is essential about paintings as the configuration of the paint on the canvas, and not something to be found in another world.

But with the traditional film, the movie screen does not primarily function as a two-dimenstional surface across which black and white or colored shapes, patterns and figures move. The play of black and white or colors on a flat screen does not constitute the film.

A shot captures the special nature of a moment in the world of the film. One cannot even describe its "visual" quality without at the same time describing the moment it captures. The way it grips us "visually" reveals something about what this moment is as it arises from the moments that preceded it.

Ordinarily, what strikes us "visually" in a film will not be an abstract two-dimenstional pattern of colors and shading, or an abstract movement. What strikes us at a particular moment will be the look of some particular thing in the world of the film--its beauty, its strangeness, its hypnotic movement, its spatial relations to other things in its world, its mysterious power to appeal to our gaze. Scrutinized at this moment, this thing seems full of life and significance. Its emergence at this moment at the center of our field of vision somehow draws us more deeply into the moment that is taking place in the world of the film, making us more aware of its implications.

Consider a typical shot from Alfred Hitchcock's Marnie. Marnie (played by Tippi Hedron) has just gotten a job as secretary in Mark Rutland's (Sean Connery's) office. Rutland's partner treats her with suspicion, and we have seen the strange way Rutland eyes her. We pay close attention to her as she fits herself into the office routine. Her desk faces a large, dark wood door that leads to the office safe. For seconds, this heavy door, slowly opening and closing, dominates the screen. The movement of this door fascinates us.

It is the opening and closing of this door that grips us--this thing that seems at this moment so full of inner meanings. Marnie is at this moment fascinated by this object and its hypnotic motion, and her thoughts are taking flight from it. This shot, at this point in this sequence, by embodying the fascinating power of this singular "thing/movement," makes the nature of this moment clear to us. It discloses that Marnie is not fully immersed in the office routine the way she is pretending to be, and so functions as a kind of characterization--not so much of Marnie as of this moment at which she is present, fascinated by this door and its implications.

Even when an abstract pattern, relationship or movement grips us in a film, it serves to characterize a moment in the world of the film.

The people in a von Sternberg film like Morocco or Shanghai Express let the shifting abstract patterns generated by atmospheric effects, slight alteration of light and shadow, distant sounds, and so on, echo in the rhythm of their human interactions. They make the expressiveness of fortuitous abstract momentary impressions their own, and let the mute world speak for them. When von Sternberg films their interactions in such a way that shifting abstract patterns of light and shadow on the flat screen strike our eye, he is characterizing with precision the way these people inhabit their world at these specific moments. Von Sternberg's "visual" style brings out the ways in which these people find themselves under the spell of abstract visual relationships within their world.

Perhaps it would be best to think of film as an "applied" visual art, the way in which film music is an "applied musical art." When film music truly serves its function, we do not listen to it "as music," as if we were in a concert hall. The music brings something out about these events in the world of the film, drawing us into them. But of course it does so primarily through the power of its musical substance.

We don't contemplate a shot that strikes us "visually" the way we contemplate a painting. The shot visualizes a moment. Its "visual values" embody something whose power the beings within that world feel at this moment.

The world of a film is "visual" the way an actor like James Cagney is "theatrical." We are not Cagney's audience, under the spell of his theatricality; but his power to hold audiences in thrall is integral to his whole way of thrusting into the world, and the filmmaker attunes us to it. And the traditional filmmaker's art incorporates a grasp of the ways in which the world casts a visual spell over the beings that inhabit it.

The great filmmakers have developed their own "visual styles," their own ways of creating a flow of visual and aural images that compel conviction in a world. Renoir with his spaces that contract and expand dramatically, and his compositions that call paintings to mind; Orson Welles with his deep-focus shots and extravagant, baroque imagery; Eisenstein with his powerful iconography and forceful rhythms; John Ford with his anchored compositions across which something drifts, taking its own time; Hitchcock with the disturbing dis-equilibrium of his images and the hypnotic quality of his camera movements. Films made by these men are real adventures for the eye: at every moment, the viewer's eyes have something to do, some pattern or spatial relationship or movement that they respond to joyfully. But these "visual styles" are rooted in an art of opening films onto a world. We respond to an image joyfully that draws us more deeply into a world.

[b] The sequence of shots that captures a moment also brings that moment into being.

It is important to remember that the world of a traditional narrative film has no existence outside of the shots that open us to it. In a sense, the sequence of shots which captures a moment also brings that moment into being. What this moment *is* is determined by the particular shots in their particular order.

A moment in the film comes across as one that the camera captures in one particular way, but which could have been filmed in any number of ways. Each shot does not exhaust the possible ways of looking at the whole span of time. But, on the other hand, it is only *this* sequence of shots that brings *this* complex, multi-level succession of moments into being. It is only this succession of limited and suggestive views that captures the essence of this unified temporal span.

For example, as Hitchcock composed the famous shower murder

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sequence in Psycho, none of the individual shots shows Tony Perkins' knife touching Janet Leigh's body. Hitchcock's way of filming and editing this crucial sequence in the film profoundly reveals what this event *is* both to Perkins and to Leigh. The bewildering quick cutting conveys Perkins' inability to look at or to touch her naked flesh. The knife's piercing and rending of her flesh passes him by—even this desperate act fails to provide him with contact with flesh that he can fully *feel*. And the magnitude of the realization that this is the scene of her death so overwhelms Janet Leigh that she cannot feel the blade entering her own flesh.

Hitchcock films the murder of the detective, Arbogast (Martin Balsam) in a strikingly different manner. By showing us Arbogast's horrified expression as he falls backwards down the stairs, blood splattering his bald head, Hitchcock brings out the precise way in which this murder is different from the last one. Perkins can look Arbogast full in the face as he stabs him, relishing his look of terror and awe. This murder is not the same kind of manifestation of sexual frustration.

Film sequences like these leave nothing out. Every shot captures the essence of a critical moment. The "montage" of shots creates the whole span of time, and captures its essence. Hitchcock could have inserted more shots or fewer, or different shots than the ones he used; or held some longer than he did, or some shorter. But if he had integrated different shots into a coherent sequence, that sequence would have opened out to--a different scene, a succession of moments in a different "possible world." These events could have been shot in no other way. Shot by shot, the sequence brings out what these moments are. It does not passively record it.

The principle that the shots in their sequence create a succession of moments and capture its essence undercuts a certain way of thinking about "montage." Because the sequence is composed of asuccession of distinct shots, each of which shows us, as it were, a "bit" of the action, it is natural to think that the filmmaker must "break up" a scene which is itself continuous. While he then puts the little pieces together to construct a semblance of the scene, one can think that the resulting sequence will always bear the scar of this unnatural fragmentation. But the kind of event the filmmaker captures does not have a unity that the sequence of shots must break up. The filmmaker's art creates a sequence that brings a succession of moments to life whose unity the filmmaker brings out, rather than obscures, by the true application of his method.

This principle also puts into perspective the opposing idea that a film is really created "in the cutting room." To be sure, shots that could be put together to create a meaningful sequence can be edited in such a fashion that what is significant in them is obscured and what has no meaning highlighted, resulting in a sequence that is pointless or confused. But the art of creating meaningful shots, and the art of editing them into a sequence that opens out to a span of time in a world that compels our conviction, cannot really be separated.

Each shot in a well-edited sequence serves to bring out some aspect of the unity of a succession of moments. Each shot discloses the unity of the event in a particular way. If a shot has no point, no tricky editing will give it one. But the shot's significance only fully reveals itself when the shot has been integrated into a coherent sequence. It may appear to *have* significance in isolation; but what its significance *is* cannot yet be divined. Of course, a particular significant shot may be fitted meaningfully into many different coherent sequences.

Editing is akin to "timing" in comedy, when the latter is understood in the semi-technical sense used in saying that, in comedy, timing is *everything*. A comedian's timing is his way of delivering his material so that its comic nature, its nature as a particular succession of gags that are funny in particular ways, is brought out. It is only "everything" when the right kind of gags, the kind that must be delivered with this timing, are delivered with it. The deep point is that what a gag *is* and what timing is are essentially linked. And so are the creation of a meaningful shot and its placement in a gripping sequence.

[c] The sequence of shots brings out what these moments are to the people within the film who live them.

The human significance of a moment in a film is part of its nature. The shot grasps at once the moment itself and what that moment is like for the beings who live it.

Some aspects of the moment affect everyone in the world of the film. A moment, after all, marks a point in the "natural order" of that world. As afternoon passes into evening, the special mood of this time of day enters into the thoughts and animates the actions of those who allow themselves to be seduced by it; and provokes others to mobilize strategies for resisting its allure. The filmmaker would have to make almost palpable the intoxicating perfume of dusk, in order to capture the nature of a moment suffused by it.

Time of day, weather, season, the spatiality of a room, the character of the terrain--all of these leave their mark on a succession of moments, the way a key can impart its character to a piece of music. In The River, Renoir conveys the special feeling of midafternoon on a hot summer day by showing us one shot after another of human beings and animals quietly sleeping, at one with this moment in the natural order.

A moment in the world of the film does not just mark a certain point in the natural order. It must also come across as occurring at a particular point in the life of each person integral to that moment. As this moment picks him up, he is already doing something and thinking something.

This means that the filmmaker must not only get "right" the nature of this moment in the natural order. He must also not obscure or falsify what these moments are to these particular people. The sequence he creates must bring out that these individual people are present at the same moment, and are in each other's presence. Each shot marks a momentary convergence of many separate histories. But the shots also bring out their separate points of view on these moments they partake in together. The shots grasp the integrity of their points of view.

The filmmaker must create a sequence that embodies the particular kind of unity these moments have for these particular beings. He must articulate the way these people with their distinct points of view experience these moments.

For example, in Psycho, Janet Leigh, who has just stolen $40,000 from her office, is driving out of town to see her lover. Exhausted, she pulls off the road and goes to sleep in her car. In the morning, she is awakened by a Highway Patrolman.

Hitchcock films their encounter in such a way that each shot brings out something about the nature of this interaction, honing our perception of it, bringing it home. The sequence takes just a few seconds, but within that short span we perceive many distinct moments. We perceive her effort to avoid looking suspicious; his disclosure through an almost imperceptible heightening of interest that he detects something strange about her; her perception of his momentary hestiation; her redoubled efforts to appear innocent, which verge on panic; her shift of gears when she realizes that she is visibly panicking; her attempt to cover up the intensity of her responses by pretending that they stem from justified anger at being harrassed for no reason; his defensiveness at her implied insinuation; and so on.

It is part of this encounter as Hitchcock films it that she has something to hide and that he is a policeman. That she is afraid of policemen, but does not really know their methods. That he is a little defensive about his policeman's role. That she is an attractive woman, and he is a man wearing dark sunglasses. That interacting with men disturbs her. That he is confused by the relation of his role as policeman to his desires as a man. It is part of this situation that both have some awareness of the impression they make, and that both are troubled by the relation between that impression and who they really are. They carry their whole lives and their views of themselves into this interaction. But, on the surface, their encounter proceeds by a formal pattern that does not openly disclose what these moments mean to them personally.

It is not that Hitchcock presents us with these people's thoughts. While engaged in this interaction, they do not have the detachment required to have fully-formed thoughts about it. Their awareness is stamped visibly on the deliberateness and thoughtfulness with which their encounter proceeds. Hitchcock articulates this encounter as a succession of significant moments which illuminate both of their lives. Their explicit thoughts come later, after the event, and echo the troubling moments we have witnessed, sorting out their meanings.

Filmmakers have brought out the nature of an incredible range of human encounters.

For example, films have captured with breath-taking directness and candor incidents in which sexuality manifests istelf in our lives. Before films appeared, one might have thought that the sexual implications of the slightest glance could not have been captured and made public. On stage, the characters may be represented as engaging in seduction. But what sexuality is like as it is lived does not cross the footlights of the stage. Since Griffith's day, the unfolding experience of seduction (at least from the moment of finding oneself attracted to someone until the moment when a true caress is acknowledged and accepted) has been recognized as perfect film material. The mystery of this experience, the terror that something frightful is about to be disclosed about oneself, the excitement of sensing one's own power over another--this is the very stuff out of which an infinite variety of film sequences can be wrought.

Each of the traditional film "genres" explores its own range of experiences, and is grounded in its own way in our lives. Thus film musicals take off from ways in which we are caught up with music as we go about the world, and ways in which we resist music's call. When Gene Kelly starts singing and dancing in the rain, it brings back to us the relation between finding oneself, despite everything, happy again, and *song*. Shot by shot, note by note, step by step, the film gets *right* a form that joyfulness takes.

And the genre of the "horror film" is at one level an articulation of the ways in which our fear of death arises in the midst of our ordinary experience. A filmmaker creates sequences of shots that get *right* the essence of a wide range of fearful experiences. For example, walking the New York City streets at night, and finding every shadow transfigured by fear, and every figure on the street the occasion of a protracted and terrifying encounter.

What it is like to enter a room with unfriendly faces is the sort of thing that film sequences have captured. And what it is like to feel enlivened by the company of friends, or constricted by them. The excitement of human encounters, and the difficulty of meeting another's gaze. The relief or horror of grasping something about oneself for the first time. The strange thrill of suddenly realizing that one has revealed oneself too directly. The fear that there is something one is expected to do that one feels one will be inadequate to do. The realization that one has done what seemed too hard. The discovery of the depth of one's commitment to someone. The realization that one wants one's freedom again. Being torn between the desperate need to free oneself from isolation and the fear of hurting and being hurt by someone. Being funny in the world, and finding the world funny--or sad, or chilling, or beautiful, or in decay.

[d] A sequence of shots presents an event neither from the "inside" nor from the "outside."

A sequence characterizes a moment by disclosing what that moment is like for the beings who experience it. But that makes it sound as if the filmmaker takes us "inside" his characters. On the other hand, the camera's nature as a passive recording mechanism can make it seem that film can only show us beings from the "outside," registering their behavior but not exploring their consciousness.

The truth is that the sequence of shots takes us neither "inside" nor "outside" the events of the film. The filmmaker's method undercuts the common-sense split between "inside" and "outside." A great film sequence shows how artificial this division is.

In Hitchcock's Vertigo, James Stewart's crippling vertigo at crucial moments in his life is, in a sense, the subject of the film.

If a filmmaker could only record Stewart's behavior "from

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the outside," he could not capture the nature of his vertigo. If Hitchcock had simply told Stewart to act dizzy, and then recorded his behavior with the camera, what would disclose the vision of abyss that flashes for an instant before Stewart's eyes? Vertigo is not just a matter of standing in an unbalanced, contorted pose. Truly seen from the outside, Stewart's vertigo is nowhere to be seen.

But this does not mean that Hitchcock takes us "inside" his character. His method is not to reveal something hidden from view. Stewart's vertigo is not merely an unpleasant feeling locked up in his head and struggling to get out by way of his digestive tract. It is not a "pure feeling" to which the sufferer alone has access, arising out of nowhere and leaving no mark on the visible world. Stewart's vertigo is not just in his head, for it is motivated by his perception of the real instability of his relation to the world.

Nor was Hitchcock willing to suggest the ineffable quality of Stewart's dizziness by using some conventional "subjective" device, such as a photographic trick to make the background go all wavy. To suggest vertigo rather than show it would be to concede that Stewart's vertigo itself cannot be filmed. Hitchcock does not merely convey the idea of vertigo, nor merely show us dizzy behavior. He sets himself the task of creating a sequence of shots that captures Stewart's vertigo as it is.

Stewart's vertigo cannot be separated from the moment at which it emerges. Hitchcock captures the nature of Stewart's vertigo by creating the kind of moment whose conditions motivate its appearance. What that moment _is_ cannot be separated from what it is like for Stewart to live it. So Hitchcock discloses the way this moment is set in Stewart's life within the film.

If he can climb these last flights of stairs, he can save Kim Novak's life: that is the situation as Stewart perceives it the third time vertigo threatens to paralyse him in the film. He feels totally consumed by his love for her. This love has until now been sealed within his own private world--no-one understands it, he has broken with his friends over it, and she has seemed to accept his love without asking anything of him. But _at this moment_, there is something he is being called upon to do, the hardest thing in the world for him. With his history of fear of heights, he must climb these precarious stairs.

To climb these stairs would be to free himself from a curse he had accepted in the past as imposing a limit he could not transcend: his fear of heights. And by this public act, he would step outside the closed world of his fantasy, and change the conditions of his relationship with Kim Novak. Their love could become adult, open, free. To fail to climb these stairs would be to surrender to his past, and renounce his love. To let Kim Novak die would be to acknowledge that she was for him only a creature of fantasy, that what he had taken for love was solipsistic, and to continue to dwell in it would be crazy.

At this moment, the view down the stairwell seems to pull him down into it. Yet he cannot bring himself to look away. The view pulls him with the power of his past, but it repels him because of the importance of what he would lose if he surrenders to it. The view down the stairwell exposes these conflicting desires, and fascinates him.

His vertigo arises from his awareness of the significance of this moment. Will he once more use the fearful power of the view down the stairwell to make himself too dizzy to go on? His vertigo is not just a "feeling," nor is it something stamped on his behavior that could be seen "from the outside." It is a manifestation of his strategy of not taking his life into his own hands, of not admitting responsibility for his own actions. Instead of saving Kim Novak, he longs to steep himself in his own fears: that is the thought that threatens to paralyse him.

All of this is what Hitchcock creates a sequence of shots and embeds it into the film to bring out. The key to this sequence is the shot looking down into the stairwell. Hitchcock had to bring out the way that view lured and yet repelled Stewart. He thought about it for twenty years before he hit on the technique he used: building a horizontal scale model and tracking the camera in towards it while zooming the lens out. In this way he created a strangely compelling, unstable image. Hitchcock then had to set this shot in a sequence that would bring out its instability, so that it could characterize this profound moment in the film and disclose its context. He had to bring out the relation of this fearful view to Stewart's contortion and imbalance, his grip on the bannister, and his destination made unreachable by this sudden onslaught of vertigo. Then Hitchcock had to set the whole sequence within the unfolding events of the film.

We will not analyse in detail the way Hitchcock constructed this sequence. In the third essay, we will examine the nature of Hitchcock's cinematic techniques, and his cinematic style.

But the point to be remembered now is that Hitchcock captures the nature of vertigo in a sequence of shots that disclose that it is not a "private" experience that visible behavior can merely suggest; and that, on the other hand, it cannot simply be seen "from the outside." It is a manifestation of Stewart's whole way of relating to the world. It is precisely the kind of phemomenon that can be captured by the filmmaker's art.

A great film moment always has something of a quality of a demonstration to it. At one level, the filmmaker demonstrates what a particular kind of unique and profound moment that concerns us all is. He shows how that moment arises from the texture of "ordinary experience." At another level, the sequence demonstrates afresh the power of the filmmaker's art to articulate the essence of such diverse experiences. It raises the banner of cinema over a whole region of our lives.

While a great film moment may always have a quality of a demonstration to it, it is not that a film moment merely "means" something that could simply be stated. The meaningfulness of the moment, the way in which it is thought-provoking and illuminates other moments, is part of its nature as it is experienced by those who live it. A moment in a film no more "means" something outside of itself than does any moment in a life. A great film moment, like every deeply meaningful moment, is rich with resonance, and puts us in touch with a part of ourselves.

[e] The point of view manifested by a sequence cannot be identified with that of any of the beings whose experience the sequence captures.

The sequence presents a moment neither from the "inside" nor from the "outside." It is attuned to the ebb and flow of perception and action, self-consciousness and spontaneity, on the part of all those who are present at the event. It grasps the moment as a whole. But that means that the point of view it embodies cannot be that of any of the beings it captures. Noone whose experience the sequence captures has the detachment required for this kind of overall view.

Even sequences that contain so-called "point of view" shots embody a point of view that cannot simply be identified with that of someone within the sequence. "Point of view" shots show us something *as if* seen through the eyes of one of the people within the scene--as if the camera occupied the position of that person's eyes. It is often said that such a shot allows (or forces) us to "become" that person for the duration of the shot. But this is a mistake. A "point of view" shot does not give us just one character's point of view, enforcing an identification with that character by giving us his view to the exclusion of every other one. A "point of view" shot does not in that way *limit* our vision. It too encompasses the points of view of all the beings involved, and cannot be identified with one of them.

An illustration might make this point clearer. Imagine a cat readying himself to pounce on an unsuspecting mouse. There are several significant moments that would have to be brought out if this scene were to be rendered cinematically. For one, that moment when the cat's preliminary preparations are completed, and he makes himself absolutely silent and motionless just before undertaking the leap itself. At this instant he is all eyes; his own perceptible presence is totally withdrawn from the scene. He has fused his whole being with his view of the little mouse going about his business unawares.

It might be natural to use a "point of view" shot here, showing the mouse as the cat sees him. But such a shot would not be just a presentation of the cat's point of view, restricting our attention to what the cat sees. This shot would register something about the moment as a whole, articulating the way in which at this moment the cat and the mouse are both present and playing essential parts in what is happening. Using this type of shot at this point would be a way of characterizing this moment.

Marnie encounters a figure from her past, a man named Strutt (Martin Gable), at a party. His appearance threatens to bring to light a secret that would disrupt the whole fabric of her existence. Hitchcock alternates shots of Marnie's response to his sudden appearance (revealing her uncertainty and hesitation in the face of this unexpected menacing presence) with big "point of view" closeups of Strutt's face. We see the shock of recognition in Strutt's face just as Marnie does. But these closeups of Strutt's face do not just bring out the way that Marnie experiences this moment. What has happened at this moment is that Strutt's face, with its sudden look of recognition stamped on it, has suddenly and disturbingly come to the fore. Both Marnie and Strutt are confronted by this phenomenon, and the implications of this moment to which both bear witness echo long after this closeup leaves the screen. By presenting Strutt's face as suddenly tearing itself free from its surroundings, as strangely and fearfully isolated for a moment, Hitchcock brings an unsettling moment into being. These shots in this sequence encompass both Marnie's and Strutt's experience of this moment.

[f] The point of view manifested by the sequence of shots is one from which the tension of experience and unselfconscious behavior stands out in relief.

The point of view implied by a sequence of shots is attuned to the unity of the succession of moments as a whole. Thus it cannot be identified with that of any of the beings whose experience and unselfconscious behavior it grasps.

But what is this point of view which is neither "inside" nor "outside" these unfolding moments?

The unity of the sequence is inseparable from the unity of this succession of moments in the world of the film. But the tension with which the actors thrust themselves into the world at every moment unifies this span of time.

From the point of view the film sequence manifests, there is a visible tension underlying the interplay of the beings within the world of the film. The actor's hesitation and tension are at every moment palpable. The shots are created and placed in a sequence in such a way as to put the tension that unifies this succession of moments into relief. The point of view of the sequence as a whole is one that perceives and articulates the tension of experience and unselfconscious behavior.

[g] The point of view manifested in the sequence of shots defines a role akin to that of the novel's narrator.

We have discovered that the sequence manifests a point of view that is attuned to the tension at the heart of the events of the film. And we have seen that the beings swept up in those events do not have this point of view.

But then whose point of view is it?

The natural suggestion is that the point of view manifested in the shots in their sequence is that of the _filmmaker_. But this claim can easily be misconstrued. It will help us to understand the nature of the filmmaker's involvement in his films if we compare the filmmaker's art to the novelist's.

One usual objection to this comparison is that films do not have a narrator. Even the device of a "voice over" narration is not really equivalent to the pervasive voice that one cannot help but hear echoing in one's head when one reads a traditional novel. A film just seems to happen, without human intervention. There seems to be nothing in a film equivalent to the voice presenting the events of the novel to the reader.

But we have seen that a film sequence _does_ embody a distinct point of view. This point of view is very much like that of the novel's narrator. The narrator of the novel is not ordinarily a party swept up in the unfolding events of the novel. He is clearly in many ways like the kinds of people we encounter in the novel, but it is not just an accident that he is not one. And the point of view implied by the shots in their sequence may in important ways be like the point of view of the actors within the film. But, again, it is not just an accident that it is not one. The narrator cannot present himself with detachment the way he can present the characters in the novel; and this figure evoked by the film cannot reveal himself unselfconsciously before the camera.

It is important to realize how natural it is to think that the narrator simply is the novelist, that the narrative voice is the novelist's voice, however disguised. But matters are not quite so simple. After all, the novelist creates the narrator just as surely as he creates the characters, and the events narrated. On the other hand, the novelist is not free to make of the narrator of these events anything he wishes. The personality of the narrator and the nature of these particular characters and events emerge together.

The narrator and the novelist are not "objectively" one. Narrator and novelist can be identified only insofar as the novelist has undertaken to make contact with his readers by assuming a narrative voice. The novel is, in a sense, a form of communication between narrator (whose point of view the novelist creates) and reader. For the reader, this narration is directed *to him*; the narrator is the being who presents these events in this way *for him*. The novelist must find some way of animating a narrative if he is to write a traditional novel, because he must create a narrator who can speak directly to the reader and compel his conviction in the events of the novel. That is the form the traditional novel takes.

The filmmaker creates a sequence of shots that, on the one hand, opens onto a succession of moments in the world of the film, and, on the other hand, manifests a distinct point of view, one that is attuned to the tension animating this world. The viewer apprehends the shots of the film *as shown to him by someone*. Someone is presenting these events in this way *to him*. Someone is showing him all of this. The novel is a form of communication between narrator and reader; and the film is a form of communication between this "someone" who perceives tension everywhere, whose point of view the sequences manifest, and the viewer.

In a sense, the film is not a form of direct communication between filmmaker and viewer. The filmmaker must create a point of view that can be made manifest in film sequences, and undertake to make contact with the viewer *by assuming this point of view*. It might be said that by creating these shots that embody this point of view, *he plays the role of filmmaker*. As the film unfolds, the nature of this role is revealed; and thus something is revealed about him insofar as the act of assuming this role illuminates his identity. But what is thus revealed can be grasped by the viewer only through involvement with the actors swept up in the events of the film. So the point of view the sequences embody is not "objectively" that of the filmmaker as an individual human being. It is his insofar as he has made the role of filmmaker his own, and has created sequences of shots that open onto a world animated by tension.

[h] The filmmaker's role is to disclose the actor's hesitation and tension. He appears to the viewer only in this role.

The filmmaker creates sequences that manifest a particular point of view, in order to establish contact with the individuals that comprise the film's audience. He appears to this audience in the role of filmmaker.

To appear to the audience in this guise is to stand for a certain point of view, or principle. This is the point of view that grasps every moment in the world of the film as animated by tension, and every moment as the actors live it a manifestation of that tension. This point of view gives him the poise to stand apart from the flow of these events in order to perceive their movement and divine their direction. The movie actor seeks the fulfillment of his destiny within the world of the film, and in this struggle he strains at the bonds of unselfconsciousness. But the filmmaker assumes the point of view of a being who does not worry about the things that concern the actor--someone who has no destiny within that world.

Put in this way, the filmmaker's role is strikingly similar to the role the psychoanalyst assumes. The analyst defines his relationship to the patient by the role he plays. This role gives him a way of encountering this person who is in his presence for these sessions each week. In these sessions, the analyst confines himself to representing a point of view on events in which the patient was involved at another time and place. He encounters the patient here and now only by opening the present onto the eventful world of the patient's outside experiences. In this world, the patient identifies himself with an actor, while it is the analyst's role to bring that actor's essential tension into the open, and by doing so to demonstrate the power of a particular point of view.

While it is part of the psychiatrist's role to define his relationship to the patient in detached terms, his need for the patient may nonetheless be a deep one. Only through the kind of relationship he has with this person can he reaffirm his identity as the wearer of the mantle of Psychoanalysis. Despite his professionalism, his absorbing personal life, his many patients, his overburdened routine, despite everything, he must submerge himself totally in this patient's experience, directing it toward an awareness of his own detachment from it. In a sense, he must derive from the events within the world of the patient's past a way to reenact the story of his own assumption of the analyst's role.

With every shot, the filmmaker discloses something about the events in the world of the film, something that the actors swept up in them do not, within that world, have the poise to grasp. He discloses the tension at the heart of their unselfconscious behavior. It is his role to manifest this perspective on the actor's struggle. He explores one region after another of the actor's experience, and shows how each manifests the tension and hesitation that is at the heart of the actor's whole way of thrusting into the world. The actor brings his own tension into these events, so the filmmaker can detach himself from it, without having to acknowledge responsibility for it. The filmmaker's whole method can be seen as his way of demonstrating that he is free from one region after another in which the actor is tense. The actor and his plight are nothing to him; he is untouched by them. At least, that is his role. He embodies the filmmaker's role by demonstrating his detachment, with increasing directness as the film unfolds.

But what is it like for the filmmaker, as a person, to assume this role?

The filmmaker cannot show himself in this role acting unselfconsciously in the world of the film. But underlying the events of every film that is a product of the traditional art of narrative filmmaking, there can be found a reenactment of the filmmaker's assumption of this role. The film's style marks his act of bringing these events into being and detaching himself from them. His style crystallizes at every moment his withdrawal or resignation from this world in order to realize it in sequences of meaningful shots.

While it is the filmmaker's role to define his relation to the events of the film as detached, it does not follow that his relation to this world is not for him a deeply significant and moving one. Filmmaking is his art. If he is a real artist, the point of view his films manifest is of great importance to him personally. It is interwoven with his life. But he cannot step outside of his chosen role to communicate "directly" to the viewer what this point of view means to him. He may feel a deep resistance to casting himself in the filmmaker's role, but he cannot step outside of that role to confide to his audience how he longs for direct contact with them, and how he longs for a destiny within the world of the film. All he can do is appear to the viewer in his chosen role, and create a film that is as perfect an embodiment of his art as possible.

It is not that movies are inherently melancholy, haunted by the filmmaker's withdrawal into a role that isolates him from his audience and exiles him from the world of the film. Movies are funny and exciting and thrilling. That is why we value them--because they bring movement into our lives. That is why we value mustic too. But we understand the thought that there is something unspeakably beautiful and sad about even the most triumphant or the happiest music. We do not have this thought every day, but we know it. And it is an unusual occasion when we pierce so deeply into the world of the film that we catch a glimpse of the filmmaker's silent and unmoving presence. But at those special moments, we realize that he has always been there.

Traditional filmmaking is above all a unique kind of encounter between a filmmaker and the individuals that comprise the film's audience. The filmmaker after all opens the world of the film *for me*. He assumes the role of filmmaker and discloses the actor's hesitation and tension *for me*. Every shot forges and celebrates and bewails and strains against this human bond, and is a moment in our encounter. *I* am implicated in every moment of the film, and involved intimately with filmmaker and actors.

To grasp fully the nature of the filmmaker's role, and his relationship to the actors, we have to turn to the viewer's role, and the nature of the viewer's relation to the film. This is the subject of the concluding section of this essay.

3. The Viewer

There are many ways of watching films. Movies play many different roles in people's lives. There is no one "film experience."

But it will be the argument of this section that a real product of the filmmaker's art calls upon the viewer to accept the film as the medium of a relationship with him. A viewer can watch the film, and respond to it in many ways, without accepting the conditions of this relationship. But in this chapter, we will try to de termine the nature of the role the viewer must accept to respond to the filmmaker's call, and the conditions he must accept to enter into this relationship.

[a] The viewer's role is not a passive one.

It is perhaps most common to think of the viewer's role as a passive one. The viewer sinks deep into his seat in this womb-dark hall, stares blankly at the screen, and falls under the spell of the images. These images simply flow over him, providing him with continuous sensory stimulation. Furthermore, by the miraculous process of "identification," the movie even provides him with the illusion of a *life*. True, he can only live the larger-than-life adventures of the stars by dreaming them. But at least the movie offers him *that* form of escape from the "real world," that mode of access to a world where he is no longer burdened by his everyday personality and concerns.

It is important not to deny the naturalness of such a description. After all, one simply watches a film. The better the film, the more deeply we are immersed in its world, which we only watch. And we are accustomed to contrast watching and doing, just as we are inclined to contrast thought and action. We are accustomed to think of watching as a form of non-action, as a way of shirking the call to perform on the world's stage, turning ourselves instead into spectators of what we should be doing. It is natural to contrast the viewer, just sitting there in his seat, with the actors, running, conversing, fighting, making love--and to conclude that the viewer is passive, is not at this moment actively thrusting into the world.

But a film that is a real product of the filmmaker's art calls upon the viewer to watch it--to feel the excitement of those images, to be attentive to their rhythm and meanings, to pierce through to the heart of each moment. To do anything but simply watch such a film, moved by it, is to be passive in relation to it. The filmmaker calls upon the viewer to respond to him by allowing himself to be gripped by the film.

The whole idea that the images of a film simply "flow over" the viewer, that the viewer submits passively to them, obscures what is special and exciting about being in the grips of a film. To be moved by a film is not to submit passively to the shots in their succession, to be *indifferent* to what is on the screen at any moment, and what is happening in that world. It is to watch the film *tensely*, straining to see, but dreading seeing, what the shots promise to disclose as the film unfolds. In the grips of a film, I am immersed in an encounter with the filmmaker in which he anticipates and responds to my desires. The shots satisfy me or frustrate me, offering or withholding a view of what I desire to see.

Each shot presents itself to the viewer as something that has an essential relation to him. He experiences the shot as a response to *his* desires and needs at this moment. He is called upon to accept the shot, as if it were a caress. To accept a caress is to acknowledge that it is offered to me as a response to my desires and needs right now. To submit to a caress passively is not to accept it at all. To accept it is to allow oneself to be *excited* by it--excited in part out of an awareness that it is offered to me by a being who is attentive and responsive *to me*, to my most private and intimate impulses and desires.

A shot arises unbidden. I do not have to ask for it. If I did, its appearance would not excite me. But that does not mean that my relation to it is a passive one. On the contrary. I am called upon to *accept* it as a response to my desires--to accept it as a response to me, not as I present myself to others in the world or even to myself. It is a response to me as I am "unselfconsciously." That is why it excites me. My relationship with the filmmaker is grounded in my real desire to see what it is his art to disclose.

The world of a film that is a real product of the filmmaker's art is not a refuge from the real world. What it is about the real world that makes me sometimes long to escape from it into a dream world is present in the world of the film too. And the process of "identifying" with the stars is not a magical means of escape from the limitations of the viewer's own personality. The stars themselves embody what it is about oneself that makes one sometimes long to lose one's identity in another. So one cannot escape from oneself by "becoming" Humphrey Bogart or John Wayne or James Stewart or Cary Grant; or Ingrid Bergman or Carole Lombard or Lillian Gish or Marilyn Monroe.

[b] The filmmaker calls upon me to acknowledge that I am just like the actors.

The filmmaker calls upon me to pierce through to the heart of each sequence, to perceive, recognize and acknowledge the nature of each moment as he presents it.

In Psycho, there is an extremely moving sequence that occurs just before Norman Bates (Tony Perkins) violently murders Marian Crane (Janet Leigh). Her lover feels that he does not have enough money to support her as a wife. Desperate, she has stolen $40,000 from her office, and is on her way to see him. She stops off at the Bates Motel on the way. He invites her to his parlor to have something to eat.

In the course of their conversation, she acquires an insight into her own behavior, which leads her to decide to return the money. Bates, lonely, eager to talk, discloses to her in the course of the their conversation the circumstances of his life. Burdened by the need to care for his sick old mother, unwilling or unable to bring himself to "put her away someplace," he is a person who is caught in a trap from which there is no escape. His example brings her to a realization that she was about to step into a trap herself. She decides to confront her situation without the illusion of an immediate escape from it. She feels grateful to Norman for having helped her to realize the danger of the path she had embarked on, and goes back to her room that night feeling good about herself for the first time since the troubled events of the film began.

Yet shortly after she goes back to her room, Bates murders her. His encounter with her enfuriated and inflamed him. Why?

At a critical point in their conversation, Marian's impression of Norman crystallizes into a picture of him as a hopeless case, defined in her eyes by his isolation and unhappy circumstances, and reduced to crying out futilely for human contact. Out of her perception of him as pitiable, she carves a resolution not to become like him. She perceives him as dif-

ferent from her, and perceives his call to her with detachment, not seriously acknowledging it. Indeed, by not even attempting to hide her indifference to his call, she expresses contempt for him. She acts as if there were noone in her presence who understands the significance of her actions. But Norman Bates is in her presence. *He* calls out to her, and marks her indifference.

Hitchcock calls upon *me* to perceive and recognize what is happening in this scene. To perceive Marian's pity; Norman's awareness of her pity; and her obliviousness to his alertness.

To grasp this scene as Hitchcock presents it, to really *see* what is happening, requires from me not merely an "abstract" or "intellectual" understanding. I understand what this scene is because I am at home in a world like theirs, and am essentially like them. I know *because I am in the world* what this scene is for them. I don't have a psychologist's detached and "scientific" perspective on this scene. Such an "objective" point of view would cut me off from these moments as these people live them. I grasp this scene in a way that acknowledges *my* intimate familiarity with phenomena such as pity, shame and contempt.

Again, this is not an "intellectual" matter. I do not *analyse* their behavior, observing them with detachment and *concluding* from a detached comparison with my own actual past experience that I am just like them. I *can* analyse the scene later, and draw conclusions from it. I *can* treat Norman and Marian and myself as "cases." But that is not what Hitchcock calls upon me to do as I watch the film.

Hitchcock calls upon me to let each moment of the film resonate with my own experience. He calls upon me to perceive this as a moment familiar to me, and to be mindful of its significance. Hitchcock calls upon me to see in Bates' manner what Marian Crane does not acknowledge. To see his alertness to her failure to respond to him, and to acknowledge what it is like for someone to deny one's heartfelt call. To do this, I must be honest with myself. To respond to this sequence in a way that grasps it as Hitchcock presents it, I must acknowledge something about *myself* that it is difficult for me to dwell on. I cannot grasp this scene in which Marian fails to acknowledge Bates' call without allowing myself to be *moved* by what these shots disclose.

I do not perceive the images and *then* think about them and become emotional. I do not watch the film and *also* respond to the filmmaker's point of view. I do not observe the actors and examine myself and *conclude* that I am like them. The very act of perceiving this sequence of images, the act of taking them in and acknowledging the nature of the scene they open out to, is, for me, emotional.

Thus the filmmaker calls upon me to respond to each moment of the film by acknowledging what it *is*. This response at one level requires a movement toward self-realization. I recognize this moment, and acknowledge my intimate familiarity with it.

The act of grasping this moment as the filmmaker presents it is an emotional one for me. But that does not mean that the filmmaker strives to arouse _pity_, for example, in the actor's plight.

Conventional melodrama abounded in orphans, widows and cripples. Playwright and actors utilized techniques to encourage the audience to view these characters as _defined_ by some pitiable characteristic, and to pity them for this handicap that they did not bring upon themselves and are powerless to efface.

But if I respond to what Hitchcock discloses about Norman Bates in _Psycho_, if I grasp him as Hitchcock presents him, I cannot take refuge in pity for him. What it is that Hitchcock brings out about him, what he calls upon me to acknowledge, is what _makes_ pity an inadequate response to him. Thus Hitchcock discloses Bates' passionate rejection of Marian's view of him as a hopeless case. _She_ views him as defined by pitiable circumstances. _She_ views him as defined by his isolation, as if that were a fixed characteristic, analogous to a twisted back. But Hitchcock lets us see that by pitying Bates, she is not acknowledging him. She acts as if he had no understanding of her recoiling from him. But Hitchcock discloses to us that

Bates *is* aware of her pity, knows what it is, and rejects it. By pitying him, she reveals that she perceives his call to her, but fails to reach out to make human contact with him, despite his need.

That is, Hitchcock discloses that Marian Crane sees Norman Bates as set off as different from her, and a fit object of pity. What it is about Norman that it is Hitchcock's art to bring out is *not* some affliction that leaves Marian untouched; nor is it *caused* by some such condition that isolates a few in the world. What Hitchcock brings out about *him*, he discloses to be at the heart of *her* manner, too. Hitchcock presents them both as essentially tense in the world. And he calls upon me to acknowledge that this tension is mine too. *To grasp each moment as Hitchcock presents it, I must perceive this tension, and acknowledge that I thrust myself into the world with this tension too*.

Thus Hitchcock's art is not to arouse in the viewer such sentiments as pity for the people in the world of the film. For the filmmaker presents pity as something that occurs *within* the world of the film. To grasp this scene as Hitchcock presents it, I cannot give myself up to pity. I must attain a perspective on pity.

In general, sentimentality functions in films much like theatricality. The filmmaker presents the actor's theatricality--his power to grip someone's attention by a performance--as an integral part of his whole tense manner. But I am not the actor's audience, under the spell of his theatricality. I can view the actor as performing for me only by not acknowledging the filmmaker's art. The filmmaker likewise presents, for example, the actor's _pitiableness_--the way some feature compels unwanted attention, causing people to relate to him only by reference to it--as integral to his life. But _I_ am not called upon to pity him. I am called upon to put pity into perspective. Norman Bates is sometimes viewed as an object of pity, and in that way he is just like me. I can view Bates as a vehicle for the sentiment of pity, only if I look on him as an idealized portrait, and do not acknowledge him as a human being just like _me_. It is the filmmaker's art to present the actors as human beings who crave direct human contact, who are not satisfied being viewed as pathetic or noble but not confronted. If I take refuge in pity for the actor, I am not acknowledging my oneness with him, and not acknowledging the filmmaker's art.

[c] I am called upon to acknowledge that the actor's tension is also mine; and to respond to a perspective whose possibility makes the actor tense.

The filmmaker calls upon me to recognize and acknowledge what each moment is as the actors live it. I must perceive each moment as a manifestation of the tension with which the actors thrust themselves into the world of the film, and be mindful of what that tension is.

Norman Bates' tension reveals what this encounter means to him. Two solitary beings, locked in an encounter whose outcome remains uncertain as it unfolds: this is a situation he has dreamed of. Their exchange is taut with the promise that Marian may be about to break through to him in a way no-one ever has; the promise that all that is left unfulfilled, unresolved and unsatisfied in his ordinary interactions in the world may be about to be realized. But his tension also reveals that at every moment he recognizes that what he longs to have happen in this encounter still has not happened; that what he longs to do he has not yet done; that what he longs for her to say, she has not yet said; that what he longs to be he has not yet become. Even now, when he feels that he may be on the threshold of realizing his dream, he remains tense and guarded with her, and does not plunge himself fully into the encounter. He holds part of himself back from her, and marks how she shrinks from his call. But he does not step back from this scene to attain a detached perspective on it. He does not abandon the hope that this encounter will be the one in which his dream is finally realized.

Thus Bates' tension reveals his commitment to a dream of having acknowledged what it is about himself that he ordinarily keeps private, what it is that he cannot bring himself to present openly to the world. He keeps this dream alive, and struggles to establish a relationship that confirms the reality and importance of his dream. That is the promise that Marian Crane represents.

At each moment, the actor has stamped on his whole tense manner the dream that he strives to make real in the world. The filmmaker calls upon me to see the actor's tension, to see him straining at the limits of what he is at this moment. The filmmaker calls upon me to see the actor as the seed of what he longs to become, but dreads becoming. But to perceive the actor's tension, and recognize what it is, I must acknowledge it as also mine. I cannot fully acknowledge what this moment is as the filmmaker presents it to me, if I do not acknowledge the identity of the actor's tense manner of being in the world and mine. His tension may of course manifest itself in a different manner from mine, but I must grasp it as the same tension with which I am so familiar.

The actor does not know what his tension is, why it arises, or what it makes of him. But every moment, he reveals a commitment to the dream of disclosing his tension to the world, so that he can establish a relationship grounded in an open acknowledgment of it. Every moment calls him into the world of the film to realize that dream. But he also shrinks from presenting his tension to the world. His dream is a source of dread--the dread that the world will turn away from him if he discloses his tension to it.

The filmmaker has a perspective on the actor from which the actor's manner can be seen to be essentially tense. Thus Hitchcock discloses how much the encounter with Marian means to Norman. He discloses Bates' desperate call to her to make contact with him. But Hitchcok also lets us see how Norman does not bring himself to declare to her his need and his desire. He holds back from openly acknowledging his passion. That is how Marian can perceive his call, and withhold herself from him, without any words being spoken, or explicit gestures performed. From Hitchcock's perspective on Bates, the tension of his manner stands out. Bates longs present himself to Marian in a way that openly acknowledges his tension. But he does not do so, because he dreads that she will turn away from him if he discloses that tension to her.

The filmmaker's perspective on the actor is thus intimately related to the actor's dream. What it is that the filmmaker presents as at the heart of the actor's manner, is just what it is that he dreams of presenting openly to the world. In a sense, the filmmaker's perspective represents the possible realization of the actor's dream. Perkins dreams of attaining and acknowledging just that perspective on himself that Hitchcock has on him.

But on the other hand, the actor dreads to acknowledge what it is that the filmmaker sees in him. He is fearful that attaining the filmmaker's perspective would bring him to a final *realization of the futility of trying to realize his dream.* Thus Bates shrinks from acknowledging and disclosing to Marian what it is that it is Hitchcock's art to bring out.

Whether the attainment of the filmmaker's perspective would be the realization of the actor's dream, or would require him finally to abandon it, *the filmmaker's perspective represents for the actor the possible resolution of his tension.*

The actor's awareness of the possibility of attaining the filmmaker's perspective is inseparable from his tension. His tension *is* his longing to attain that perspective, and his shrinking from it. Thus the actor's awareness of the possibility of the filmmaker's perspective gives his encounters their characteristic excitement. But it also keeps him from being satisfied by them. He is consigned to a life of perpetual tension within the world of the film.

The actor may long for release from his tension through annihilation of all memory of his dream, through annihilation of all awareness of the possibility of the filmmaker's perspective. But he denies himself a release from his tension that would mean foresaking his dream. Thus Norman Bates cannot abandon his dream of attaining an acknowledgment of his whole being, by going through a conventional process of seducing Marian. As long as this dream is *his*, he cannot bring himself to betray it by using his tension for purposes of seduction.

Thus the actor's tension expresses his longing to attain, and his shrinking from, the filmmaker's perspective. And it also reveals his desire to annihilate all awareness of the possibility of that perspective--a desire that he resolutely refuses to allow himself to satisfy. As the filmmaker presents the actor to me, he can be seen to strain toward, but shrink from, a perspective on himself whose possibility he never allows himself fully to forget. That is what the tension at the heart of the actor's manner is. That is what it is that the filmmaker calls upon me to acknowledge as also mine. The filmmaker calls upon me to acknowledge that I too am a being who longs for, but shrinks from, a perspective on myself whose reality and importance I am committed to.

Yet in order to grasp this moment as the filmmaker presents it, I must respond to the filmmaker's perspective. The filmmaker calls upon me to acknowledge something about my own unselfconscious thrusting into the world. To do so I must be responsive to just that perspective on myself whose possibility is at the root of the actor's tension.

The filmmaker calls upon me to acknowledge my oneness with the actor. But such an acknowledgment of oneness with another is just what the actor longs to attain, but shrinks from, in the world of the film. Indeed, my sense of oneness with him is grounded in my perception of his longing for such a bond. Thus my response to the film emerges as a paradox. How can I be just like the actor, if I feel a sense of community with him that he has with noone? How can I be just like him, if I am responsive to a perspective whose possibility makes him tense? And how can I respond to the filmmaker's perspective, if I identify with the actor, who strives to realize himself in a world from which the filmmaker has withdrawn to attain his point of view?

The filmmaker calls upon me to acknowledge that I know exactly what it is like to be in the world the way the actors are, straining to attain, but shrinking from, a perspective on myself. But by responding to the filmmaker's point of view and acknowledging my tension in the world, I manifest the perspective on myself that I identify with the actors for not having.

This paradox is at the very heart of the viewer's role. The filmmaker calls upon me to have and yet have not a perspective on myself; to be in the world, but also outside of it; to be like the actors but responsive to the filmmaker, when I perceive at every moment of the film the tension between them.

[d] The filmmaker calls upon me to acknowledge the paradoxical unity of his detached perspective and the actor's tense manner.

How can I identify with the actor's tense manner, and yet respond to the filmmaker's perspective?

As viewer, I am called upon to acknowledge the nature of this moment in the world of the film. To do this, I must "identify" with the actors, and acknowledge my intimate familiarity with this moment. But I do so *as a response to the filmmaker's call to me*. My acknowledgment of this moment as the filmmaker presents it is an act that he calls upon me to perform in the "real world." That is, the film is for me the medium of a relationship with the filmmaker that is itself *outside* of the film's world. By letting each moment resonate with my own experience, by letting myself be moved by it, I respond to the filmmaker, and acknowledge his call.

The filmmaker can only fulfill the *role* of filmmaker by disclosing the tension of the actor. Wherever he turns in the world of the film, tension springs into being. Every moment he presents to me has tension at its heart. The actor's tension in a sense represents the *fulfillment* of the filmmaker's role. It is the mark of the filmmaker on the world of the film, insofar as he has made that role his own. But he assumes this role out of a striving to make contact with *me*. He *is* in the world—the "real" one, not the world of the film. *Thus the tension of thrusting into the world is also his own*.

But if I acknowledge the filmmaker's tension in thrusting into the real world to make contact with me, then the actor's manner appears in a different light too. The actor lets himself *appear* "unselfconscious," lets himself *appear* to thrust into the world of the film to fulfill his destiny. Within the world of the film, the actor's tension expresses a longing for, and a shrinking from, the filmmaker's perspective. But, at another level, it marks the act by which he allows himself to appear as unselfconscious, so as to make possible a relationship between the filmmaker and me. This act manifests a perspective on his tension. He knows his tension, and reconstructs it for the filmmaker, freeing him to establish contact with me.

In other words, it is the actor's role to appear tense, to appear to be longing for, yet shrinking from, a perspective on himself. This role prevents him from disclosing his perspective on himself. This role prevents him from disclosing his perspective on himself; but it takes poise and self-awareness to perform such a role. The actor *has* just that perspective on himself that he allows the filmmaker to present him as longing for, yet shrinking from.

Similarly, it is the filmmaker's role to appear detached from the actor's destiny within the world of the film. But his detached perspective masks the tension with which he thrusts himself into the world to make contact with me. It is the filmmaker's role to capture something about the actor that is also *his*; but because of the nature of his role, he cannot present to me his *own* tension, only the actor's.

The filmmaker presents the actor as striving to realize himself within the world of the film. But insofar as the actor enters that world in order to make possible a relationship between the filmmaker and me that exists outside of that world, he has in a sense already foresaken this dream. He is already aware that he cannot fulfill himself within the world of the film, but he cannot allow that awareness to be seen--for otherwise that relationship would not be possible.

The actor allows the filmmaker to present him as committed to realizing himself within the world of the film. He knows, but cannot show that he knows, that that is not possible. He allows himself to appear unselfconscious in the world of the film in order for a relationship in the real world to be possible. His visible tension in the world of the film reveals his commitment to that relationship.

Thus the actor's apparent commitment to realizing himself through action in the worldof the film is the mark of his real commitment to the relationship that his act makes possible.

Similarly, the filmmaker withdraws from the world of the film to grasp the tension at the heart of the actor's manner. He detaches himself from the world of the film, and assumes a role in which he appears committed to a detached perspective. But in a sense he foresakes this apparent commitment to detachment by thrusting himself tensely into the real world to make contact with me. It is the filmmaker's role to appear detached from the world of the film. But his detached perspective masks the tension with which he confronts me. His detachment from the world of the film is the mark of his real commitment to his relationship with me.

What is it about the actor that is fulfilled by allowing the filmmaker to present him to me as striving to realize himself through action in the world of the film? And what is it that is fulfilled by the filmmaker's act of presenting the actor's tension to me for my acknowledgment?

[e] The filmmaker calls upon me to acknowledge an emotional bond.

The song "Break the News to Mother" was popular during the Spanish-American War. It tells a simple story. A young boy, in the midst of a ferocious naval battle, sees his beloved flag fall into the water. Knowing that it may well cost him his life, he dives into the water to save the flag, and is mortally wounded. The boys on the boat gather around him, and he speaks his last words:

> Just break the news to mother,
> Tell her how much I love her,
> And tell her not to wait for me,
> For I'm not coming home.
>
> Tell her there is no other
> Can take the place of mother,
> And kiss her dear sweet lips for me,
> For I'm not coming home.

There is a way of understanding this song that makes it very moving. It conjures up a precise scene, if one lets it.

In this scene, the singer is one of those terrified boys who gathered around the dying hero on board that boat. Now, much later, he is telling those who will listen the story of that time. I am among those present, as he tells his story.

I imagine that moment on board the boat. The singer paints this portrait of a boy so noble that, at the moment of his approaching death, he can think only of the sorrow it will bring his mother. He never mentions his own feelings as he stands there, watching his friend di. But I cannot understand what it is that compels him to tell this story if I do not remember his presence there by his friend's side.

When the dying boy says to his friends that noone can take the place of his mother, he communicates to them that they should not feel that there is something they should be doing or saying at this moment to comfrot him. Perhaps his mother might have been able to cradle him in her arms at this moment; but she is far away.

The dying boy tells his friends, terrified by this close approach of death, that there is nothing they can do to help. But the singer is haunted by this moment. He wants me to realize that he heard in the dying boy's voice a desperate call for someone to do something that would something that would somehow ease his terror.

He does not want to take refuge in an idealized portrait of the dying boy. To picture his nobility in a way that denies his passion would be to make nonsense of the singer's own doubts. He tries to communicate to me his terrible realization at that moment of the dying boy's passionate longing *for him*, of his shrinking in terror from *his* touch. The dying boy calls desperately to *him* for help. And it haunts him that all he could bring himself to do in response to that call is stand and watch.

In other words, I hear in this story the singer's desperate call for someone to free him from what haunts him--or else to acknowledge what he did by regarding him as hateful for it. But I cannot absolve him--for I realize that the dying boy *does* call out to him, and that he is powerless to answer this call. And I do not regard him as hateful. I simply listen to his story. I respond to *him* just as he responds to the dying boy. What is revealed of *him* at that moment is revealed of *my* by my response to his fierce longing. He touches me, but what he calls for someone to do for him, I cannot do. He cannot answer the dying boy's desperate call, and I cannot satisfy his longing. I cannot redeem him.

Thus if I pierce through to the moving scene at the heart of this song, I am brought to an awareness of my own human limitations.

But of course this moving scene is not "real." The song was written by a songwriter. It depicts a fictional event. And the performer who sings it is not that mythical singer who tells this story out of his striving to free himself from a curse.

This performer moves me by allowing me to hear in his voice an echo of that mythical singer's desperate plea for redemption. He allows me to hear that call. *But it is not his call to me*. He calls upon me not to answer it, but to allow myself to be moved by it, and to realize my inadequacy to answer it. All I need to to acknowledge him is to allow that call to bring me to a renewed awareness of my own aloneness, and my own longing to be acknowledged. The performer calls upon me to let myself be moved by this call that moves him too, and thus to accept an emotional bond between us, and enter into a moving relationship with him.

The filmmaker's relationship with me can be understood in analogous terms.

It is the filmmaker's art to conjure up a precise scene, which underlies the events of the film, and transcends the film's closed world. At this scene, *I* am present, and the filmmaker is present. He is showing all of this to me because there is something about these events that haunts him. These events that he presents to me reveal something about *him*, something that haunts him. He presents them to me out of his longing for someone to free him of this curse.

As we have seen, the filmmaker presents the actor in such a way that his tension stands out. At each moment of the film, the actor can be seen to be calling out for someone to acknowledge him. But this tension is the mark on the film of the filmmaker's role. The filmmaker wants me to understand that he sees the actor as calling out to him to resolve his tension or release him from it. His response to this call haunts him. He longs to be absolved of it, or else to be found hateful for it. But he longs to have his responsibility for the actor's tension acknowledged.

But I do not redeem him. Nor do I find him hateful. I watch and am moved by what I see. I respond to him the way he responds to the actor. What is revealed of him is revealed of me. The images the filmmaker presents to me bring me to an awareness of my own human limitations, my own aloneness and my own longing to be acknowledged. Instead of reaching out to him, I am moved by my oneness with him. I do not answer his desperate call.

But, of course, this scene is not a "real" one either. The film does not document a real occasion at which the filmmaker failed to make contact with the actor. It depicts fictitious events, and the actor freely collaborates with the filmmaker in making this presentation possible. The filmmaker does not present the film to me out of a striving to be freed from a curse. And he does not call upon me to respond to him in a way that I cannot. The actor allows himself to appear unselfconscious in the world of the film, and the filmmaker assumes his detached role, so as to make possible a relationship with me that allows me to acknowledge my human limitations, not feel constrained by them.

It is the filmmaker's art to conjure up this mythical scene in which I am brought to a moving awareness of my human limitations. He must let me see in these images a vision that has at its heart a call that I am inadequate to answer. But this call is not the filmmaker's call to me. To acknowledge him, I need only allow myself to be moved by this call, and to realize my inadequacy to answer it. He has created a film in which this call is echoed; and asks of me only that I allow myself to see in the film a vision of my own aloneness and longing for human contact. I must only allow the film to move me. By my emotion, I acknowledge my oneness with him, and enter into a relationship with him.

[f] I enter into this relationship with the filmmaker alone, as a responsible individual, and seek no profit from it.

It is the whole end of the filmmaker's art that I allow myself to be moved by the film. Without my emotional bond, the filmmaker is unfulfilled, his act incomplete.

Watching a film, all I am called upon to do is simply take in what I see. I do not have to worry about how I appear to the filmmaker as I watch the film. I am not in his presence. I can respond unselfconsciously, with no fear that I will reveal something about myself that will make him turn away from me. What it is about myself that I keep from others' eyes, and cannot even bring myself to acknowledge, can freely reveal itself as I watch. In order to grasp each moment of the film as the filmmaker presents it, I must acknowledge my tension in the world, and its source--my aloneness and my longing for direct human contact in which I am acknowledged. That is the ground of my emotional bond with the filmmaker.

The filmmaker's art is to present to me, in images that capture the actor's tension, what it is about myself that I long to have acknowledged. He presents the actor to me as a person in whom I can recognize my aloneness and longing for human contact. What he discloses in the actor is not diffeent from his tension as he reaches out to make contact with me. It is important to him that I identify with the actor for his tension. By doing so, I acknowledge my oneness with him. He assumes the filmmaker's role so that I might acknowledge our community.

My community with the filmmaker is grounded in what it is about myself that occupies my most private moments; what makes me feel isolated in the world, and different from other people; what makes me think at times that the world is turning away from me, and that I am withdrawing from the world. He presents to me images that conjure up a vision that has at its heart a call that I am powerless to answer. We share in silence our awe in the face of the terror and majesty of that call.

The filmmaker does not promise me any profit from this relationship with him. He cannot satisfy me or release me from the longing that draws me to him. He can only bring me to a renewed awareness of it. If I try to use the film to further my own ends, without responding to the filmmaker's perspective on those ends, then I am refusing the conditions of this relationship. For example, if I use the film to improve my standing in the world; or if I use the film to justify my further withdrawal from the world, I will not be acknowledging him.

The filmmaker discloses to me as directly as he can the conditons of this relationship with him. It is essential to the filmmaker's art that he communicate to me, as directly as he can the nature of the commitment he is calling upon me to make. I must commit myself as a responsible individual to grasping each moment of the film as he presents it; to the reality and importance of what draws me to him, and what attracts him to me. If I withhold this commitment, his art will not satisfy me, and his act will be unfulfilled.

To acknowledge the filmmaker is to stand behind something about myself. The filmmaker cannot _make_ me acknowledge him. But if I _do_ acknowledge him, then any _other_ way of responding to the film, any way of seeking profit from the film, appears as a denial of _oneself_. To be committed to this relationship with the filmmaker is to attain a perspective on the ways of _not_ acknowledging him.

In this respect, movies are akin to jazz. The jazz performer cannot _make_ a listener acknowledge the music's call. Jazz would not be jazz, would not be the form of communication it is, if there were not the possibility of "straight" listeners who remain unresponsive to it. To be responsive to jazz is to feel a bond with those who perform it, and those who are moved by it. It is to stand behind the principle that one can fail to respond to jazz only by denying something about oneself. What is it that one can resist the call of this music only by denying? This rhythm, this melody, this compelling movement captures perfectly what it is about myself that binds me to those who are moved by musical moments such as this. I have no better way of grasping who I am and what I am committed to standing behind, than by allowing myself to be moved by this music.

The filmmaker calls upon me to acknowledge his art by grasping each moment as he presents it. To do so, I must accept an emotional bond between us, and commit myself to a relationship grounded in my own aloneness and longing to be acknowledged.

nowledged.

It can then be said that there are two fundamental ways of responding to the film without acknowledging the film-maker. These are:

> (i) using the film to deny the reality and importance of my aloneness. That is, using the film to further my strategies for denying that there is anything important about me that is not acknowledged in my ordinary interactions in the world. I might, for example, use the film to try to improve my standing in the eyes of the world.
>
> (ii) using the film to deny my longing to be acknowledged in the world. That is, to use the film to help me to deny that my "public self" has any real bearing on my identity. I can use the film to deny my dream of realizing myself through action in the world, and to deny my longing to be accepted in the world for what I am. I can use the film to deepen my inwardness, furthering my isolation in the world.

There are two main ways of using movies to further my strategies for denying my own aloneness.

I can use the film to help me to prepare for my encounters in the real world, seeking in the world o fthe film something tha tmight help me to further my position.

Thus it is common practice to use films to obtain useful information. Among the reasons for the early popularity of movies among immigrants and the uneducated, is that they used films to help them to learn about this strange and complex society. How does one greet acquaintances in the street? How does one behave in a restaurant? How does one accost a girl who attracts one's eye? Popular etiquette books once propagated useful information covering such matters. Those who conceive themselves in specific ways or in general to be outside of established society, often have used movies shrewdly in an effort to find things out about that society that might help them to live successfully in it. Perhaps sex has been the main subject about which people have turned to movies for information. Who knows how many young moviegoers have spent hour after hour at the movies, in the hope of gleaning from an endless succession of screen clinches the key to the right way to kiss?

Approaching a movie in this way with the aim of obtaining information from it presupposes that one view the actor as more at ease in the world than oneself. One views him as possessing a familiarity with the world and knowledge that one lacks oneself; and one studies him in order to improve one's own standing in the eyes of the world. But viewing the actor in this way ignores or denies what it is that it is the filmmaker's art to disclose about him. The filmmaker presents the actor as isolated in the world just as I am; as fundamentally unfulfilled and tense. To try to emulate him is to fail to acknowledge his tension, to fail to acknowledge him at each moment as the filmmaker presents him. I can use him to learn something that helps me in my interactions with others only by not confronting his aloneness. By doing so I fail to acknowledge the filmmaker's art; and I fail to acknowledge my _own_ aloneness.

Viewers can try to obtain not just information, but a style or "line" from a movie star. The cult of Humphrey Bogart sprang from this approach to films. For many viewers, Bogart represents a technique for denying the limits of one's own reticence and shyness, and of making one's desires known and one's presence felt. They admire his _coolness_, and seek to imitate it.

For example, Howard Hawks' film _To Have and Have Not_ contains many famous "cool" exchanges between Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. Hawks brings out the way Bogart and Bacall enjoy these exchanges. They are impressed by each other's coolness, and they excite each other. But Hawks also discloses that their coolness is tense and defensive. It leaves them unsatisfied, and marks their isolation. They are seriously striving to establish a contact with each other which will transcend the limits of coolness. As Hawks presents these exchanges, Bogart can be seen to be cool, not because he does not value direct human contact, but because he values it so highly that he will settle for nothing less.

To respond to Bogart by cheering him on for his coolness, and by trying to imitate his coolness is to further one's own ends, and to fail to acknowledge what Bogart himself understands and seriously strives to communicate to those around him. It is to fail to acknowledge what it is about Bogart that Hawks discloses, because one is too defensive to be able to watch and simply take in what one sees. A viewer who is unable or unwilling to acknowledge what Bogart stands behind, is unwilling or unable to acknowledge something about himself. This moment makes him defensive, because he is afraid to allow himself to be moved by it. His fearful response to the film does not offer testimony against the power and directness of Hawks' art. To someone who does acknowledge Hawks' perspective, this viewer's defensiveness *confirms* the power of the film, helping him to realize the depth of his own commitment to it. Hawks took him into his confidence, and he entered into this relationship alone, as a responsible individual. Although the others in the theater may not acknowledge that Bogart's coolness manifests his aloneness, *he does*. Bogart refuses to betray himself in the hope of gaining a secure position in the world of the film. And *he* refuses to betray his commitment, standing by Hawks although it sets him apart from the other viewers in the theater.

There is another basic way of denying the reality and importance of one's aloneness through watching a film. Not by going through the solitary activity of watching a film in order to prepare oneself for what one conceives to be the main business of life. But by, as it were, carrying on that very business even as one watches. That is, by refusing to accept one's separateness even while watching, remaining in continuous interaction with others in the theater while the movie is going on.

Many people today like to treat movies as manifestations of "camp." Instead of engaging their imaginations within the world of the film, such viewers try not to take the events of the film seriously, and exercise different techniques for not allowing themselves to be moved by them. They seek out those aspects of the world of the film that they can view as making that world seem a naive reflection of the real one. And they look on the actors as beings too naive to be identified with.

The "camp" viewer goes through the motions of watching the film and entering into relationship with the filmmaker. But he does not abide by the conditions of this relationship. For he remains at every moment in communication, not with the filmmaker, but with the other members of the audience who pride themselves on their aloofness. He laughs at the filmmaker behind his back in order to demonstrate his cleverness to others in the theater. He enters into competition with them to be the one to point first to the particular mode of absurdity of a moment, instead of letting that moment resonate silently in his own personal experience.

If I respond to a serious film by accepting the conditions of the relationship with the filmmaker, then I will recognize in the "camp" viewer his fear of confronting directly what the filmmaker discloses. Nothing could be more futile than his attempt to deny his aloneness by laughing at the filmmaker's perspective. For I can *hear* in his laughter the desperation of his effort to hide the very tension that he is too timid and fearful to acknowledge; I can *hear* how desperately he tries to hide his community with the filmmaker.

Akin to this practice of responding to movies as "camp," is the attempt to be the person in the theater who takes the film *most*, rather than least, seriously. Such a viewer too is afraid to watch the film alone, and feels compelled to remain in constant communication with the other viewers. He does not try to take possession of absurd moments with a laugh, but he does try to claim profound moments with an awe-struck pose. Such a viewer is too concerned with his appearance to acknowledge his aloneness. He is like the person at a symphony concert who does not simply listen to the music and be movied by it, but who feels that he has to *demonstrate* how attuned he is to the music's pulse, and visibly goes through the motions of conducting the orchestra himself. He is too busy denying his aloneness to enjoy the music.

Analogously, there are two main ways of using movies to further one's strategies for denying one's longing to be acknowledged in the world.

One can approach a movie with the aim of finding, within its world, figures who can be used to refresh and animate one's own private fantasy world.

Thus many people watch movies in order to weave erotic fantasies around the stars.

The nature of the art of film makes this possible. The filmmaker captures the star's visible tension in the world of the film. In *To Have and Have Not* and *The Big Sleep*, for example, Howard Hawks captures Lauren Bacall's tension *exquisitely*, in image after image that discloses her passion and desire. *The viewer can imagine that she is tense with longing for him*. She allows herself to appear to him without hiding her passion. She responds to his sexuality, and is taut with excitement because she longs to have him. He can mark her charged looks well, and use them to carve a place for her in his private fantasies. He strips charged images from the film, and uses them later to excite himself, with the techniques of fantasy he developed in isolation. Later, in solitude, he enters in fantasy a private world; and there she presents herself to him.

The viewer may be so naive, that he takes Bacall's visible tension to provide a real demonstration of her susceptibility to his sexual presence. He makes a place for her in his fantasies; and he naively uses this fantastic vision of her to help him to picture women in the real world too as waiting for his touch to bring their passion to life. The excitement of these fantasies quickens his interest in his encounters with others. He envisions his fantasies as pointing him toward satisfaction in the real world. But, in his naivete, he remains oblivious to how much this view of the "real world" is made from the stuff of fantasy.

That is, a viewer can use movies to animate fantasies that he naively believes are about to be realized in the real world. His conception of sexuality may be so naive that it is innocent of any realization of the need to satisfy a sexual partner. He uses movies to aid him in his pursuit of what are, without his realizing it, purely private and solitary ends. He does not realize how alone he is. His fantasies express a longing for a contact that only another human being's acknowledgment can provide. But they also cut off the possibility of that direct human contact that alone can fulfill that longing they reawaken.

Of course, some viewers who use movies to obtain charged images are not so naive that they are unaware of the boundary between fantasy and "reality." There are those who have abandoned hope of fulfilling themselves in the world, and who seek refuge in fantasy. They need a fresh supply of images with which to excite themselves and keep their fantasies alive, so they retain their position in the world, and go to movies. But they withdraw a part of themselves from all of their encounters with others, and hide from the world all signs of those fantasies that for them take precedence over their lives. They use the "public world" to sustain that part of themselves that they keep from public view, and use movies to aid them in this solitary activity. They know in their hearts that this practice cuts them off from satisfaction in the world.

The filmmaker's art is to present to the viewer images that capture the actor's tension in the world of the film. This tension is what makes it possible for a viewer to take possession of the stars in fantasy. But it is also what makes using them as figures in private fantasy an inadequate response to them. I cannot acknowledge what it is that Howard Hawks discloses about Lauren Bacall, if I view her as simply desiring my touch. She is a human being just like me, and she wants to be acknowledged. She knows what it is to be used as a figure in a private fantasy; and she does not find herself fulfilled by that role. Howard Hawks calls upon me to put into perspective ny desire to make a place for Lauren Bacall in my private fantasies. To do so, I must acknowledge my own longing for human contact, and recognize my longing in her. I can take her tension to be a response to me only by denying the filmmaker's role. Lauren Bacall's tension does not come free for my own private use. It discloses Howard Hawks' passionate call to me to acknowledge my oneness with her, and thus to acknowledge him, and myself.

To the naive viewer, "acknowledging the filmmaker" requires that he attain self-awareness. He needs to attain a perspective on his own activity of using human beings to further his own private fantasies. He needs to call into question his practice of using his "public self" to further his own solitary ends. He must come to perceive and recognize this practice as a manifestation of his aloneness, and his longing for something that he cannot get out of fantasy.

To the viewer who has consciously abandoned the real world for his fantasies, the filmmaker makes a further demand. Such a viewer cannot acknowledge the filmmaker unless he commits himself to use the film in a struggle to free himself from this activity that drains his life. Such a viewer knows in his heart what the filmmaker's art discloses. The filmmaker calls upon him to abandon his strategies for keeping himself from a full awareness of what his act of abandoning the world means. The filmmaker calls upon him to let himself be moved again.

Rather than using the film to refresh and animate his fantasy life, the viewer can use the film to excite him right now as he watches. The film does not prepare him for his fantasies, or help him to use real encounters to sustain his fantasies. The film exhausts its function for him as he wathces, and climaxes his fantasies.

Such a viewer would not seek out images of Lauren Bacall that mark her as a woman he can imagine he could have if he entered the world of the film. He utilizes techniques, developed in solitude, for imagining that right now she is tantalizing him, acting to excite him.

But these techniques for imagining that the star's passion is directed at *me* are, again, at the same time techniques for avoiding an acknowledgment of the filmmaker's role. To exploit the star's tension for masturbatory purposes, one must pretend that there is no filmmaker. He calls upon me to acknowledge him; but I pretend I have not heard his call. For a viewer to respond to the filmmaker by pretending that the star is seducing him, is exactly analogous to making love with one person, while fantasizing that one is in another's arms. The filmmaker calls upon the viewer to put his impulse to deny him into perspective; to acknowledge that impulse, not give way to it.

Note on Essay II.

1. Edward Wagenknecht, The Movies in the Age of Innocence (New York: Ballantine Books, 1962), Appendix ("Lillian Gish: an Interpretation"), pages 240-41.

III. A Descriptive Analysis of the Film *Notorious*

1. This essay is devoted primarily to a detailed description and analysis of Alfred Hitchcock's film Notorious.[1/]

This account attempts at the same time to reveal the moment-to-moment texture of significance characteristic of a Hitchcock film; and also to point out some specific structural features which help give the film its overall complexity and unity. It attempts to explain what a characteristic moment of a Hitchcock film is like; and, also, what the form of unity is of a Hitchcock film as a whole.

Out of such an account might emerge a clearer picture of the intimate relations binding Hitchcock's "thematic" concerns (which critics such as Robin Wood, within limits, have documented) with Hitchcock's specific cinematic style (which, by and large, has been subjected, in the critical literature, only to over-simple generalizations).[2/]

This essay is intended as at least the beginning of a serious piece of film criticism. The description it contains may be "detailed," but it is far from complete. It leaves out many important elements of the film--paying little attention to the use of music and "natural" sounds on the soundtrack, for example. A "complete" description of the kind represented by the body of this essay would be book-length. Even such a description would not fulfill the task of articulating the nature of Notorious as an artistic statement. Such a task would involve explaining the place of Notorious within Hitchcock's oeuvre.

Notorious is, at one level, designed to put certain earlier films--such as Suspicion and Spellbound, to pick only two films starring Grant and Bergman--in perspective. And Hitchcock's later films (for example, the later Man Who Knew Too Much, Psycho and Marnie; but also To Catch a Thief, Vertigo and North By Northwest) relate themselves significantly to Notorious.[3] Such a task would also involve making explicit the analogy implicit in our description: the idea that Notorious is Hitchcock's call to the viewer to enter into a relationship with him whose nature stands in logical relation to the Grant/Bergman relationship within the film, and in logical relation to the form of life of the Claude Rains figure.

This essay is intended to be exemplary in terms of its precision and concreteness of detailed description. This description reveals some aspects of texture and structure which *any* serious criticism of this film (by extension, any Hitchcock film; by further extension, any work of "narrative" filmmaking; by furthest extension, any work of art) must acknowledge. But it is not necessarily intended to establish definitively the particular *interpretation* of the action and events which it suggests. Some particular attributions of motivation or intention to the characters within the film may well be contentious. But the example of this essay is intended to be suggestive in its implications as to what a critical statement about a film must

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encompass.

Why was Notorious selected for this exercise? To be sure, innumerable other works might have been suitable for the purposes of this essay. Several considerations might be cited.

[a] The nature of the art of narrative filmmaking has not yet received anything approaching a definitive statement. Stanley Cavell's book The World Viewed explicitly concerns itself with the nature of the phenomenon of viewing a film preceding a full realization of the film as an artist's creation.[4]

[b] Hitchcock is a master of this art. The unresolved contradictions within the literature motivated by his work is emblematic of the state of criticism of that art.

[c] Notorious is a fully characteristic Hitchcock film--maturely responsive to a body of earlier work, and consistently acknowledged by his later work. It is fully realized, yet not so complex as his films made in the ensuing decades.

[d] Notorious is one of the culminating works of an important period of Hitchcock's filmmaking which is, today, perhaps most seriously neglected (the 'forties, in which Hitchcock first developed strategies for unitying the irony of the fast-moving films of the 'thirties with the emotional gravity so manifest in his earliest characteristic work: strategies of fusing his style of montage with long takes and elegant, eco-

nomical camera movement).

[d] Notorious is an extremely interesting, and highly rewarding, film in its own right.

2. Notorious is a complex but highly unified film, at one level a narrative structure, and at another level a cinematic structure.

It has two main narrative centers.

There is, on the one hand, the developing relationship between the Cary Grant figure (Devlin) and the Ingrid Bergman figure (Alicia). From the first, this relationship takes the form of a certain argument, an argument which takes as its subject the nature of their relationship.

On the other hand, the film revolves around the Claude Rains figure (Sebastian), articulating his form of life, and tracing the process through which he comes to perform the gesture which concludes the film.

The film's narrative unfolds sequentially. There are no flashbacks or flash-forwards. Yet the development of the film cannot be regarded simply as linear. For one thing, certain significant events are referred to by the characters but not shown. For another, each moment stands in significant relation to virtually every other moment in the film. Each moment is haunted by ghosts of moments which came before it, and lingers on as a form of presence in the moments which follow.

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We might enunciate a principle of the film's thoroughgoing interconnectivity. Each moment, though placed in a definite temporal succession, is also integral to an all-encompassing network of connections or linkages or signals; a network which, at one level, constitutes the fabric of the film as a whole. The nature of each moment is inseparable from its position in the sequential narrative, and from its relation to the systematic structure of linkages of the film as a whole.

These linkages are, on the one hand, "narrative": they establish significant relations among the various characters; among the situations in which these characters find themselves; among the utterances and actions which are their responses to these situations; among the various inter-relationships of the characters; and so on.

Certain key devices are particularly important in ~~underly~~ unifying the film's narrative. For example, the act of defying parental, or quasi-parental, authority is performed by each of the central characters. The act of drinking or accepting a drink from someone recurs significantly. Certain key gestures (particularly certain movements of the gaze) recur; and the recurring re-appearance of certain key objects (such as the scarf; the wine bottle; the coffee cup; the key) helps unify the narrative.

But it is important to note that many of these narrative linkages are established cinematically.

Certain compositional schemes within the frame link one moment of the film to another. Certain ways in which a character enters or exits from the frame establish links. Certain setups recur significantly, with variations that are themselves significant. Other links are established by speed or rhythm of cutting; the emergence of a deep-focus shot; the introduction of "subjective" point-of-view shots; the movement, or cease in movement, of the camera.

What is the relation between the film's "narrative links" and "narrative structure," and its "cinematic links" and "cinematic structure"?

On the one hand, the film's cinematic structure serves to articulate and establish significant narrative linkages and relationships. For example, the precise nature of the Grant/Bergman relationship, and the significant stages in its development, are revealed to us largely through the linked cinematic forms and events through which Hitchcock presents them (as we shall see in the body of this essay).

But it is not that the cinematic structure of the film is subordinate to the narrative structure. The narrative structure equally reveals and confirms the significance of the cinematic structure. (The film's cinematic structure helps make it possible for us to comprehend precisely the film's narrative. But our grasp of that narrative in turn helps make the film's cinematic structure perspicuous to us. Narrative links disclose cinematic forms and significant events.)

In a sense, we can even think of a cinematic event (such as the initiation of a camera movement, or the cut to a new shot) as motivating or signaling a response by the beings visible within the frame. The beings captured thrusting themselves unselfconsciously into the world of the film stand in intimate relationship to the "camera" (that is, to the film's cinematic form and structure). This intimacy (which Hitchcock conceives, not in causal terms, but in terms of *significance*) defines an aspect Hitchcock's practice of filmmaking and his vision of the film's frame.

There are two basic conceptions of the film frame to which Hitchcock stands opposed.

First, there is the idea that the frame is analogous to the theater stage. In the theater, the traditional stage is the space in which (with certain exceptions) all significant action *necessarily* takes place. The actions of the dramatic characters are determined by the fixed frame of the stage; for what is "off-stage" has only a highly abstract form of existence.

Second, there is the idea, championed by Renoir among others, that the film frame is able to accommodate itself to the spontaneous movements of the beings within the world of the film. The camera follows the characters' actions. The frame is then a mask, marking arbitrary borders within a world in which those borders have no substance.

With Hitchcock, we feel that each movement of the camera, each cut to a new shot, each setup and composition, and so on, is a response to the free actions of the beings within the world of the film. But we also feel that the economy and elegance of the resulting cinematic forms is no accident. The beings within the film are _free_; and yet it is no accident that they act in a manner which perfectly accommodates the camera's own natural movements and, as it were, appetites. It is as if these beings have made private arrangements with the camera; arrangements consonant with their freedom.

What occurs within the Hitchcock frame has essential links with what is not within the frame at that moment (and with what has never been, will not be, and perhaps cannot be placed within this frame). Yet Hitchcock's frame is also essentially linked with what it frames. The intimate interactions of the beings within the film--which at one level motivate the cinematic forms and events of the film--establish at the same time an intimate relationship between those beings and the camera which is inseparable from their forms of being within their world.

What that relationship _is_ remains one of the film's central mysteries. The nature of the film's frame is one of the film's central subjects. But what that subject is cannot be defined separately from the film itself.

3. A brief summary of the plot of Notorious will be helpful in approaching the analysis of the film. The following is the plot outline supplied for the Truffaut Hitchcock book:[5]

> In America, at the end of the war, a Nazi agent is sentenced to jail. His daughter, Alicia (Ingrid Bergman) who was never involved in his activities, leads a fast life. One day, a government agent named Devlin (Cary Grant) approaches her with a request that she undertake a secret mission. She accepts and they go to Rio together. They fall in love, but Devlin is wary of the former playgirl and maintains a certain distance between them. Alicia's assignment is to establish contact with Sebastian (Claude Rains), a former friend of her father's, who harbors in his home a group of prominent Nazi refugees in Brazil. Alicia succeeds in establishing contact and becomes a regular visitor to Sebastian's home. He falls in love with her and proposes marriage. She hopes Devlin will object, but when he fails to do so, she accepts the offer.
>
> Despite the hostility of her rather terrifying mother-in-law, Alicia is now the new mistress of the Nazi household, with instructions from her employers to get hold of the keys to the cellar which Sebastian always carries with him. During a large reception Alicia and Devlin explore the cellar and discover uranium concealed in fake wine bottles.
>
> The next morning Sebastian, aware that his bride is an American agent, begins to administer poison to Alicia, with the help of his mother. The aim is to conceal his blunder from their Nazi entourage by arranging for what will appear to be a death from natural causes.
>
> Eventually, Devlin, alarmed at the lack of news

> from Alicia, forces his way into Sebastian's household and finds Alicia critically ill.
>
> After telling her of his love, he lifts her out of bed and carries her downstairs through the foyer, into his car, with Sebastian looking on helpflessly, unable to raise the alarm. As the car drives off, Sebastian fearfully turns back to face the circle of his compatriots, which closes ominously about him.

Our account will expose some basic errors (and subtler inadequacies) in this summary. (For example, to say simply that Sebastian, at the end of the film, look on "helplessly, unable to raise the alarm," ignores the significance of Sebastian's gesture, his act, not of "not raising the alarm," but of not speaking to assures his colleagues that he has the situation under control. His silence is an act of defiance of his mother, and an act of sacrifice for the woman he loves. Nor does the "circle of his compatriots" close "ominously about him." He enters his home, and the great wooden door closes with finality behind him.) In fact, there is almost no single line in this summary which stands up to close scrutiny. Nonetheless, it can serve as a rough outline of the narrative sequence.

4. Description and Analysis of Notorious

Scene 1. The opening expository sequence of the film begins to establish the basic situation. Key to this sequence is a

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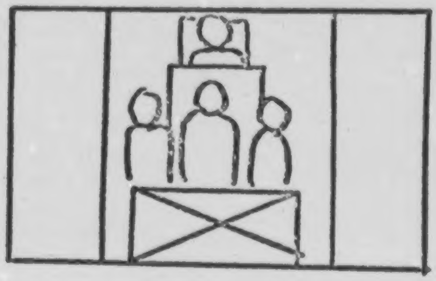
shot representing what will be called "Setup 1" in this essay. Bergman's convicted father stands before the judge as his sentence is pronounced. The striking composition is, roughly:



Bergman leaves the courtroom with the jurors. She is harassed by press photographers.

Scene 2. A party in Alicia's house. Through the first part of this sequence, Grant is only a dark, silent silhouette, back to the camera, in the foreground of the frame. [Emblematic of his silence and passivity in their relationship.]

Bergman regards him as a party crasher (a type she says she likes), rather than a cop (a type she loathes). She calls him "handsome," and says she likes him. She is clearly responsive to his impassivity and silence.

She finally asks her guests to go.

Transition from the first to the second part of this sequence is effected by an elegant, twisting camera movement. The shift is from a composition dominated by the dark profile of Grant to a two-shot of Grant and Bergman with a drink between them (the drink, enlarged by foreshortening, dominates the frame--metaphorically indicating that the drink--and all it comes to represent in the film--comes between them).

Bergman suggests that they go for a picnic. This remarks motivates a cut to a full-face shot of Grant, whose eyes dart strangely to the left and then to the right. [This strange look makes Grant appear to be dissociating himself from his connection with Bergman, as if he were indicating to someone watching that he is keeping himself at a distance from her. The look is deeply ambiguous, suggesting a feeling of superiority, but also fear of what may be about to happen, repulsion but also attraction.]

Grant asks, "Outside?"

Bergman replies, "Yes, it's too stuffy in here for a picnic."

[Is there any connection between her remark and that look which briefly flashes across Grant's face? Does the "stuffiness" refer to more than the closeness of the air in the room? Is her remark also a response to the implication of superiority implicit in his look?

Bergman's remark appears to pick up on Grant's look, furthering the shift of mood it initiated. That look, in other words, has the effect of a signal. It motivates Bergman's response, which is itself a signal to Grant--and to the camera--that she is attentive to Grant's intimate gesture to the camera.]

Bergman says, "You're quite a boy." [A double-edged remark. After all, she does not say, "You're quite a man."]

She arises and walks around the room, with the camera following her. Then Grant enters the frame, following her lead. She asks him whether he wants to go "for a ride" (a phrase that, in the English language--or the American--has several levels of meaning).

Bergman turns, and Grant glances her quickly up and down. [A gesture akin to the left-right shift of his gaze a few moments before. She responds in a similar way.] She announces that she will do the driving.

Grant's act of tying his scarf around her bare waist and tucking it in appears to be another gesture of dissociating himself from her. It carries, in addition, the implication that he is treating her like a child. [It also introduces an object whose subsequent reappearance links this moment with later moments in the film.]

Third part of the sequence. Bergman is driving. She is very drunk.

"Scared?" she asks. "No." "Oh, you're not scared of anything." "Not too much."

Cut to insert of Grant's hand, hesitating between steering wheel and gear shift.

[Grant is so frightened he wants to take control of the wheel. But he also too frightened to do so. The inserted shot captures a moment of hesitation--a hesitation which is also a sexual hesitation. Hitchcock characterizes this moment of hesitation with an image that contains an abstraction akin to a joke. The wheel and the gear-shift lever function, schematically, as, respectively, feminine and masculine symbols (after all, this film was made immediately after the Freudian Spellbound[6/], which abounds in such schematism). Grant's hand, hovering uncertainly between the two, suggests his uncertainty as to who is wearing the pants in their relationship.

Of course, this explication sounds impossibly far-fetched. But Hitchcock's films (particularly in this period) do feature images which function at this highly abstract level of significance. (Strangers on a Train[7/] carries this method of signification to an extreme, and brings this period of Hitchcock's filmmaking to a close. The central relationships in that film, established in part by more conventional narrative and cinematic means, are also indicated or labeled throughout by such jokingly schematic devices.)]

Grant's uncertainty leads him to strike a pose of superiority to her. He grins.

"I don't like gentlemen who grin at me."

Repeat of the hand insert, suggesting Bergman's power over Grant at this point.

Then the motorcycle policeman arrives on the scene. ("People like you ought to be in bed," Bergman says to him.) Grant passes his wallet to him, revealing himself to be--at least, someone whom the policeman feels he must salute. ("Sorry, but you didn't speak up," the policeman says, re-establishing the theme of Grant's silence. Then: "Sure you can handle it?"--suggestive of Grant's childishness.)

Suddenly, Bergman--dazed with drunkenness--realizes that Grant is not what he had appeared. She reaches out to touch him--as if to determine his corporeality.

"What's your name?" she asks.

"Devlin."

[Quite an extraordinary moment. The pun on "devil" is evident here--a suggestion which is not frivolous. Notorious has an undercurrent of relatedness to Christian myths and conceptions. We will see this emerge when an image of the Cross appears in the scene in which Bergman is told of her father's death. And the link between Rains ("Sebastian") and Saint Sebastian (who was shot through with arrows when it was revealed that he was really a Christian) is integral to the film. The suggestion even momentarily arises in the course of the film that Prescott is Devlin's "familiar." But we will not explore these suggestions at all fully in this essay.]

Bergman cries, "Why, you double-crossing buzzard, you're a cop!" [She figures it out. He does not tell her.] She hits his hand, and they struggle. "You're trailing me to get something on me!"

Grant finally slugs her, knocking her out.

[Hitchcock films this struggle as if it were a conventional Hollywood "clinch." The knockout punch is discretely veiled.]

Grant looks at Bergman, looks at the camera, and starts the car. [The thematic movement of the gaze, again.]

Fade out. [The events between this fade out and the subsequent fade in, which is the next morning, are of great significance in terms of our understanding of Grant's attraction to Bergman. It is important that these events are not simply shown.]

Scene 3. Fade in on Bergman lying in a very rumpled bed.

[A type of cluttered image that recurs in many of Hitchcock's films. It is particularly important in Psycho[8/]. Such "Victorian" shots are linked, characteristically, with the suffocating intimacy of the mother/son relationship as Hitchcock presents it. A shot of this type reappears in Notorious when Rains discovers Bergman's betrayal, and turns to his mother for help.

The cluttered frame in this shot has the effect of flattening the image into a dominant graphic pattern. Hitchcock uses at least two other types of graphic patterns in significant ways in Notorious. One is the pattern dominated by vertical, parallel straight lines--the pattern which is explicitly thematic in Spellbound (Gregory Peck loses control of himself when his eye is struck by such a pattern). When this pattern dominates, or even marks, the frame, it is Hitchcock's indication that a character's state of obsessive tension is in danger of getting out of control. It is a signal of dangerous tension. In Notorious, the scenes in Prescott's office are marked, and at moments dominated, by this pattern. And the lines of the railing behind which Rains and his mother sit in the important race track sequence mark the screen with this pattern.

The other graphic pattern which reappears significantly in Notorious is the long, graceful curve of the Corniche (as seen from their Rio apartment's balcony); Rains' staircase; and even Bergman's hat (which patterns the screen at an important moment at the race track). This curve seems to be less an indication of a particular type of moment than a simple but evocative linking device.]

Dissolve to large shot of drink, with Bergman's face, visibly hung over, behind it.

Grant's off-screen voice says: "You'd better drink that." He then orders her to finish it.

[The preceding sequence began with Bergman acting toward Grant as if she were his mother. Here, Grant acts toward Bergman as if he were her father. In both scenes, the image of the drink is dominant.]

Soon Grant explains what his "angle" is. He has a job for her. A job through which, he suggests, she can make up for her father's "peculiarities."

She denies that she might be motivated by patriotism. He says, "Relax, hard-boiled, and listen." Then he plays her a recording of a conversation she once had with her father in which she proclaimed her patriotism and her rejection of his ideas. [Could Grant have first fallen in love with the voice in this recording?]

[Throughout this conversation, Grant continually implies that he and his colleagues know Bergman's type, and have passed judgment on that type. This "judgment" leads Hitchcock to present a moment of this conversation with a shot compositionally similar to Setup 1, again linking Grant with Bergman's father.

Grant's implication that he knows Bergman's type--and thus that his perspective encompasses hers--is suggested by the disparaging "hard-boiled." His point is not that she is hard-boiled, but that her "hard-boiled" act does not fool him. Grant asserts his superiority. Her act does not fool him, but his act fooled her the night before. (Even when she found out that he was a "cop," she "pegged" him wrong--supposing that he was out to frame her.)]

Her reaction to the record is simply: "Well, that doesn't prove much." She adds, "I didn't turn him in."

Grant re-asserts his claim of an encompassing perspective. "We didn't expect you to."

Then when she attempts to argue that he is just interested in "good times," and that she just wants "people of my own kind, who treat me right and understand me," an elderly "playboy" enters, reminds her of their yachting plans, then leaves.

[Bergman realizes that Grant perceives that the degrading role she plays with this "playboy" gives the lie to her suggestion that she was happy. The appearance of this man at this moment takes away the force of her argument. A moment like this occurs during the race track sequence--but with far graver significance.]

Bergman agrees to the job.

Grant leaves. (The camera lingers on Bergman as Grant leaves the frame.) The scarf that she is still wearing catches her eye as the sequence ends.

[The scarf has a role akin to that of the lighter in Strangers on a Train. It is an ambiguous sign of sexual commitment.]

Scene 4. Inside an airliner. Bergman is sitting alone. (The shot is composed in such a way as to make it seem an imbalance that she is sitting next to an empty seat.) Grant is sitting farther back, next to his supervisor, Captain Prescott (Louis Calhern), rather than next to Bergman.

"Very nice looking man," she says (astonishingly) of Prescott.

"You'll be seeing him in Rio."

"I won't be seeing any men in Rio...."

[Bergman's defensiveness is all too apparent in this exchange. In her defensiveness, she leaps to conclusions about Grant's intentions rather than hearing him out. And she reveals her immediate perception of Prescott as, first and foremost, a man (thus a potential rival to Grant); a perception which itself reflects her defensiveness in Grant's company.]

Grant breaks the news to her that her father killed himself in his cell. [One of the significant events essentially related to the film's narrative which is reported, rather than shown.] He says, "Sorry," but the camera once again captures that strange, darting movement of his eyes.

Again, this appears to signal what she then says. "When he told me a few years ago, everything went to pieces. Now I remember how nice he once was.... How nice we both were."

Hitchcock cuts to Grant, revealing a look of scepticism, which gives a strange cast to her remark that now she doesn't "have to hate him any more," nor hate herself any more. Grant simply says, "We're coming in to Rio," and that serves as a deflation of her sentiment. The suggestion is that Rio--and what may await them in Rio--casts doubt on her claim that her time for self-hatred has already passed.

At this moment, the plane passes the great Cross that domimates Rio harbor. [The Cross puts her idea that her father's death frees her from the curse of self-hatred in a light of complex irony. This juxtaposition of the report of her father's suicide and the image of the Cross points forward to Rain's gesture at the end of the film.]

Scene 5. Grant and Bergman, sitting on a sidewalk cafe in Rio.

"Find out where I'm going to work, and when," she orders.

"Yes ma'am."

[The note of authority in her voice provokes his sarcasm. It signals him to press his attack.]

She says that she does not want another drink, but he orders one for her anyway. "What a rat," she says (Bergman continually finds animal names to call Grant when she is angry).

When she suggests that she is "practically on the wagon," which is "quite a change," Grant says: "Change is fun...for a while. Eight days, and as far as I know you've made no new conquests."

[Eight days in Rio without a shot on the screen to show for it....

Grant explicitly links Bergman's drinking with her apparent sexual availability. And the theme of Bergman's change--and their argument over whether she really has changed--is introduced.]

She is again on the defensive. He contests her claim that she has changed.

She then introduces the argument that he is not letting her be happy--that is, that he is not acknowledging her authentic change, and that this is keeping her from being happy. When he says that noone is stopping her from being happy, she leaps to the attack: "Why don't you give that cop's brain of yours a rest?" Then she says: "Once a crook, always a crook. Go ahead--hold my hand, I won't blackmail you."

She gives his argument a twist. He (half-jokingly) suggests that he is not more demonstrative because he has "always been scared of women." She argues that he is not afraid of women--he is afraid of himself. She means by that: he is afraid of falling in love with her.

[The implications of this remark are complex. First, she asserts a perspective on him, passing judgment on him as he had on her. But she assumes that his undemonstrativeness implies contempt; at least, that is the position she expresses. She does not acknowledge that she might see his silence as springing from his attraction for her and his fear of himself--not his fear of what others might think of him, but his sheer terror at taking the sexual initiative with her at all.]

He says, "That wouldn't be hard" (falling in love with her). But this intimate revelation signals him to cover up, immediately, by adding, "You enjoy making fun of me, don't you?"

She challenges him to take the sexual initiative, implying that his failure to do so suggests contempt for her.

She says that she is "making fun of myself; I'm pretending I'm a nice, unspoiled child."

[Grant realizes that this is exactly what she is *not* pretending. She is again pretending that she is hard-boiled. AGain, he is not fooled.]

"Nice daydream," he says. "Then what?"

[At this moment they are, as it were, brought up to the present. Words behind them, they are faced with the question of hwere they go from here. They exchange significant looks, acknowledging their realization that they have reached an important moment.]

She says, "I think I will have another drink."

"I thought you'd get around to it."

[Her act of asking for another drink has several implicatons. Fundamentally, it is a gesture of acceptance--at least for the moment--of the conditions of a relationship which *in this form* has no future. She allows this gesture to become a subject of their argument, a focus of their relationship.

Let us pause to consider the form of this argument.

As we have suggested, the overall subject of their argument is their relationship itself. Their argument begins from the premiss that there is something wrong with their relationship: the sexuality which grounds it remains unacknowledged. The argument at the same time manifests and concerns itself with what is wrong. At one level, they are arguing over the question of responsibility for the unsatisfactory state or nature of their relationship.

Grant's position in the argument is that what is wrong is Bergman's fault; hers, that it is his fault. He argues that it is her fault because she has not changed her nature, and thus does not acknowledge her nature (which is marked not only by availability to men; she is predatory on men). Later, he cites as evidence Rains' belief--inspired by her actions--that she loves him. Now, Bergman's act of taking the drink serves Grant as his best example.

Bergman's position is that Grant remains silent in the face of her authentic change; thus that he is unwilling or unable to acknowledge her, and acknowledge his responsibility for her situation.

But of course, their argument frustrates them because they are not satisfied by their positions. Grant acts the part of condemning Bergman; but really he blames himself. The fact of their argument, and the fact that he takes the position he does with her despite his love for her, confirms for him his own sense of impotence. His ritual attempt to demonstrate her predatory nature--in the face of his perception of her innocence--is thus essentially an act of self-degradation. Grant argues out of his shame, and out of his fear that she might see him for what he fears he is, and reject him (as she rejected her father).

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And while Bergman acts the part of holding Grant responsible for her humiliation, she really blames herself. She condemns herself to an image of herself as a predator--in part, out of her fear of wounding him (as she feels she wounded her father).

Underlying their argument, then, is their desire to acknowledge the unspoken ground of that argument: their love for each other, and their shame at not acknowledging that love. But the mechanical, cyclical nature of their argument stifles that love; and perhaps has the power to kill it. Time appears against them--as Hitchcock drives home with his inspired use of suspense techniques.]

Bergman performs her role in its purest form: looking down as she speaks (for it is an act), she says, "Why won't you believe in me, David? Just a little? Why won't you?"

He too performs his role. He once again glances up, down, then up; drinks; and remains silent.

Scene 6. Car stopped on side of road. Grant and Bergman are standing on a bluff overlooking Rio. Their backs are to the view. [But the image of height--always associated by Hitchcock with the fear of falling--suggests the magnitude of the risk Grant is taking.]

She again challenges him to take the sexual initiative. "I know why you won't David--you're sore! People will laugh at you--invincible Devlin in love with someone who isn't worth wasting the word on."

He kisses her violently.

[He responds to the challenge to demonstrate his love. But he still does not address himself to her specific point. He still has not "wasted the word" on her. He acts, but does not speak. Yet, whatever their words, their actions reveal their desire to pursue their relationship. But the relationship remains defined in negative terms: she does not change, and he does not speak. He does not speak of his love; and she speaks of his silence.]

Scene 7. A brief scene in which Prescott and his associates (not including Grant) discuss Bergman's job. They agree that she is the "perfect type" for it. Besides, there is "nothing to be lost."

[The interpolation of this scene gives the viewer a disturbing perspective on the following crucial sequence.]

Scene 8. Grant and Bergman arrive at her apartment. They kiss. But there are signs of tension. His passivity provokes her to say: "This is a very strange love affair.... Maybe it's the fact that you don't love me...."

The sound of clinking glasses accompanies her words.

[This sound has a "naturalistic" explanation: they are holding drinks. But the sound underscores the symbolic presence of the drinks; a presence which at this precise moment signals itself, imposing itself on their consciousness and the viewer's. This evocative--but also specifically meaningful--sound signals a shift of mood.

Hitchcock frequently uses evocative sounds, with or without an intelligible naturalistic source, as signals of transitions of mood and significance. In his work, there is even a consistent repertory of sounds characteristically used in this way, of which the train whistle (which at times doubles as a foghorn), the bell (whether telephone ring, doorbell or church bell) and the sound of clinking or breaking glass are particularly important. (Not that Hitchcock is alone in employing sounds as signals in this way. Von Sternberg's The Blue Angel,[9] for example, a very early sound film (1930), uses some of the same sounds in very much the same way. Thus the "foghorn" (or "train whistle"--the source is unclear) sound accompanies Jannings' first descent into the world of the night club, and accompanies his final, ambivalent return to his old Gymnasium. And the bell--whether it is the church bell which indicates that it is time for Jannings' class, or the theater bell which cues Dietrich backstage that it is time for her to prepare her entrance--is a signal of alarm.]

Grant replies, "When I don't love you, I'll let you know." [An ambiguous remark--it leaves open the possibility that he is at this moment "letting her know."]

"You haven't said anything." [Also ambiguous.]

"Actions speak louder than words." [Once more ambiguous. He does not say what it is that his actions now "speak."]

They kiss again. He has to leave for a meeting with Prescott, but will return. He moves toward door. She remains with him in the frame--very different from earlier sequences in which the camera characteristically followed Bergman, whether or not Grant was in the frame.) He agrees to return with "a nice bottle of wine to celebrate." He leaves (flashing the left-right eye movement, indicating the continued tension between them).

[What is there to celebrate? Bergman surely intends the champagne to be integral to a celebration of the occasion of their "marriage." The implication is that Grant's meeting with Prescott interrupts the consummation of their relationship. What the wine is meant to celebrate has not yet taken place. If Grant returns with the wine, that will signify his acceptance of this celebration she plans. He will be acknowledging that there is something to celebrate--their sexual union. That is, for Grant to return with the wine is for him to give to her, at last, an unambiguous sign of love. By asking him to bring back the wine, Bergman is, in a sense, asking him, once more, to submit to her arrangements. From Grant's point of view within their argument, she is pulling a fast one; still challenging him, testing his love. Thus when Grant comes to leave the champagne behind in Prescott's office, it is no accident. The reso-

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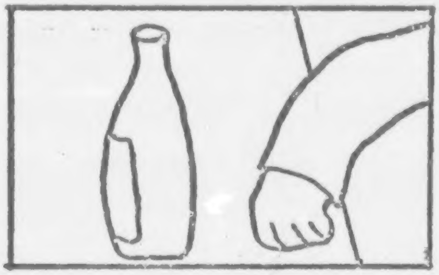
lution it signifies is not yet at hand.]

Scene 9. The crucial scene in which Prescott tells Grant the nature of Bergman's job.

This sequence is constructed with extraordinary precision.

It begins with a shot of the outside of Prescott's office building. Grant's car pulls up. Cut to shot dominated by graphic pattern of parallel lines. Dissolve to the following shot (which will be referred to as "Setup 2"):



Grant taps table sharply with his hand. As if signaled by this sound, he rises. Camera pulls back and centers on his face. He is furious.

Prescott's offscreen voice says, "What is it, Devlin? What's the matter?" (Less solicitously than mockingly.)

"I don't know if she'll do it."

Cut to a densely textured, graphic shot with strong shadows and the parallel vertical lines.

"Well, I don't think she's that type of woman."

"I don't understand your attitude."

Cut to closeup of Grant, looking toward lower right corner of frame. He turns 180° counter-clockwise.

"She's had no experience." (He completes his turn.)

When Prescott suggests that Sebastian knows her, Grant turns a further 90° counter-clockwise, so that his profile is shown. [The profile image links up with a shot which figures centrally in the later racetrack sequence.]

Cut to Prescott. Cut back to Grant, who again completes his turn. His eyes dart left and right.

"I didn't know that."

Then we have a shot of Grant, with his hands leaning on the back of a chair. Prescott's off-screen voice again says: "What is it?" "Nothing sir."

Cut to Prescott, who appears amused. "Oh, I thought you were going to say something."

Cut back and forth between Prescott and Grant. Prescott says: "O. K. Devlin, that's all."

"All right." Then Devlin taps sharply on the table (as if closing a bracket opened by the first such tap). Camera reframes by moving slightly to left.

Repeat of Setup 2. Grant leaves.

Cut to Prescott. He lowers his eyes (looks at the bottle), raises his eyes (looks at the door through which Grant has just departed), then lowers his eyes again (revealing no expression to the camera).

Sequence ends with one more repeat of Setup 2.

[This sequence is conceived very much as a single complex, symmetrical cinematic structure, in which sound, image, character movement and camera shifts operate as equal determinants of the rhythmic form of the sequence as a whole. Such extraordinary density of composition indicates the central importance of this sequence in the film (a corollation characteristic of Hitchcock's method).

The wine bottle, whose image frames a sub-sequence of this sequence (which itself contains a sub-sequence framed by Grant's sharp taps on the table), serves Hitchcock as a kind of label for the sequence as a whole. (A label linked to the graphic pattern of parallel lines which, as it were, signals its imminent emergence.) It also serves to link this sequence with the rest of the film, in several ways.

For one thing, it reminds us of the "little love-sick lady" waiting for Grant to bring the champagne back to "celebrate" their sexual union.

Then again, it links up with the entire complex "drinking" theme of the film.

Third (but intimately related to the first two points) the bottle itself is imaged by Hitchcock as a phallic symbol of what it is intended to celebrate. Thus it compels a certain schematic interpretation of the confrontation between Grant and Prescott. This interpretation in turn illuminates certain other key sequences in the film--for example, the important scene in the wine cellar, when Bergman betrays Rains and lets Grant discover Rains' guilty secret, which is that his bottles do not contain real wine.

Grant stands silent before Prescott, and does not challenge his sexual authority. Prescott asserts his authority over Grant, even taking pleasure in his humiliation. Grant, humbled by his "father," leaves the wine bottle behind--and, as it were, his manhood with it. For there is nothing to celebrate. When Grant returns to the woman awaiting him, he feels incapable of taking up her challenge. Furthermore, the camera reveals that Prescott appears to recognize that this encounter with Grant is basically sexual in nature.]

Scene 10. Grant returns to the apartment. The camera follows him as he enters (Bergman is in the kitchen, across the apartment). [The camera's primary concern for Grant's condition here itself marks a change. It puts Bergman's words and actions in disquieting perspective. Scene 9 affects our perception of Scene 10, much as Scene 8 affected our perception of Scene 9.]

Bergman's offscreen voice say, "Dev, is that you? I'm glad you're late. The chicken took longer than I expected. What did they say?"

[An intriguing remark. First, nothing in the preceding sequence leads us to suppose that Grant would be returning late. His meeting with Prescott, after all, was all too brief. The implication is that Grant did not return straightaway. Perhaps he wandered by himself, thinking things through. Later in the film, too, a critical period of solitary thinking by Grant is not directly shown within the film's frame.

In addition to subtly revealing Grant's privateness (even his separateness from the film's frame), the remark suggests other things too. Bergman's "I'm glad you're late"--as a *welcoming* remark--is ambiguous, but pointed. There is even a hint of a suggestion that perhaps the "chicken" that took longer than was expected was not just the bird that caught fire a couple of times in the oven, but the "chicken" that did not stand up to Prescott. Grant might well hear Bergman's remark at that level among others. The numerous times when Bergman refers to Grant by animal names might be coming home to roost.]

Bergman then joins him in the frame. She tries to kiss him, but he does not return the kiss. She says: "Hasn't something like this happened before?"--her first verbal acknowledgment of the cyclical, mechanical pattern of their relationship.

Her next words disturbingly echo Prescott: "What's the matter?"

The echo of Prescott is compounded by what she then says. "Well, handsome, I think you'd better tell mama what's going on. All this secrecy's going to ruin our little dinner. Come on, Mr. D., what is darkening your little brow?"

[Bergman here is reasserting the idea that Grant is a child whom she must mother. Coming after his confrontation with Prescott, this remark cuts him very deeply. Her remark also echoes her first words about Prescott when she saw him on the place: "A very nice-looking man." It also links this moment with the first things she said to Grant, at her party early in the film. She called him "handsome" then too, and dominated him like a mother, until he began treating her like a father.]

Grant resists telling Bergman what was said in his meeting with Prescott. He is absorbed in his own shame.

Insensitive to his trial (knowing nothing about it), she goads him to speak. "Listen, I'll make it easier for you. The time has come when you must tell me that this madness between us must cease, that you have a wife and children waiting for you...."

He responds, "I'll bet you've heard that line often enough."

[The significance of this moment is reflected by the shot it motivates. There is a tight closeup of Bergman, looking toward the right lower corner of the frame (as had been Grant at a certain moment in his confrontation with Prescott). Grant's silhouetted figure occupies part of the right side of the frame. This shot again links up with the sequence introducing Grant to us, at Alicia's party. It is as if their initial meeting is being repeated, but this time Grant is openly saying something he had not then said.]

Bergman lowers her eyes. She say, "Right below the belt, every time." Then she looks up, furrowing her brow. "Oh, that isn't fair, Dev."

[Her remark is, as usual, ambiguous. It appears to be her way of saying, "You have just hit me below the belt again. But it may also mean: "Again, your remark comes from below your belt." That is: "Your sexual motivation is now clear to me." The implication is even, a bit, that he has nothing below the belt--which would confirm the fearful conclusion he drew from his submission to Prescott.

Bergman's gesture of looking down and then up again has the appearance of a demure gesture. But also, she looks below his belt, and when she looks up again she furrows her brow. The gesture of looking down and then up again is, as we have suggested, repeated--by different figures, most recently Prescott--in the film. This moment helps us to place the nature of that gesture. It stakes a claim to have grasped the sexual essence of another's motivation, identifying that essence as one of sexual fear.

Then too, when she adds, "Oh, that isn't fair Dev....," her suggestion is double. She means: "What you have implied is not fair." But she also withdraws from the implications of her own cruel judgment of him, revealing how much it disturbs her to wound him.]

They talk about the job.

The moment of intimacy passed, they begin to take up their ritual stances. Their argument is resumed. She argues that his picture of the old relationship she had with Rains is wrong. Defensively, she makes the point that she was never very responsive to him. But she also attacks. "I suppose you knew about this pretty little job all the time." [As we know, he did not.] "Did you say anything?" [She appears to assume that he did not speak in her defense, although, at least at first, he did.] "Not a word for that little love-sick lady you left an hour ago?" [Returning to her theme that he does not take her to be worth "wasting the word on." Once, such a charge was a challenge, to which Grant finally responded by kissing her. Now Grant responds differently.]

"I told you, that's the assignment."

Now Hitchcock cuts back to a more "objective" two shot. [But it also recalls the shot of them on the bluff overlooking the city, when Grant first kissed her.]

"Don't get sore, Dev. I'm just fishing for a little bird call from my dream man."

[The words "Don't get sore" strengthen the link with that earlier scene. Earlier, the idea of his soreness was integral to her challenge, and used to provoke him to initiate a sexual advance. But now she uses it to back away from further intimate contact. She now means to make him sore. She is not simply "fishing for a little bird call from my dream man."]

They exchange significant looks.

[This moment relates back to their last exchange of significant glances, just before Bergman crystallized the form of their argument by taking the drink, concluding the sequence immediately preceding the scene on the bluff. They have once again come full circle. Their look here appears to be an acknowledgment of the cyclical nature of their argument. They are acknowledging their shared ritual. The implications of the conditions of their relationship have become clear. The form of their argument remains the same, but the fact that they are still arguing seems to lock each in a private despair. Their argument at first demonstrated their commitment to the possibility of future intimacy. But, at this moment, it appears to seal off that possibility.]

They run through a couple of more rounds of their argument Finally, she walks across the apartment (the camera once more following her, leaving the stationary Grant out of the frame).

"Down the drain with Alicia; that's where she belongs."

[That is: she will accept the degredation that goes with her job. At this point, Devlin represents to her the reality of that degredation, and no longer an almost magical means of escaping from it. Their relationship is inseparable from her despair. Her remark, accompanied by the stark image of the drain (one of the film's direct anticipations of Psycho), also signals her immediate intention, addressing itself as well to

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the significance of what it is she is about to do.]

The camera continues to follow her until she enters the kitchen. Veiled from us by the kitchen window curtain, she pours herself a drink.

[This film, which proves to be so centrally concerned with gestures, here assumes once more the form of a gesture in its presentation. Veiling Bergman's degredation from our direct gaze may be regarded as the camera's gesture of respect for the Bergman figure. (It is comparable to a similar gesture in The Blue Angel. Von Sternberg's camera as it were looks away when Jannings is finally overcome and straitjacketed.)]

Bergman's visible despair seems to confirm Grant's darkest fears about his own nature.

[Their argument has become a kind of reverse reflection of their feelings. The significance of Bergman's act of pouring the drink is that it indicates her resignation to her degredation. According to positions they espouse in their argument, Grant refuses to accept responsibility for Bergman's degredation; while she claims that the responsibility for it is only his. But Grant does perceive his responsibility, although the form of their argument gives him no way of acknowledging that. And Bergman knows that she does have responsibility for her actions. She takes the drink in part to wound him. Her despair is inseparable from her sense of guilt for inflicting this wound--particularly at this moment, when he is so vulnerable.

But their argument limits her as it limits him. It is, in a sense, the form of their argument, and not their desires, which determines their actions now--although each, privately, recognizes personal responsibility for that form. Their argument cuts them off from a satisfying relatonship; but they know no form of relationship separate from this argument. (The figure of Rains remains to be introduced.)]

Scene 11. The arranged "meeting" with the Rains figure. Out riding, Grant allows Rains to "spot" Bergman. Grant kicks her horse, and Rains catches the galloping horse and helps slow it down. [*Marnie*[10] suggests that Hitchcock conceives of horseback riding in essentially sexual terms.]

Hitchcock cuts at the end of an exciting action montage sequence (almost the first eruption of the film into *action*) to a long shot of Rains and Bergman talking (suggesting Grant's point of view). Then he cuts to Grant. Back to Rains and Bergman; back to Grant; and back and forth again. This succession of shots ends with a shot of Grant, his eyes shifting left and right.

[This is the first of several times in the film when Rains "spots" Bergman and Grant together. It establishes Rains as a "watcher." But also, in contrast to Grant, Rains acts immediately on behalf of Bergman. Rains' watching establishes an ironic link with Bergman. For it is her job to enter Rains' home and "use her eyes and ears." Her job links her with Rains at several levels. She must become a watcher like Rains, just as she must become a "cop" like Grant.]

Scene 12. Grant sits alone in the same sidewalk cafe. It is night.

Scene 13. Bergman and Rains dining out.

The sequence begins with Bergman sitting alone, dressed in black. [Symbolically, but also appropriately.] As he arrives, the camera continues to seem concerned with her, not him. He kisses her hand. (There is a succession of rather conventional two shots--perhaps suggesting her lack of interest in the precise details of their interaction.)

Rains is charming. A good talker. He is also very short, and much older than Bergman. (All in contrast to Grant.)

"This business," he says, leaving open the precise nature of his business, "Makes you feel old and look old." [His defensiveness about his appearance, again in contrast with Grant, is already evident.] He remarks that she affects him like a tonic. [A glancing reference to the film's drinking theme, as it were.]

Suddenly, there is a closeup of her, which disrupts the level continuity of the scene. Then a closeup of Rains, following her gaze. It is Prescott, whom Rains knows to be an

American agent. "He seems familiar," she says, trying to account for her surprise at seeing him. [A line which perhaps suggests for an instant that he might be Devlin's familiar. Not an entirely frivolous idea. In a sense, Prescott can be understood as acting, throughout the film, as an indirect agent of Grant's will.]

These closeups, which rend the fabric of the sequence, seem to signal a shift which is reflected in the dialogue. Specifically, Rains begins to grill Bergman about her relationship with her father.

Then their conversation takes a more personal turn.

Rains says, "Perhaps I can help you to forget. I'd like to...."

Bergman whispers, "It's odd, but I feel at home with you." [A line which will be echoed at an important moment in the film.]

"You know, my dear, I knew that if I saw you again I would feel the same hunger...."

She looks down. Cut to two shot.

"I'm going to make a fool of myself again. Who is it this time? That Devlin I saw you with?"

"There's noone."

"You'll let me help you with your loneliness?"

"You're very sweet to forget what a brat I was once...."

"Start your repentance, at once....Let's see, what shall we have for our first dinner together?"

She slowly looks away to her right. [This looking to her right links this moment with several key moments in the race track sequence.]

Fade out.

[Rains offers Bergman a relationship based on their past relationship; but one which denies the memory that in the past she had run away from him, and he had made a fool of himself. Their new relationship is to constitute her *repentance*; it is to be steeped in *forgetfulness*; and it is to be grounded in mutual loneliness and "hunger."

Bergman's relationship with Rains is linked in complex ways to her relationship with Grant. First, of course, her act of appearing to accept the conditions Rains imposes is itself an act performed within the context of her relationship with Grant (although this is complex; there seems every reason to suppose that, at certain moments which Hitchcock does not show us, she might well seem "at home" with Rains). Earlier, the elderly "playboy" served as a symbol of the only alternative she knew to her relationship with Grant. Now Rains functions far more chillingly in this same way. If her relationship with Grant cannot be resolved (as at this moment it appears), then Rains manifests her fate: repentance for her rejction of her father, coupled with forgetfulness of her dream of what she might become.

Part of the complex irony of the film arises from the fact that both Grant and Rains suggest that a relationship with Rains (whether merely enacted or real) might constitute a type of "repentance" for Bergman.

Furthermore, Bergman's relationship with Rains becomes the central focus of her argument with Grant. The mere *possibility* of reviving her relationship with Rains reveals, Grant argues, that her former "rejection" of Rains must have rather been only an ambiguous sign (thus turning around Bergman's charge that Grant gives only ambiguous signs of his desires).

In any case, Grant once more represents the possibility--indeed, the only possibility left--for Bergman's salvation. Her whole future--indeed, the possibility of having a future at all not dedicated to forgetting what she stands for--her whole *existence* turns on the resolution of her argument with Grant. (Ultimately, her life itself is literally at stake--for, in the course of the film, Rains comes to conspire with his mother to kill her for her betrayal of him.)]

Scene 14. In Prescott's large office, Grant and Prescott stand together, motionless and silent. Their silence relates back to their last confrontation. (What remains to be said between the two of them personally?) It is interrupted by the entrance of Bergman, dressed gorgeously in white. (Prescott, struck by Bergman's appearance, remarks: "That's good," which, in the context, clearly means not "You look good," but rather, "How perfect an idea it is for you to choose to dress in white." Her white dress is a good touch.)

"Just use your eyes and ears," Prescott advises. [Almost a direct announcement that Hitchcock will employ "subjective" shots from her point of view in the sequence to come. She will be our eyes and ears at first as the film moves into Rains' sphere.]

Scene 15. Bergman arrives at the Rains home. Subjective camera.

Our first glimpse of Rains' mother comes in a long shot looking up toward a curving flight of stairs. [These stairs become central to the action of the film. The curve of the bannister is linked, as has been suggested, with certain other curved patterns in the film.] She comes down the stairs. Her hostility to Bergman is immediately apparent. ("You did not speak at your father's trial. We wondered why." But also: "You resemble your father very much.")

Rains arrives. (For a moment, there is a suggestion of Setup 1.)

Rains' colleagues introduce themselves (the introductions effected subjectively; each man's steely gaze locks with the camera for a disquieting instand, generating a *frisson* of menace).

The Emil causes a scene over some wine bottles at the far end of the room. At the conclusion of this short "scene," the camera tracks in toward the bottles (a shot that is something like a subjective shot, but appears not exactly to represent Bergman's point of view).

Scene 16. Just Rains and his colleagues. During the course of this short scene, poor Emil is condemned to a horrible off-screen death.

[This condemnation is to be echoed by the ending of the film. This scene in a way parallels the earlier scene with just Prescott and his colleagues at which, figuratively, Bergman was condemned. During this sequence, Rains is strangely silent, and looks terribly troubled. His silence here establishes a strange link between him and Grant--which complicates the film even more.]

Scene 17. Extremely important scene at the racetrack. We will analyse this scene at considerable length.

It opens with Rains and his mother, sitting at the rail of the track. (The image is dominated by the vertical lines of the railing.)

Rains' mother turns every remark of her into a dig at Bergman. She does not even try to conceal from her son her hostility toward Bergman. (Rains' field glasses are conspicuous during this conversation.)

Then Hitchcock cuts to a shot of Grant, on ground level.

There is an engineered "chance meeting" with Bergman. She reports her impressions to him. She mentions the scene involving the wine bottle ("Didn't like the vintage?" Grant jokingly asks--but even this little joke has a barb. After all, the "vintage" that Bergman, surely, does not like is Rains)--that is, his age, since he is so much older than she. Grant too turns every remark into a dig.)

Most of their conversation to this point is filmed in a relatively "objective" two shot. They take pains to appear to passersby to be just chatting, while they talk about Bergman's job. But then she says something which signals a jump in the level of intimacy. She says, "You can add Sebastian's name to my list of playmates."

[Another event of absolutely central significance which is reported, not shown.]

Acknowledging this shift, Hitchcock cuts from the two shot to a shot of Grant, wresting him from his place with Bergman in the frame. Grant looks up, down, and up again (that thematic movement of the gaze). He says, "Pretty fast work."

[She has set him up to "hit below the belt" again. They have resumed arguing. She broached the subject of their relationship; after a moment's hesitation, he took the bait. They quickly re-establish their ritual positions.

What is the significance of this moment of hesitation? Surely, he had an impulse to speak; and an impulse to deny their relationship altogether (by not responding personally to Bergman's personal remark). But he does not pursue either of these courses. The thought that Rains has slept with her strips him of his sense of control.]

Now Hitchcock cuts back to Bergman. She turns to her right, and says: "That's what you wanted, isn't it?"

[This turn to the right links up with Bergman's earlier conversation with Rains about her "repentance." This moment between Grant and Bergman thus echoes a private moment between Rains and Bergman. Figuratively, the figure of Rains here intrudes into the Grant/Bergman argument. But also, in a sense, Bergman is here already betraying Rains' intimacy.

At another level, too, this is a significant moment. Bergman has introduced a new kind of utterance into the closed, repetitive pattern of their argument. She has openly referred to her motivation in Scene 10, and openly questioned his. That is, she has revealed her private thoughts about his intention during that crucial encounter. This revelation is conceived in the spirit of attack, and is consistent with the fabric of their argument and integral to it. But it also constitutes a new, unprecedented moment in that argument, which had appeared to have reached a point at which new developments were impossible. In a sense, Bergman's remark begins a process of revelation which is completed only when Grant, at the end of the film, finally speaks freely to her.

Fitting the particular significance of this moment, Hitchcock introduces a shot which is, spatially, extremely disorienting. The cut to Bergman introduced a new camera position; and her turn--which comes before we have a chance to get our spatial bearings--leaving us unable to grasp the spatial orientation of this shot in relation to the shots preceding it. We do not even know whether this turning of her head is a turning towards Grant, or a turning away from him.]

The next shot comes (relatively speaking) very quickly. It manifests a quickening of pace. And it also compounds our spatial disorientation. It is a closeup of Grant's face, in profile, looking left. We can relate this shot, spatially, neither to the previous shot nor to the sequence preceding that shot.

"Skip it," Grant says.

Obligingly, Hitchcock cuts back to the "objective" two shot again. We are, ostensibly, back in the public space of the racetrack. Accordingly, Grant makes a remark intended, apparently, for the anonymous ears of passersby. "Thanks for the tip."

[But this remark, while perhaps intended to cement a return to objectivity, once more embeds a "dig." Its personal implication is subtle. At one level, Grant is announcing publicly that Bergman has tipped him off--about herself. But he is being sarcastic. His real implication is that she has told him nothing he did not already know. Again, he reasserts the contention that his perspective encompasses hers; that he can read her like a book. The introduction of this sarcastic note into a public remark is, in a sense, a betrayal of their intimacy. It can be construed as an indication that he finds her unworthy of such intimacy. But it can also be construed as a move toward bringing the authentic ground of their intimate relationship out into the open.]

Thus Grant's remark motivates a return to the intimate level which it appeared to be intended to escape. It provokes another round in their argument.

Initially, Hitchcock films this new round exactly as he had filmed the last, clearly revealing the repetitive, cyclical nature of their argument.

There is the same sequence of shots. First, the cut to the face of Grant. He says: "Can't help recalling some of your remarks...." (just as we, at this moment, can't help recalling their earlier arguments; and just as Hitchcock, by repeating a short sequence of shots, calls upon us to recall the sequence that came before). Then we get the cut to Bergman. ("You idiot." She turns once more to her right. "What are you sore about?")

[The word "sore" echoes two other occasions on which she remarked on his "soreness." The first time, she provoked him to kiss her by charging him with being sore. The second time, she drew back from intimacy with him by saying that she didn't want him to get sore. This time, consistent with the new development in their argument, she asks him--if mockingly--what he is sore about.]

Again, she specifically questions his motivation in Scene 10 ("You knew what I was doing"), making a claim about it which reveals her private interpretation for the first time. Once more, we get the disorienting profile shot of Grant.

At the precise point in this sequence of shots at which, just before, Grant had said "Skip it," motivating a return to the "objective" two shot, he now provokes a continuation. He speaks. "Did I?"

[It is not that he directly denies her claim. But he calls that claim into doubt. He responds to her claim with a question--a question which she does not, even now, consider fully seriously. This is a significant moment. Grant has taken the initiative, explicitly raising a question which she is not yet ready to answer. Until this moment, her own motivation had gone unquestioned within their argument.]

Uncertainly, she says: "You threw me at him....Didn't you tell me to go ahead?" [The answer to this question, of course, is that he did not tell her to go ahead; he only did not tell her not to go ahead. He may be wrong in claiming that distinction frees him from responsibility for her action. But she is wrong in claiming that he simply told her to go ahead.]

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Now Hitchcock cuts from the closeup of Bergman to yet another repeat of the Grant profile shot. "A man does not tell a woman what to do; she tells herself...."

Cut back to Bergman, who turns forward and pretends to look through her field glasses.

[This is a new shot in this sequence, and represents another significant moment. Her act of looking through the field glasses at this point has several aspects. First, she is near tears, and wants to hide her face from him (and also from anonymous passersby; as Grant points out, her tears are not "in character"). Second, this gesture constitutes an attempt to suspend their intimate argument to return to the public world, to her job--where at least deception is clear-cut. But third, the field glasses link her with Rains, and the possibility of escape into forgetfulness (the field glasses, which provide a narrow field of vision from which one may exclude from view what one does not wish to see--suggesting that Rains, who witnesses this whole scene through his glasses, chooses to see everything he sees--makes a thematically appropriate linking device). But she is only pretending to be looking through the glasses. She remains wrapped up in her argument with Grant.

This shot is also marked by the curved, graphic pattern of her hat. This curve links this moment with the scene of her would-be "celebration" with Grant, but also with the curving staircase of Rains' home.]

Last time, Grant tried to break away from the intimate level, but could not resist saying something which returned them right back to that level. Bergman's complex gesture has the same effect. But Grant, who now has the initiative, won't let her forget their intimate argument. He presses on. "You almost had me believing in that little miracle of yours...."

[It is as if he perceived the significance of her gesture, which at one level reveals an impulse to link herself with Rains. He claims that gesture as evidence for his position: that she has not changed.]

"Oh, you rotten...."

Cut to Grant. "The answer had to come from you." [As if she has just now given her answer.]

Cut again to Bergman, then to Grant. "Lucky for both of us I didn't [believe in you]. It wouldn't have been pretty if I'd believed in you."

Cut to closeup of Bergman (a very tight closeup of her face, still with her field glasses covering her eyes).

Grant continues. "If I'd figured...." She lowers her glasses, slowly. "She'd never be able to go through with it--she's been made over by love."

[His claim that he never believed in her shows him following her lead, speaking of his motivation during that conversation. But his claim appears to be belied by the implication of his last line. If he had not once loved her, then how could

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she have been made over by love?]

This apparent revelation, even if made in a spirit of attack, startles Bergman. "You never once said you loved me."

[This remark too, while integral to their argument, also constitutes a new move in that argument. Once more, she reproaches him for his silence. But now it is for his silence in the past. She is not pressuring him to speak now; she is charging him with responsibility for the events which have led to the present situation. In a sense, they have begun the task of putting their argument into the past. But accomplishing this might have two distinct consequences. It might open the door for the re-establishment of their relationship under altogether new terms. Or it might finally lay their relationship to rest. This moment echoes the moment at which the form of their argument was initially crystallized.]

At this moment, Bergman's whole face is shown in a breathtakingly ravishing, even tighter, closeup (a vision which captures her sadness at the time that has been lost, and her excitement--compounded of anticipation and dread--of what might be about to take place). "Oh, Dev...." she says, her voice hesitantly poised between a sigh and a sob.

Grant has indirectly acknowledged his past desire for her, but he is not ready for this present degree of intimacy. Thus Hitchcock cuts to a shot of Grant, shutting off this intimate view of Bergman. Grant says, "Listen, you chalked up another

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boyfriend. No harm done."

But Grant cannot so easily deny this vision of her beauty. Hitchcock again cuts to the closeup of her face. She simply says, "I hate you."

[This is a moment of the utmost gravity. He has irrevocably acknowledged his past attraction for her; and she has revealed her present love for him. He has responded to that revelation by wounding her again; and this fresh wound provokes a direct expression of the fierceness of her feelings. Earlier, when Bergman confronted Grant with his soreness, that provoked him to kiss her. Now that Bergman has unequivocally revealed her wound to him, he has, as it were, twisted the blade--an impulse to which she responds firmly. It is as if Grant's submission to Prescott's authority has left him afraid to respond to her passion.]

Frustrated, but frightened by his impulses, Grant tries to back away from the moment. "There's no occasion...." (But he realizes that there is occasion....) He again tries to bring the scene back to the "public" level (he has again lost control of developments). He says, as if for public ears: "Number 10's out in front--looks as if Sebastian knows how to pick them."

Precisely at the mention of the name "Sebastian," Hitchcock cuts to the shot in which Bergman turns to the left (the first time the shot appeared in the sequence was the moment when Bergman suggested that the addition of Rains to her list of "playmates" was what Grant wanted). But the power of the ritual is gone. There is now a tear in her eye, as she returns to the theme of Grant's silence. "That's all you have to say to me?"

[This remark is no longer a challenge or a threat. She appears resigned to the impotence of threats. Her acceptance of Rains' conditions was intended as a challenge to Grant. But now it appears that those conditions, with terrible irony, define the limits of her future. She is not angry with Grant for his silence. She is (as the cliche goes) on the contrary disappointed, and saddened by it. It appears to confirm the finality of her condemntation.]

Hitchcock cuts one last time to the Grant profile shot. But this time, within the frame of the shot, Grant turns his face toward hers. The effect of this turn is to disclose, at last, the overall spatial orientation of the scene. It incorporates this disorienting shot back into the synthetic spatial unity of the scene as a whole. It thus resolves a tension--but this resolution comes, literally, as a disillusionment. We now appear back in the "real world," the public world of the racetrack. Acknowledging this shift, Grant says, "Dry your eyes, baby" [now it's Grant calling Bergman "baby," as he might have done in their first meeting, instead of Bergman referring to herself as "mama"] "it's out of character.... It's a tough job we're on."

The return to the subject of the job finally brings this stage of their intimate argument to an end. Grant closes it out. But the scene being, as it were, bracketed has not left their states (or their relationship, or the film) unchanged. Thus Hitchcock does not cut directly back to the "objective" two shot out of which their intimate encounter emerged. We first have a shot of Rains pushing his way through the crowd toward them.

Spatially, this shot is utterly distinct from those in the preceding sequence. It is a shot in depth, keynoted by Rains' desperate movement from the deep background to the foreground of the frame. (The depth emphasizes Rains' shortness as well as his desperation. He is the very picture of desperation.)

There is a brief two shot of Grant and Bergman before Rains actually joins them. "Snap out of it," Grant says.

[The power of this remark arises in part from its nature as a reference to the image of Rains which has transfixed Bergman as it has transfixed us. Grant frames this image in terms of the elderly playboy in an earlier round of their argument. Thus this image terrifyingly signals Grant's impulse to avenge himself for Bergman's hatred and his own feeling of impotence. This image appears to emerge in response to a silent signal from Grant.

But another part of the power of Grant's remark is that, by ordering Bergman to "snap out of it," he undercuts his own claim that "a man never tells a woman what to do, she tells herself." He tells her what to do here, just as he will later tell her to kiss him and then to push him away as he is about to return her kiss; and as he will tell her, at the end of the film, to speak to keep awake.]

As Grant leaves Bergman, condemning her to Rains' company, Bergman's sense of desolation is complete. As if in a nightmare, she is allowed no respite from her ordeal. Rains speaks to demonic effect. "I was watching you and your friend, Mr. Devlin....I thought: maybe you're in love with him. Would you care to convince me, Alicia, that Mr. Devlin means nothing to you?"

[Horribly, Bergman must go over her scene with Grant again and again in her mind, trying to determine how much could have been revealed to the watching Rains. This question is raised in our minds too. We are led to wonder whether there is a significant relation between what the camera revealed to us in this sequence and what Rains' field glasses might have revealed to him. This question in a sense prepares us for the possibility that the film's narrative point of view might become linked to Rains' subjectivity. This possibility is realized more and more as the film approaches its conclusion. The film's focus has already begun to shift, as the authentic sexual ground of the Grant/Bergman relationship has begun to emerge into the open. "Subjective" shots from Rains' point of view are soon introduced. And, as we shall see, at the end of the film the camera lingers on Rains after Grant and Bergman have freed themselves from the frame of the film.]

Scene 17. Meeting of Grant with Prescott and his colleagues. Pleasure is expressed that their "little theatrical plan" is working. (During the opening of this scene, Grant's back is to the camera, in a way which recalls our first introduction to him.)

When one of Prescott's colleagues refers to Bergman as a "woman of that sort," Grant wheels around. He appears changed, and speaks in fury, denying their right to pass judgment on her.

Then Bergman enters with the news that "Mr. Sebastian has asked me to marry him." [Another central event which occurs off-screen and is simply reported.]

Grant, who "knows the situation," speaks, giving Bergman no sign of what he had said before she arrived. "May I ask what inspired Alex Sebastian to go this far?" He begins to interrogate her in a way almost reminiscent of the way Rains' mother had interrogated her. "And he thinks you're in love with him?"

Hitchcock here cuts to a shot of a very troubled Captain Prescott.

"Yes."

Cut to Grant again. His eyes dart left and then right. Offscreen, the chilling line is heard: "Gentlemen, it's the cream of the jest."

[Grant and Bergman have virtually given a complete public performance of their intimate argument. Is that part of the resonance of the phrase "cream of the jest" here? (Hitchcock frequently has offscreen voices speak lines with several levels of meaning, including significant meanings that the speaker himself could not have intended. An offscreen voice, after all, is _disembodied_.)]

"Then it's all right?" Bergman asks.

Prescott, troubled, looks for a sign from Grant. Grant, again, does not speak.

[Earlier, Grant's silence before Prescott constituted a clear submission to Prescott's authority. But the change in Grant disturbs Prescott. At this moment, Grant's silence _is_ a sign. At one level, a sign that Grant is in the process of coming to recognize that he has the power to defy Prescott.]

Prescott tells her: "Yes, I'd say so."

After being assured that Bergman can be relied on to limit the "romantic" Rains to a short honeymoon, Grant excuses himself, and leaves.

Prescott commends Bergman for the intelligence with which she has arranged everything. [Recalling a theme of _Spellbound_: the conflict between Bergman's intelligence at arranging things and her inability to confront the emotional significance of the arrangements she actually makes.]

Scene 18. Dissolve to a short scene between Rains and his mother, shot largely in deep focus. (For a moment, the image of Bergman that closes the last sequence overlaps with the image of Rains and his mother. Bergman, metaphorically, comes between Rains and his mother--just as the image of the drink came between Grant and Bergman early in the film.)

[This image, here fleeting, becomes concretized, and its significance deepened, later in the film. As Rains and his mother conspire to poison Bergman, the situation at one point is summed up by a shot of Bergman, small in the background of the frame, surrounded by the looming figures in the foreground of Rains on one side of the frame and his mother on the other. This later image indicates the danger in coming between two people in intimate relationship. To come between two people in an intimate relationship is both to endanger that relationship and be endangered by it. The image of Bergman in peril is finally reversed again by the film's conclusion.]

Rains' mother does not approve of the marriage. Rains says he will go through with it anyway, and leaves.

[This scene, in a sense, parallels the last one. Grant begins a challenge to Prescott that he is later to complete; and Rains begins a defiance of his mother which also later becomes conclusive. Both Rains and Grant must to some degree assert their independence for the Rains/Bergman marriage to take place--the event on which the salvation of the authentic sexuality of the Grant/Bergman relationship ultimately depends.]

Scene 19. Bergman and Rains' homecoming after their honeymoon. The mother expresses her continuing hostility by not arranging for a welcome.

Scene 20. Bergman learns that there is one lock to which only Rains and his mother have the key: the door to the wine cellar. [An obvious ancestor of *Psycho*'s fruit cellar.]

Scene 21. Grant and Bergman meet in the park. She tells him about the key.

Scene 22. Bergman obtains the key.

Scene 23. The great scene of the reception. Opens with a dazzling, virtuosic camera movement across the huge room, down from a height, finally isolating the key, which Bergman holds in her hand.

There are several subjective shots from her point of view. Grant arrives, gets together with her in the crowded room.

Again, they exchange information under cover of a casual chat. Again, Rains looks on.

Bergman slips the key to Grant. [This act constitutes the precise beginning of Bergman's final betrayal of Rains. This fact in turn helps us to place the significance of the key as an abstract symbol.]

Rains comes up to them. Grant says, "Kind of your bride to invite me."

Rains replies, "We both invited you, Mr. Devlin."

Alone again, Grant and Bergman express their hope that the liquor does not run out (in which case Rains would have to send down to the wine cellar for more champagne, and would discover the theft of the key).

Hitchcock personally appears within the film at this point, launching the suspenseful cross-cutting by taking a glass of champagne. (The image of the tub filled with champagne bottles—whose number progressively diminishes—runs as a thread throughout the ensuing montage.)

Bergman tells Grant that there is a time problem: the champagne is, in fact, running out.

"Is he watching?" Grant asks.

Then, for the first time in the film, an unequivocal subjective shot from Rains' point of view (as if in response to Grant's question).

Bergman refuses another glass of champagne. [With great economy, this gesture crystallizes the change in the Grant/Bergman relationship. They are now acting in concert. And, without a second thought (for evident reasons) she refuses a drink. It is as if the key has the power to unlock the Grant/Bergman relationship. (It also has the power to unlock Rains' closed point of view for our inspection.)]

The betrayal of Rains approaches consummation.

[The act of betraying Rains constitutes a decisive moment in the Grant/Bergman relationship. Bergman betrays Rains for Grant (and for her job). It is significant that this betrayal at the same time spells the exposure of Rains' guilty secret. For this disclosure ultimately frees Grant from the fear about his own nature which compelled his silence in the face of his love for Bergman.]

Bergman lets Grant into the wine cellar. (Grant, with his professional experience in such matters, takes charge. With danger threatening, he is at last the relaxed, charming, witty Cary Grant persona with which we are so familiar. And his affection for Bergman has finally surfaced.)

Grant accidentally knocks over a bottle. When it falls and breaks, powder, not wine, spills onto the floor.

Rains is heard coming down the stairs.

[Grant and Bergman are in the act of exposing Rains' guilty secret. The phallic nature of the wine bottle, basic to the earlier Grant/Prescott confrontation, here suggests a new way of understanding the significance of this exposure to Rains, which makes clear how Rains might be driven to a frenzy if he learned what is happening. Not only does this exposure put his life in danger at the hands of the other Nazis (who had killed Emil for a slight, unintentional slip). It threatens him at a more intimate level. After all, Bergman has betrayed him by giving to another man the key to the room to which only he and his mother possess keys; the room that houses his guilty secret--the secret which grounds his intimate relationship to his mother. The secret, that is to say, that Rains is not a real man, is not really a man, sexually: his "wine bottle" is dry, it contains false wine.

Furthermore, as was just suggested, Bergman's act of betraying Rains by exposing his secret to Grant has the most profound implications for the Grant/Bergman relationship. Grant does not yet recognize the full implication of this revelation, although it is already manifest in a shift in his manner. Rains' exposure is what ultimately will make it possible for Grant to conclude (at a moment of revelation explicitly outside the camera's purview) that he is not what he most feared being revealed to be. Grant has feared that Bergman would reject him by discovering his real nature. His fear has been that he is not really a man (after all, Prescott had stripped him of his wine bottle--he has not yet come to realize that he chose to submit to Prescott's authority, that he has the power to defy Prescott, that Prescott all along was acting, at one level, as an agent of his will). But it is Rains whose wine is false, not he. His bottle contains, as it were, the real thing. This realization finally crystallizes in Grant's comprehension, later, that Bergman, who tells him she is hung over, could not be sick from the effect of Rains' wine. And it enables him finally to defy Prescott; to speak directly to Bergman and acknowledge his love for her; and to cut Rains (who is different from him, apparently a hopeless case, who has no key to the car in which Grant and Bergman escape at the end of the film) off from safety.]

Grant orders Bergman to kiss him. [Again undercutting his argument that a man never tells a woman what to do. But now, at the least, the success of their job is at stake. But this kiss is not just part of the job. We see the passion in her kiss. And we see, at last, his desire to return her kiss with equal passion.] As he is about to kiss her back, he orders her to push him away. (Rains has to see her appear to reject him.)

Rains arrives, and Grant gives him an explanation of his behavior. "....I knew her before you, loved her before you. But I wasn't as lucky as you." He explains that now the "horrid passion inside me" has been "torn out of me."

Grant departs, again leaving Rains and Bergman alone. But the whole feeling of this exit is different from that of earlier exits. It seems now only a matter of time before Grant and Bergman openly acknowledge their love (unless the natural fulfillment of their love is blocked).

But Rains has seen Grant kiss Bergman. He is enraged. He sends her upstairs (hiding his rage from her). The camera lingers on Rains. The point of view of the film has continued the shift signaled earlier. The following sequence of shots presents his isolation almost schematically to us.

Rains discovers signs of Bergman's betrayal. (He finds remnants of the poor broken wine bottle, and telltale powder stains around the edge of the drain. [Bergman's earlier despairing remark, "Down the drain with Alicia," takes on an aspect of prophecy.]

Cut to a shot that represents Hitchcock's most characteristic means of indicating a person's perception of his own isolation: a high-angle, overhead shot looking down on the small figure of Rains. [A shot of this type is used at the moment when Bergman, having figured out that she is being poisoned, realizes that she has not the strength to escape from the house. Hitchcock links the two moments in this way.]

Dissolve to a short scene in Rains' mother's room. (Reprise of Hitchcock's "Victorian" image.) She whispers to him her idea of what he must do to keep his associates from discovering his terrible error. [Rains is brought as low in this scene as Grant was in his confrontation with Prescott, or

Bergman in her gesture of pouring a drink for herself, veiled by the window curtain.]

Scene 24. Bergman meets with Prescott in his office. He informs her that Grant had asked to be transferred to Spain, and that she should expect a new contact. [Yet again, an event of the greatest significance occurs offscreen, and is reported to us as it is to her. We have only Prescott's word for it.]

(There is a nice touch when Prescott calls her by the name of "Mrs...uh...Sebastian.")

Scene 25. Rains and his mother, acting under her direction, have begun to poison Bergman.

Images of the process of poisoning. Key image: an inserted closeup of a coffee cup, nestled in its saucer. [The round, concave coffee cup contrasts specifically with the phallic wine bottle.]

Bergman is dizzy. [It is fitting that she is being poisoned by coffee--the drink that serves to keep one wakeful, that sobers one from the effect of wine.]

Scene 26. Grant and Bergman meet for the last time in the park. Grant's manner has changed toward her. He seems more sympathetic. He even smiles at her. He is concerned by her appearance. She explains that she has a hangover.

She returns his scarf. (Settling accounts.)

Visibly upset, he looks long and hard at her.

She says goodbye. He is very concerned. She gets up and explains that she is going "back home."

[She does not tell him that she has found out about his request for a transfer. Now she too knows something about which she does not speak (ironically linking her with Rains). She accepts Prescott's account in full, and does not speak directly to Grant about it. But, then again, she is being poisoned. She is sick.]

Scene 27. Rains and his mother pass Bergman another cup of poisoned coffee. The screen is dominated by the big, foreshortened image of the cup.

Scene 28. Bergman finally figures out that she is being poisoned. (She notices that Rains and his mother are unnaturally eager to avoid letting Dr. Anderson have any coffee from her cup.) But she is very weak. She rises and walks as best she can. The screen begins to go wavy, with distortion appearing in voices. (The weirdest moment in this "vertigo" sequence occurs when Mother's offscreen voice says, "Some hot water maybe?"--suggesting one of Bergman's deepest fear's: that she will end up having a child with this "man.") Finally Rains and his mother appear as mere shadows on a heavy curtain; and the two shadows merge into one. Cut to high angle shot looking down on Bergman as she falls to the ground. [Linked to the earlier shot of Rains grasping the totality of his isolation.]

Rains and his mother, with the help of Rains' colleagues, carry Bergman up the stairs. (A shot suggestive of the early shot which introduced Rains' mother in the film.)

Scene 29. Grant initiates a meeting with Prescott. Prescott is stretched out on his bed, eating.

Grant has had time to think the situation over. He has concluded that Bergman was not hung over in their last meeting; she was _sick_. He makes his own arrangements to see her again, against the better judgment of Prescott.

[It is of great importance that the moment at which Grant recognizes the implications of what he has seen and what he has done occurs _offscreen_, outside the frame of the film. At that private moment, Grant acknowledges to himself his freedom from Prescott's control Hitchcock respects the privacy of that moment. Besides, at that moment Grant asserts as well his separateness from _Hitchcock's_ control.]

Scene 30. Grant arrives at Rains' home. He goes upstairs to Bergman's room. (There is for a moment the suggestion of Setup 1. He stands before her judgment, as it were, and testifies.) He speaks directly to her. He asks her what is wrong. He takes her hand. He calls her "dear."

She explains to him that they are poisoning her.

He speaks his piece. He explains that, from the very first, his every word, his every gesture, his every appearance of hostility, was motivated by his love for her. His silence and passivity were distorted acts of love. He could not see straight, and he could not speak straight.

They embrace, with the camera circling them in Hitchcock's most poetic manner. Grant says that he loved her "from the beginning."

She is afraid that they cannot make it down the stairs. She does not think that she has the strength to walk.

"Keep awake, keep talking," he says. He speaks again: "I love you. Stand up. Talk."

She says: "You'll never get rid of me again."

Rains once again comes upon the two of them teogether. But now they no longer hide their love from him. Grant announces, loudly, that he is going to take her to a hospital to "get the poison out of her."

Rains' mother by now has joined them on the stairs. "He knows?" she asks.

Hitchcock cuts to an extraordinary shot looking down the stairs from Rains' point of view. By this time, all of his Nazi associates are standing at the foot of the stairs, looking up at the four figures above them.

The mother begs her son, "Alex, talk to them" (to make it appear to them that he has everything under control).

The menacing Eric says, "You shouldn't have waited so long, Alex."

Rains acts by remaining silent. He separates himself from his job, and he finally defies his mother, by not speaking [a reversal of Grant's act]. By so doing, he enables the woman he loves to be freed from his mother's grasp, allowing her to be united with the hated rival to whom Bergman has already betrayed him.

Rains tries to join them in Grant's car, but Grant pushes the car door look down [linking up with they key that served earlier as the vehicle of betrayal]. "No room, Sebastian," he says with finality.

The car drives off, out of the frame. The camera does not follow them, but remains on Rains.

From the doorway to the house, Eric speaks the fatal words: "Alex, will you come in please? We wish to talk with you." [The last occurrence of the theme of speaking so central to the film.]

The final shot of Notorious is the final re-appearance of Setup 1, bringing the film full-circle. Once again, this striking composition is held on the screen for a long time (this shot and the early shot of the judge passing sentence on Bergman's father are, in terms of duration, probably the longest shots in the entire film). Framed by this composition, Rains turns and walks gravely toward the house, and enters through the great wooden door, which slowly closes behind him. The film ends with the image of the closed door. (Rains leaves the frame as irrevocably as did Grant and Bergman.)

[Rains, driven by an appetite he cannot control (and manipulated by people who conspire to control him--specifically, Prescott on the one hand and his own mother on the other), finds himself playing the part of the essential agent of the successful sexual union of Grant and Bergman. His first glimpse of this role throws him again into his mother's arms. But, in the end, he meets his recognition of the necessity of playing this role by performing a gesture which motivates the conclusive image of the film.

The juxtaposition of Rains' form of life (capable of murder, able to perform a perfect gesture, but incapable of finding satisfaction in a human relationship) with Grant's and Bergman's (whose sexual union Rains' gesture makes possible) is integral to the structure of Notorious, and part of what makes it a characteristic Hitchcock film.

Rains is what, in the world of Hitchcock's films, might be called a "wrong one": a man condemned by nature to remain apart from the human circle, who leaves no mark on the world other than death and sorrow when he attempts to find satisfaction in the world. Such a man has no possibility of happiness in the world, and his only meaningful act is a gesture of withdrawal from the world. Only through such a gesture can people better suited to living in the world achieve a successful union. In Hitchcock's vision, a gesture such as Rains' is essentially linked with the possibility of the attainment of an authentic sexual union.

One might have the impulse to question the authenticity of the love between Grant and Bergman. It is clear that Grant's appearance of passivity attracts Bergman, and that Bergman's appearance of availability attracts and torments the passive Grant. After their mis-perceptions are cleared, after their relationship is stripped of its fetishistic, obsessive aspect, what is left of its original sexual bond? (After all, Grant's final act of speaking his love for Bergman takes place when she is sick and helpless, unable to respond sexually to him. May not Grant's rescue of Bergman in effect mark the end of the sexual bond between them?)

It is true that, through most of the film, we see no unambiguous signs of love, or of spontaneous sexual interplay, between Grant and Bergman. But Grant's final speech, in its relation to what we _have_ seen (and what we can _imagine_ of certain key offscreen moments) accounts for that. Grant's account reveals that the original bond between them was not solely perverse. Bergman _saw_ Grant's passivity and silence as acts of passion from the first: sparked by an authentic attraction which, in his shame, he was afraid to express in any other way. And Grant from the first loved Bergman for her goodness and innocence. Their argument sprang from, and crystallized, their inability to acknowledge the authenticity of their bond.

Thus the fact that we see no unambiguous signs of their love for each other through most of the film does not indicate that their love, within the frame of the film, is not real. Rather, this fact should be taken as a revelation of the nature of the frame of _Notorious_, and a revelation of the intimate relation between Hitchcock's camera and the beings within the world of this film. It is revealing that, as the bond between Grant and Bergman unambiguously manifests itself, Hitchcock's camera withdraws, shifting its regard to Rains. In a sense, the final sexual union of Grant and Bergman is _necessarily_ located outside the frame of _Notorious_. (This necessity is inseparable from the structure of the film.)

The limits of what can, and what cannot, be shown on the screen do not remain fixed in Hitchcock's _oeuvre_. Indeed, Hitchcock's work in the twenty-five years following the appearance of _Notorious_ must be viewed, at one level, as a unified enterprise which has as its goal the creation of a film which can _show_ precisely what it is that, in _Notorious_, defines the limits of the film's frame.

But therein lies the subject of another, and more arduous, essary.]

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Notes on Essay III.

1. Notorious (RKO: 1946). Produced and directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Scenario by Ben Hecht, from a theme by Hitchcock. Cinematography by Ted Tetzlaff.

2. Robin Wood, Hitchcock's Films (London: A. Zwemmer Ltd., 1969). Wood gives almost no treatment of Hitchcock's cinematic style. Sarris is content to point out that Hitchcock specializes in psychologically charged montage of faces and objects, and that he united the Murnau tradition of camera movement with Eisensteinian montage (Andrew Sarris, The American Cinema (New York: Futton, 1968), pp. 111-112. Durgnat's discussions are resolutely un-visual, and Truffaut's treatment is resolutely superficial (Francois Truffaut, Hitchcock (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1967).

3. The parallels and implied contrasts between any one of these films and Notorious would take many pages to articulate. My point is that these films are, at one level, logically specific acknowledgments of Notorious.

4. Stanely Cavell, The World Viewed (New York: Viking, 1972).

5. F. Truffaut, Hitchcock, p. 122.

6. Spellbound (Selznick International, 1945).

7. Strangers on a Train (Warner Brothers, 1951).

8. Psycho (Paramount: 1960).

9. The Blue Angel. Made in Germany in 1930 by Joseph von Sternberg.

10. Marnie (Universal: 1964).